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THE BRITISH EMPIRE

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THE

BRITISH EMPIRE

BY

BARON von HÜBNER

FORMERLY AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS AND ROME

83837

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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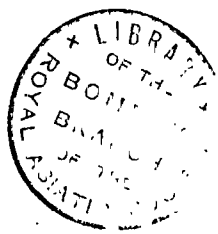
WITH A MAP



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I LEFT Bolaram at daybreak and spent twenty-four hours very agreeably in the train with Sir Donald Stewart and his aide-de-camp, Colonel Chapman. Then followed two interesting and pleasant days at Poonah, where we were the guests of General Hardinge.

Poonah, one of the great military cantonments of India and the head-quarters of the Commander-

in-Chief of the Bombay army, appears to be simply magnificent. The *Bund* is a sort of park, intersected by broad avenues and composed of gardens surrounding the dwellings of the Europeans.

Here, very early in the morning, you see young ladies riding on horses imported from England, Hungary, and Australia, governesses in spectacles taking an airing with their pupils, and smart pony-carriages on their way to the lawn-tennis ground. At eight o'clock all this animation has vanished, together with the freshness of the morning. Silence, solitude, sun, and dust are now masters of the situation, and will remain so until nightfall. I was shown the Council Hall, a hospital due to the munificence of the Sassoons, some churches, a college, and other buildings, all of which together must considerably impress the natives. And, in truth, people who give such substantial pledges of their settlement must surely have both the intention and a good prospect of remaining in the country. I am told that of all the Hindoo (not Mussulman) territories subject to the Indian Government, the Mahratta States, and especially the most powerful of them all, that of the Peshwa, who was conquered and dethroned in 1818, are the only ones where popular feeling has continued unfavourable to English rule.

No one who has visited Parvati will ever forget it. It is a temple crowning an isolated hill. We were ascending the broad steps leading up to it when the elephant we were riding stopped short, shook his trunk, and, uttering a hoarse cry, took to pivoting on one of his legs like a circus-horse. I imagined myself an aeronaut astride on the top of his balloon. Two young officers, who were with me, and I began to laugh ; but the laugh was a bit forced, and remained so until, thanks to the driver's goad, the unruly animal, returning to a sense of duty, deposited us safe and sound in front of the temple.

From the top of the surrounding wall we obtain a bird's-eye view of the sanctuary. Lower still beneath our feet spreads a vast yellow carpet flecked with black—the parched plain of Poonah, dotted with little scattered groups of trees and fringed by the summits of the Ghâts and the hills of Satara.[1] The sky is saffron-coloured, and the setting sun lavishes its magic splendour through a slightly misty atmosphere. The Brahman of the temple points out to me a small wooded piece of ground, saying: 'That is Kirkee, where the English annihilated us.' And he spoke the

[1] The mountain chains called the Ghâts run parallel with the ocean, on the east and west of the peninsula, and form the outlying slopes of the high tableland of the Deccan.

truth. There, on this now historical plain, Mountstuart Elphinstone, in 1817, planned, and his generals carried out, the destruction of the formidable empire of the Mahrattas. General Wellesley had previously arrested the Mahometan invaders on their way to conquer the South. Seringapatam and Kirkee are stages on the royal road, bloody and glorious, which led England through varying disasters and success to the possession of India. Delhi has witnessed the achievement of the work.

I paid two visits to the native town, one in the morning and the other in the evening. These are the hours when most animation prevails, especially the evening, when the twilight wraps in its transparent veil the moving crowd, the processions, the wedding-parties, and the multitude, laden with flowers, thronging round the temples. What a contrast to the cantonment of their English masters! There is comfort, luxury, and magnificence; here all is poetry. In Poonah the Mussulman element exists side by side with the Hindoo, which predominates. But eyes more practised than mine are needed to distinguish between them.

The College of Deccan is a handsome structure. In the spacious hall I found a dozen young Hindoos, from eighteen to twenty years of age, studying Bacon and Shakespeare! This evening they are going to debate at a public sitting the subject of 'The English in India.' This seems to me to be a somewhat delicate subject at Poonah. Everyone talks to me of English prestige, and they are quite right in doing so, for nothing but prestige could ever enable a handful of civilians and sixty or seventy thousand English soldiers to keep in check two hundred and fifty million Indians. But is prestige any the better for this kind of juvenile dissertation? 'Have the students,' I asked one of the young English professors, 'full freedom of speech at these academical discussions?' 'Absolute freedom,' was his reply. This confidence and this regard for the liberty of the individual seems to me very fine, but is it prudent to allow the question of the *presence* of the English in India to be discussed by young Mahrattas, whose devotion to England is at least doubtful? Might they not some day put down on their list of subjects for debate the question of your *departure*?

Seven hours of railway. The line, rapidly descending the Ghâts, winds along perpendicular

rocks, passes round chasms and over blocks that seem to be suspended in mid air, and finally, after traversing a number of tunnels, comes out on the shore of the Arabian Sea. The burning atmosphere and the exuberance of a tropical vegetation remind the traveller that he has said good-bye to the comparatively cool air of the Deccan.

Parell, February 9–12 *and* 14–16.—Sir James Fergusson, the Governor of the Bombay Presidency, having kindly offered me his hospitality, I quit the railway at a station near Parell, where, six miles from Bombay, stands the official residence of her Majesty's representative.

Government House was originally a church and college of the Jesuits, who were dispossessed in 1720 by the old East India Company. The lower part of the nave forms the hall, the upper part the large reception-room. The size and solidity of the building are the only record of the old proprietors. It is a magnificent structure, but has unfortunately become unhealthy during part of the year, when its inmates take refuge at Malabar Point, situated in one of the healthiest quarters of the town, or else at the Government House near Poonah. Here, as at Madras, I am struck by the splendour of the arrangements, the number of servants, carriages,

and horses, the richness of the liveries, and the quiet, tasteful, and wholly unostentatious luxury of the establishment. Looked at from our European point of view, this sumptuousness would appear exaggerated. But it must not be forgotten that India is not inhabited only by English; that those who govern this empire can hardly maintain a style of living inferior to that of the Maharajahs and great nobles of the country; and that the Oriental measures the extent of power by the visible pomp which attends it.

Bombay[2] has been painted and described a thousand times, but neither painters nor writers have ever succeeded in producing a good likeness. It would seem to be an impossibility to do so; I have no intention of attempting it, but shall only try to record my impressions.

The town occupies the southern portion of a long, narrow island of the same name, connected on the north by a causeway with the island of Salsette and the continent. Bombay Island, the shores of which are washed on the west by the Arabian Sea and on the east by the placid waters of a gulf studded with islets, and running up northwards in the form of a triangle some distance inland, terminates towards

[2] The population is 773,000.

the south in two low tapering promontories of unequal length. The western one, Malabar Hill, the domain of power, fashion, and wealth, is covered with pretty houses, cottages, and villas, all more or less buried in rich tropical vegetation. Officials, judges, consuls, and the notabilities of the financial world have here deposited their household gods. Everyone who thinks himself somebody lives at Malabar Hill, and the Governor comes regularly every year to spend a month or two at Malabar Point. But in order to build and live in this privileged region a white skin is indispensable. Even the Parsees, the big moneyed men of Bombay, are excluded from its precincts while alive. Their dead bodies only are admitted for the purpose of being devoured by vultures in the Towers of Silence which occupy the highest point of this earthly paradise.

At the extremity of the other promontory, that of Colaba, the southernmost point of Bombay, stand the observatory and the lighthouse.

Between these two tongues of land or promontories stretch several quarters of the town. With Malabar Hill and Colaba, they enclose on three sides the shallow waters of Back Bay, navigable only for small vessels.

The maritime life of Bombay is centred on the eastern side of the island. The vast harbour, pro-

tected by the fort, opens out upon the gulf in front of the island of Elephanta and the mainland. The animation prevailing here is a proof of the importance of the commercial metropolis of India.

One of the most attractive features of Bombay is its variety—variety in the sites, in the appearance of the streets, and in that of the population. Starting from Colaba lighthouse, we proceed northward between two sheets of water, inlets of the ocean, and reach the Apollo Bandar. Thence, after an excellent and well-served luncheon at the Yacht Club, we penetrate into the town proper. First comes the Esplanade with its imposing buildings, the Secretariat, containing the various public offices, the university, and the sailors' home; farther on, the Anglican cathedral, built in 1718, the town hall, and a host of other buildings suggestive of modern English taste.

We next turn our steps towards the quarters of the Parsees and Hindoos, where we are constantly stopped, either by passers-by or by something curious, pretty, or hideous, but at any rate novel, which rivets our attention. A few paces more and we might imagine ourselves in Europe, judging by the broad thoroughfares leading towards Byculla, the northern suburb which gives its name to a club far famed in the Anglo-Indian world. Here the town ends, and noise and bustle

cease abruptly. To return to Parell I had to cross an immense and somewhat lonely flat, and that at night. But no matter; in India, from Cape Comorin to the banks of the Indus and the foot of the Himalayas, the European—I do not say the native—can travel by day or night in perfect safety, under the talismanic protection of his white skin.

But let us go back to the native town. With the exception of the Parsees' quarter, which, like its inhabitants, has a character of its own, this part of Bombay differs little from any other town of India. But the people are different. In the first place there are numbers of women, whereas elsewhere they are extremely scarce. Here you meet them everywhere. (Look at that group; they are Parsee women. You know them by their brilliant-coloured robes and the artistic drapery of their shawls, their slim, lissom, and graceful figures; their clear complexions, their eyes fringed with long eyelashes, and the oval outline of their cheeks which, like their bare necks and arms, recall the masterpieces of Greek statuary. Great animation prevails amongst them. They are talking, gesticulating, and laughing.) To see an Indian smile is a rarity, but laughter is a thing unheard of. I have indeed seen Hindoo servants draw their lips together, out

of deference to their master; but it was always a grimace, and not a frank smile. Here, in good society, no one thinks of laughing any more than we do of yawning.

In the background, beyond this bright and sunny group, under the shade of the houses, appear some Hindoo girls, each clothed in white and carrying on her head a vase of classic shape —real goddesses descended from Olympus, disguised as simple mortals. The dervish, that scourge of native society, with his ill-favoured countenance, spiteful look, and shaggy hair, and clad with nothing but a few rags to hide his nakedness, is gliding among the busy crowd of men of every race and every creed. This multitude, now blocked by bullock-carts, now hustled back by the smart carriages of European merchants, surges to and fro between two rows of houses built of painted or carved woodwork, and in front of temples great and small, with their grotesque idols displayed on their façades. These sanctuaries are not shut in by walls, but stand with their doors opening on to the street, and devotees can go freely in and out. Verily, the old gods still reign supreme. The spirit of Christianity has not yet prevailed over this form of civilisation, which, though less perfect, is more ancient than our own.

They are like two streams that meet, cross and dash against each other, but never mingle

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Parell is surrounded by a park, but a tropical one. The landscapes vary at every turn, but never lose their local colouring. It is still the India of the South; clumps of bananas overhung by the fanlike foliage of the cocoa-nut trees, tanks surrounded by cocoa-nut trees, long avenues bordered with cocoa-nut trees; here and there small temples; and the whole enlivened by the play of light and shade.

I have just returned from a long and beautiful drive with the Governor. We have been to the island of Salsette, the Malabar Hill of the Parsees, whose pretty gardens and country houses extend at intervals all along the shore. From a distance these villas remind one of Europe; seen close by, they are thoroughly Eastern.

On our way back we passed three or four 'Portuguese,' that is to say Roman Catholic, churches, where native priests officiate. The generic name of Portuguese or Goanese is applied by Anglo-Indians to those who are descended from a Portuguese father and a native mother, and who have more or less, in the course of centuries, reverted to the Indian type. These Goanese form

the nucleus of the native Christian population of this part of India. Although they have forgotten, or rather have never known, the language of their fathers, and speak a bad Hindustani, they retain a lively attachment to the King of Portugal.

It is the height of the season here. At Parell and in the city there are balls, dinners, routs, and music-parties every night. Bombay keeps up its reputation. Even in his day Mountstuart Elphinstone used to boast of the good style and gaiety that prevailed in society here, and in this respect he puts Bombay above Calcutta.[3]

At Government House even that etiquette which is so strictly observed at the receptions given by the Queen's representatives in India and the colonies is less rigid. Everywhere else, in conformity with Court custom, the Governor, as representing her Majesty, never makes his appearance until all his guests have arrived. At Bombay he frees himself from this restraint, and appears in the drawing-room, as Elphinstone remarks, quite as a private gentleman.

I had the privilege of being present at one of Sir James's public breakfasts. The custom dates

[3] Parell, December 8, 1819. *Life of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone.* London: 1884.

back to the last century. A notice in the papers invites to breakfast for the next day all those who wish to speak to the Governor. They have only to send a note overnight to his secretary and give their name. Yesterday a great many were invited; amongst the company were Englishmen and natives, including some Parsees. I don't think that all partook of the repast, but they sat together with us at four large round tables. After breakfast a move was made into the garden, and while we smoked our cigars the host was able to talk with everybody at his ease. This custom seems to me worthy of being adopted as an official practice in Europe. Only be careful to talk business after, and not before the meal!

(Feb. 1884)

(To-night there is a grand ball at the house of a Parsee magnate. The Parsees, as is well known, form a most important element in the population of Bombay. The ball-room was magnificently decorated in a style half English half Oriental. The master of the house seemed to me the type of the Merchant Prince of the Arabian Nights. And to think that this man will leave his corpse to be devoured by vultures! The ladies of the family did not appear.) Only English ladies were there, among them many pretty women, none decidedly

plain, and all remarkable for the freshness of their toilettes. Everyone joined in the dancing, some with an animation scarcely justified by the temperature, and others from a sense of duty. I saw military veterans frisking about with the zeal and devotion of men accustomed to obey orders. English society does well not to recognise limits of age. It leaves to Providence the business of superannuation. Dancers in all countries, but especially in Anglo-Saxon circles, are divided into two classes—those who are inspired by the sacred flame of Terpsichore, and those who are influenced by conscientious motives, the men of duty. As for the latter, I admire but pity them. Nothing can be less amusing than their methods of amusement; but nothing is more amusing than to see them try to amuse themselves.

This afternoon, under the guidance of M. Stockinger, the amiable Austrian consul, I was taken, in spite of the stifling heat, to Malabar Hill. On reaching the top we came to a high wall with a gateway. The guards let us pass unhindered, and we found ourselves in a delightful garden filled with flowering shrubs. In this enchanting spot stand three circular towers, without roofs and about twenty feet in height. The deep

silence that reigns here, and gives to these structures the name of Towers of Silence, is suddenly broken by the clapping of wings and the screams of a host of vultures. They have left the neighbouring jungle of the native quarter which serves them as a haunt, and, swooping down upon one of the towers, close their ranks and form a black circle round the top. Suddenly all is silent again. Perfectly motionless, but with their foul feathers ruffled up, these hideous birds await their prey. It is not long in coming; a small procession emerges from the gateway in the outer wall. It is the corpse of a Parsee being brought by his relations or friends. Two bearded men, who are to throw the body to the vultures, walk behind the bier. They are followed by other Parsees in white robes. A halt is made before two sacred dogs, whose duty, it seems, is to ascertain the identity of the dead person. The two men with beards carry the corpse into the enclosure, where no one but themselves is admitted. The birds swoop down immediately and devour it. In less than half an hour their work is done, and they fly away gorged with their meal, leaving nothing but the skeleton. This is left to bleach until it becomes perfectly dry, and the bones are then removed from the grating and cast into a well

in the middle of the tower, where in time they crumble into dust.

"A traveller towards the end of the seventeenth century explained this singular form of sepulture by the veneration in which Zoroaster's followers held the elements, their object being to preserve the earth from the pollution of a corpse.

(The Parsees are well-made men, for the most part tall of stature, with an aquiline nose, almond-shaped eyes, a grave, penetrating, thoughtful look, and an Aryan profile.) (Their peculiar hats and the ampleness of their robes, as also their features, put one in mind of Persia, the land from which they came, and the name of which they have taken and retain.) (Of all the races inhabiting the Gangetic peninsula, theirs, in education, knowledge, acquaintance with foreign countries and taste for travelling, most resembles the European. In this respect the difference between the Parsees and the Hindoos is remarkable. Many of the former speak English. More than once, while rambling alone in the native quarters, I happened to ask my way, in English, of Parsees, and knowing, as they do, the language, they were able to inform me. Nearly all of them are merchants or artisans, and frequent business dealings multiply their personal relations with the English. Nevertheless, a gulf separates the two races. European civilisation has

been able to polish the surface, but has not gone deeper. The men themselves are not changed; they still bow to the elements, as they bowed some thousands of years ago.)

To touch a corpse is defilement. These two men with beards, themselves the meanest members of their community in the eyes of the Parsees, wear gloves and only touch the bones with tongs. Fire would be defiled by burning the corpses; water by committing them, as the Hindoos do, to sacred streams; air, by allowing the nauseating emanations from decomposing bodies to mingle with it; and earth, by burying them in the ground. This is the explanation of the scene I have just witnessed, not without emotion. In Greek tragedies atrocious deeds are committed behind the scene, so that the spectator sees very little of them, but what he sees is seen through the prism of his imagination, and the effect is all the more horrible.

But let us avert our eyes and thoughts from these disgusting feasts of Harpies and look around us. Bombay is at our feet, the city, the bay and the sea! To the south-west a forest of masts, the tops of which only are discernible, indicates the harbour. Beyond it, on the horizon, are rocks and islets of fantastic outline, some bare, some carpeted with fern, and all of them gilded by the sun. Right beneath us is one of the native

quarters, buried in a sea of cocoa-nut palms, and above their waving tufts, through the open fanlike tracery of their leaves, and behind the transparent mists of the distance, the imposing buildings on the Esplanade and Colaba. Farther eastward stands a confused mass of houses, broken here and there by a spire—the actual city of Bombay. At your right, bathing the foot of the heights on which you stand, is the Arabian Sea. The panorama is one of the loveliest, and, from the variety of its constituent parts, one of the richest that can be seen; it might even be called unique. But the contrast offered by the Towers of Silence prevents you from thoroughly enjoying it. Perhaps, without noticing it, you feel upset, and you leave the spot with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret.

A friend introduced me to a young Mussulman Indian who has studied in London and Paris. Sent to Europe when quite young he speaks English perfectly. We talked together, and in the course of a conversation which from the first took a serious turn, I asked him, 'Do you believe in what the Mahometan religion enjoins you to believe?' 'European civilisation contains nothing that is contrary to my creed.' This was not an answer. 'Do you believe that Mahomet was the

prophet of God?' 'Yes, why not? What he taught was the symbol of philosophical truth.' Further than this he would not commit himself. 'What do you think of the Brahmans? Do they believe in their innumerable gods?' 'No, they are too enlightened for that. Those who have passed through English schools cannot help seeing that the idols are simply the symbols of philosophical truth.' Symbols again! I begged him to tell me what he understood by this term. He tried in vain to find an answer. Vexation and embarrassment, and, if I am not much mistaken, doubt, were depicted on his mild and intellectual countenance. Yes, he seemed to be doubtful about his symbol, and I immediately changed the conversation. I am told he is one of the most intelligent and best-informed men of his class, but a vague and meaningless term suffices him to explain everything.

This reminds me of a little incident that happened to me in Paris on December 2, 1851, the day of the *Coup d'état.* I was strolling on the Boulevards. Close to the Porte St. Denis, I observed, in the centre of a group of people, a man who, amidst the acclamations of his audience, kept repeating the same words, 'Brethren, let us sit down to the banquet of Nature.' Edging my way through the crowd I asked him, 'Brother, what do you mean by the banquet of Nature?' He

hunted about for a reply, but could not find one; then took to stammering something, became confused, and ended by saying that a banquet was a banquet—a banquet such as is given to citizens in America. His audience, who a moment before had applauded him, becoming suddenly mistrustful, repeated my question in a more and more threatening tone, and would probably have handled him roughly had not a charge of cavalry, fortunately for him, dispersed the gathering and put an end to his embarrassment. To my mind it was like a flash of light: a man in search of novelty, whether he tries to find it in the paths of speculative philosophy or, revolver in hand, upon the barricades, quickly seizes hold of a formula suggested to him, but abandons it with equal readiness under the influence of the first sceptic that he meets. No doubt, at the touch of science the mists of superstition vanish and idols collapse, but not without leaving gaps in the heart of their votary. Unless you fill up these gaps by giving him new convictions, he fares like a man who, to save himself from drowning, clutches at a reed. He eagerly grasps the first hollow formula or shibboleth that is offered to his mind, but rejects it on the first breath of doubt; the reed breaks in his hands, and he sinks into the void.

Goa, February 12 *to* 14.—Sir James Fergusson having been good enough to place his yacht at my disposal, I was able to visit Goa.

On the 12th, at daybreak, the 'Mary Frere' left her moorings in Bombay harbour, and after gliding rapidly along the low coast, above which are seen the summits of the Ghâts, anchored the next day at the same hour off Panjim, or New Goa, the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India. An enchanting picture was displayed before our eyes as we arrived. Dense forests of cocoa-nut palms clothe each bank of the Mandavi, which here flows into the bay. Above these strips of verdure rise, in a series of tiers, the lofty mountains, whose summits are already bathed in light while the darkness of night still shrouds the valleys.

Panjim or New Goa, a pretty little town, stretches along the water's edge. Streets, running steeply down to the river, are lined with handsome trees, that shelter the houses of the Indo-Portuguese. Few women are to be seen, but a good number of men, of more or less swarthy complexion, according as more or less Indian blood runs in their veins; here and there a genuine white—officer or *employé*—but of a livid and sickly white, which is accounted for by the fevers of the district. All except the common people are dressed like Europeans, and all carry enormous umbrellas. To

judge from the way they drag their legs after them, they might be taken for patients just out of a hospital. These are, however, but idlers, who fly from the dulness of their homes only to find it again in the streets.

The Governor's palace, an irregular assemblage of rooms, called in Portuguese *casas*, or houses, because each one has a separate roof, is striking on account of its irregularity, and presents all the outward signs of slow growth. Nearly four centuries of work have been bestowed on this venerable edifice to complete it. Many of the rooms are hung throughout with portraits of Viceroys, the oldest of which goes back to 1505. The second in order of time is that of Albuquerque; and the series is continued to the present day. The large number of these pictures, some of which are almost destroyed by damp, whilst others are in an excellent state of preservation, is due in the first instance to the deadly climate, and, next, to the intrigues of the courtiers at Lisbon, who allow only two or three years of government to these officials. This collection is of the utmost historical interest, and as illustrative of costumes it seems to me unique.

Except a few churches and the palace of the Viceroys, there is nothing to attract attention but the ancient residence of the archbishop, and that

not so much on account of its architecture as of the celebrity of its inmates.

Goa was, and to a certain extent is still, the capital of the Roman Catholic world in India. Thus the Portuguese Government always claims for the Archbishop of Goa the title of Primate of India, and for his Most Faithful Majesty the *jus patronatûs* of all the Roman Catholic churches scattered throughout this vast empire. In virtue of glorious memories which have no longer any more than an historical value, of Papal bulls which date back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and of a recent Concordat which fails to substantiate its claims, the Court of Portugal deliberately shuts its eyes to such facts as the loss of its possessions, which, with the exception of Goa, Diu, and one other insignificant settlement, have passed to the English Crown ; its evident incapability to provide for the wants of so many churches scattered throughout British India, and endowed, maintained, and partly founded by means of, and with funds supplied by propagandas of the faith at Rome and Lyons. The Cabinet at Lisbon, deaf to all these arguments, persists in advancing and supporting pretensions which the Holy See rejects, and which the English Government, without going into the merit of the question, likewise declares inadmissible. The Roman Curia grounds its oppo-

sition on the absolute inability of Portugal, both from a spiritual and material point of view, to bear the expense inseparable from the privileges that she claims. Moreover, everyone admits the undeniable superiority of the European clergy, who are employed by the propaganda of Rome, over their native Goanese brethren. The English Government does not object to the head of the Roman Catholic Church, like Protestant missionary societies, appointing his own agents and providing for the requirements of worship and of the clergy of his confession, but refuses to grant to a foreign sovereign the exercise of sovereign rights over a territory dependent on the English Crown.

I shall not retrace here the history of the interminable transactions between Rome and Lisbon. In 1838, a schism seemed imminent. In 1857, after long negotiations, a Concordat was finally concluded which mitigated, but did not abolish, the evils from which the Roman Catholic Church in India then suffered, and suffers to this day. The Concordat had allowed the *jus patronatûs* of the King of Portugal and the other privileges of the Archbishop of Goa to remain valid in part of the Presidency. This gave rise to uncertainties and conflicts of jurisdiction between the priests sent out by the propaganda and those of the Goanese clergy; often to new Portuguese pretensions; and,

on the part of the vicar-apostolic of Bombay, to fresh appeals to the Holy See. A curious spectacle, a strange anomaly, is this struggle, at one time secretly, at another openly carried on, putting into confusion old Christian communities of India, and compromising in Europe, the relations of a Roman Catholic kingdom with the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Here, on the one hand, is modern Portugal, who gives to the doctrines of philosophy so large an influence on her Legislature and the conduct of her affairs, invoking antiquated Bulls to retain the shadow of a state of things which belongs to the past. On the other hand is the Holy See, the most conservative of all Powers, claiming for the constitution of the Church in India reforms which are recognised as indispensable: Portugal fighting under the banner of the middle ages; Rome, thanks to the force of logic, securing on this issue the support of Protestant England.[4]

The country between Panjim and Goa Velha defies description. The old capital is situated farther up the river, six to seven miles from the town. Halfway stands a large market-town, or *aldea*, composed of wretched native huts, in keep-

[4] Since my visit to Goa, Pope Leo XIII. has appointed an apostolic delegate for India. The negotiations are still proceeding.

ing with their inmates. The men are naked all but an apron round their loins, the women are clothed in rags, the children swarm on heaps of dirt and rubbish. What a contrast to Nature, here so lavish of her smiles and treasures! In the same village, on the slopes of a hill, are seen some fine old country houses built of stone, each of them displaying above the door the ancient escutcheon of the family. I seemed to be at Lamego, or Viseu, or in some other antique and venerable little town of Portugal. It is the Fidalgos' quarter, whose ancestors came over with the 'conquerors.' Nearer Panjim we crossed a long causeway, a fine, solid sixteenth-century work, which owes its origin to the Jesuits. Goanese freethinkers affirm that the Fathers built it in one night with the aid of the devil.

As we approach Goa the tower and part of the façade of the church of St. Augustine stand out from a screen of cocoa-nut trees. These ruins are all that marks the site where once rose the proud metropolis of Portuguese India. We land on a shore now deserted, but delightfully shaded by palm-trees, and, after walking a few steps, come to the 'arch of the Viceroys,' on the site of what was formerly the principal gate of the city, ornamented

with a rudely sculptured bas-relief, commemorating the features of Vasco de Gama. It is under this arch that the governors, on arriving here from Lisbon, still make their solemn entry into Goa Velha. They might just as well pass on one side of the arch, for the city walls have disappeared, as have also the houses and even the Viceroy's palace, of which nothing remains standing but the doorway—before the conquest a part of a Jain temple. The churches alone have survived the general ruin. The services at the Sé or cathedral are conducted by canons, and at the others by lay priests, all of them natives. With a few exceptions, the buildings are in a good state of preservation, well kept up, and at certain festivals visited by thousands of pilgrims, who flock hither from Panjim and other parts of the colony. The most ancient of them, that of St. Francis of Assisi, is a fine massive structure, built immediately after the capture of the town, in 1510, by the great adventurer Albuquerque. Although rebuilt since, it bears the stamp of the Golden Age of Italy.

The Jesuit church of Bom Jésus was finished in 1594. It contains the tomb of the great Indian missionary St. Francis Xavier, due to the munificence of Ferdinand II. of Tuscany. The body lies in a coffin of solid silver, which is evidently of an earlier date than the reign of the Grand Duke. All

these temples have a family likeness, but I give the palm to that of St. Francis of Assisi. In accordance with Portuguese taste they are whitewashed. Carved wooden altars, some of them of later date than the church, fill the niches, and, where there is one, the apse; but the architecture has the appearance of late sixteenth-century Italian. The exterior takes you back to Portugal. Goa was taken on St. Catherine's Day, and consequently you meet everywhere with the image of this saint, with her foot placed on the back of the last Moorish king, who lies prostrate before her. There is also a large convent, inhabited by a sister ninety-five years of age, the only one who has survived. When she dies, the Portuguese Government, agreeably to modern legislation, are going to secularise this building.

The dean of the cathedral chapter, who was born on the right bank of the Mandavi, acts as our guide. He has a good and gentle priestly face, but its livid paleness shows the unhealthiness of the climate. The Governor's aide-de-camp, who is with us, declares that three or four days spent at Goa Velha suffice to kill Europeans, or at any rate to give them fever.

The dean takes us to his house. He occupies a set of large rooms in the chapter palace, the only ones, I believe, which have not given place to the

jungle. There is no want of space here. From the windows you look out on the principal square, a strange sight; the forest and the jungle have overrun it; dense vegetation covers the ruins of the houses; tufts of grass and brushwood are growing on what was once the pavement. You see nothing but churches. There is one at the side forming the angle; and in front, a little to the left, a chapel half hidden behind the fronds of the cocoa-palms marks the place where Albuquerque entered the town. On the right side stands St. Francis of Assisi, and close by, the cathedral; farther off, behind a thick clump of palms, is St. Gajetan, which is a little like St. Peter's at Rome.

Deep silence broods over Old Goa. Morning and evening, it is true, the bells call the faithful to prayer. But their sound is lost in space, and no one answers to the summons. Life has fled, and there is nothing left but some priests, a nun, panthers in plenty, and any number of snakes.

No language can give an idea of this mournful tomb that contains the ashes of *Heroic Portugal*. At the entrance the features of the first of its conquerors, half effaced by centuries. The churches still standing, and their priests still officiating. The Cross has survived the sword! All around, trees and brushwood replacing the flowers we plant

on tombs. It would need the lyre of a Camoens to sing the ineffable sadness of this spot.

Ahmedabad, February 17 *to* 19.—Not without a feeling of lively regret do I tear myself away from the kindly hospitality of Parell and the seductions of the Capua of India. On the evening of the 16th I leave Bombay. During the night the train crosses the Nerbudda; at sunrise it rushes through a park-like country near Baroda, the residence of the Gaekwar; and at ten o'clock in the morning we come to Ahmedabad. Major Ebden, who is in temporary command of the 23rd Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, kindly takes me to the cantonment, which lies two miles to the north-east of the town.[5]

The history of Ahmedabad is written on its outward appearance. Founded by a Mussulman,

[5] The district of Ahmedabad, though separated by the feudatory state of Baroda from the province of Bombay, forms part of the Presidency of that name. The city of Ahmedabad, containing 118,000 inhabitants, was founded in 1413 by Ahmed Shah, captured by Akbar, developed rapidly during the first century of its existence, and then gradually declined, till, during the reign of the Mongol Emperors, it entered upon a new era of prosperity (1572–1709). At that time the town contained nearly a million inhabitants. Then followed a second period of decadence, and after 1818, under the present British rule, a fresh revival. Its manufactures of silk, cotton, and jewellery are the principal source of its prosperity, and its sculptures in wood and stone still enjoy a great reputation.

governed afterwards by the viceroys of Mongol emperors, it is a Mahometan city. But the Hindoo element has not disappeared. The mass of the people, it is true, have embraced Islamism, but in the upper classes the Jains predominate.[6]

Ahmedabad stands in the midst of a broken plain. The gates in the city wall are remarkable for their peculiarly feudal character and for a certain resemblance, which I cannot account for, to the fortifications of European towns of the same period. With the exception of the 'collector,' who occupies a house situated near one of these gates, inside the actual wall, not a European lives in the city.

The animation of the streets, wide or narrow, straight or tortuous, and all filled with a moving crowd whose common origin is apparent in spite of the variety of costumes—an animation that gradually increases towards sunset—contrasts strangely with the dilapidated appearance of the houses, of most of the mosques and temples, and, in short, of all those structures which are conspicuous in the history of Indian architecture.

[6] The Jains are a sect of Buddhist origin. They repudiate the authority of the Vedas, divide time into eras, and assign to each of these, the past, present, and future, twenty-four *Jinas* or just men, who have attained a state of perfection. The twenty-four colossal statues which are seen in their temples represent these typical personages. In certain respects Jainism is simply Buddhism enriched with a mythology not so much of gods as of saints. See on this subject Hunter's *Indian Empire*, and numerous essays.

And as though this contrast were not enough, you find another in comparing the richness of imagination, the inventive talent, and the artistic taste of those who created these masterpieces, with the carelessness, the indolence, and the apathy of their descendants. What cannot fail to strike you is the elaborate carving, traces of which are to be seen even in the dwellings of the poor. I have not seen a single cottage so paltry as not to boast of some finely sculptured ornament. These artists work in stone with the same facility as in wood.

The sun is about to set, and we hasten back to the cantonment. At this hour the major's carriage is stopped at every step by streams of living beings. Past us comes a procession 'of first pregnancy.' The young woman, the heroine of the show, clothed in a splendid crimson robe and overladen with jewels, is seated under a canopy, resting on a car drawn by bullocks. Women handsomely draped in their floating scarves, and carrying large vases on their heads, precede and surround the car. Flute-players follow the *cortège*. The hubbub, the crowd, the brilliancy of the costumes, the sculptured mosques and houses, the women thronging the verandahs, roofs, and windows, constitute altogether a beautiful and fantastic picture which bears in a peculiar manner the stamp of its mingled Moorish and Hindoo character.

The country between Ahmedabad and the cantonment is like a vast necropolis. You see nothing but Mussulman tombs. Sandy as is the district, the soil is fertile and well cultivated. For miles round there is not a trace of a stone. Palms are very rare, but there are little groups of bananas, tamarinds, and peepuls, more spreading than tall, which, scattered over the plain, stretch out their branches and seem to invite you to rest under the shade of their foliage. An excellent road within an avenue of splendid trees leads to the cantonment. This evening, as we returned along it from the town, thousands of green parrots, perched in the boughs, saluted us with their piercing cries.

An excellent and lively dinner with the English officers. Their native brother-officers mess apart, for they would lose caste by eating with whites. I listen with admiration to the band of the 21st, led by a German from the banks of the Rhine, who has organised his orchestra himself. It consists entirely of natives, pure or half-bred Hindoos. He makes them learn by heart; and this method, the only practicable one, yields excellent results. These young men have a wonderful faculty of imitation, but no inventive power. It would seem that these

two gifts, which are, I admit, of very unequal value, are mutually incompatible.

I rise before daybreak, and stroll in front of the bungalow which the amiable Lieutenant Scallon has been kind enough to give up to me. It is pitch dark, and the pale stars are scarcely visible. At the first glimmering streaks of dawn a harsh concert from the big trees of the cantonment, which are still shrouded in a light mist, succeeds the silence of the night. I listen to the piercing cries of the parroquets and the croaking of the ravens mingled with other sounds, which I had never heard before. The sunrise puts a stop to this infernal concert.

I had the good fortune to meet here Mr. Burgess, known by his works on archæology, and just now engaged in editing a description of the ancient buildings of Ahmedabad. We paid a visit to him at his quarters, the camp of the Archæological Survey, which he has pitched in the collector's garden.

It is scarcely yet daylight, and the city is empty. Everyone is up, it is true, but everyone is at the 'tanks,' the women to lay in their stock of

water, the men, both Hindoos and Mussulmans, to bathe.

I spent the entire day in the holy places of this marvellous city, and enjoyed the inestimable advantage of having as my guide Mr. Burgess, who gave me the key to solve many enigmas.

The peculiarity of the buildings of Ahmedabad is that they represent and embody the history of the city. The new masters brought with them their Moorish customs, ideas, and traditions, but the architects they employed for their buildings were natives of the conquered country. Thus, while the arrangement of the various portions of the mosque is Arabic, the workmanship and the style are Hindoo. In India, especially where the Mahometan element has prevailed, the same causes have produced similar effects; but nowhere do they arrest the attention in a more remarkable manner than here.

Little by little the native architects quite naturally appropriated, at least in a certain measure, the Moorish taste. The edifices prove the fact. Those which were built after 1413 are pre-eminently Hindoo in character; the more modern buildings of the seventeenth century are essentially, though not in every detail, Arabic.

I will not reproduce here the notes I made upon the spot, nor the reflections that occurred to

me in the course of a long day, which appeared to me a very short one. The only remark I have to make as regards architecture is this: The most ancient temples, those which date back to the first quarter of the fifteenth century, such as the celebrated mosque of Ahmed Shah, known by the name of Jum'i Musjid, and that of Rani Sipri,[7] seemed to me far superior to the other buildings belonging to the second Golden Age of the city, that is to say, to the seventeenth century, which, though more ornate, and as regards size much more imposing, have less simplicity and less grandeur of design and decoration.

In general, from the point of view of classic art and of the laws of architecture generally accepted by the great masters both ancient and modern, the mosques of Ahmedabad seem to me to be rated above their proper merit. No doubt they are extremely attractive as a whole. Quitting the crowd that blocks the street, you pass through a gateway scarcely visible from outside, into the courtyard of the mosque. Here you enter a region of silence and solemn repose, and under the delicious shade of the peristyle that runs along the walls your eyes rest with delight upon the marble lattice-work of the windows, the carved niches of the pilasters, the tombs surrounded with patriarchal trees.

[7] Jum'i Musjid was finished in 1424; the Rani Sipri Mosque in 1431.

The whole charms, captivates, and disarms you. But if you examine it coldly, you will have plenty of criticisms to make.

What I put far above the work of the architect are the details of ornamentation, especially the marble slabs transformed into veils of lace-work which take the place of window-panes or blinds. It is hard to know which to admire most, the richness of imagination on the part of the designer or the exquisite finish of the sculpture, the artist's skill in carving the wood or in chiselling the stone.

The most sumptuous and recent [8] sacred building is the celebrated Jain Temple, built or rather reconstructed at the expense of Hathi Singh, one of the wealthiest merchants of the city, who is said to have spent a million of rupees upon it. Mr. Fergusson, in his 'History of Architecture,' praises it highly. Considered as a whole, though rich and vast, it is to my mind wanting in grandeur. The proportions are mean, the arches low, and the carving coarse. Poverty of imagination and an utter absence of any sense of proportion, which the richness of the mouldings and marble is powerless to conceal, are the characteristics of this glory of modern Ahmedabad. If anything can serve to prove the decline of art in India, it is this temple,

[8] It was completed in 1848.

built in a city famous for its monuments, where grand models abound, where a school of justly famous architects and sculptors was formed, and where taste and the culture of art have been handed down, though, it is true, in various stages of decline, from century to century.

The carver in wood has preserved the ancient and sound traditions of his art better than the sculptor in stone. We paid a visit to the principal workshops. These artists copy with minute exactness the ornamented windows of mosques and panelling of tombs, and trace them on wood, which they proceed to carve with the aid of only a single tool. The execution is perfect; but it is all copying, there is no originality. An American speculator, who has come here several times, has ordered a quantity of these carvings for New York. Furniture of every kind is made here. I saw cupboards and sideboards ornamented with carvings copied from the tombs of Sultans of the dynasty of Guzerat.

Some way from the city is Shahi Bagh, the 'king's garden,' a pretty little palace built in 1622 for the viceroy of Ahmedabad, and now occupied by the judge and his family. This house, like so many others I have seen, is distinguished by a peculiarity worth remarking. Everyone knows that materials exercise a very great, or rather a

determining, influence on the development of styles. One style of building is adopted for hewn stone, another for brick, and a third, and very different one, for wood. Now here many of the stone buildings retain the methods of wooden construction. The reason is that the wealthy natives despised wood, probably because the country abounds with it, whereas there is no stone to be found. They therefore ordered their Hindoo architects to build with stone. The architects obeyed, but did not abandon the traditional style of wooden constructions. The effect is odd; it is as though you met on the high-road an old acquaintance in disguise. You recognise him at once and ask him, 'Why this disguise?' I think I have given the answer.

Monkeys play a great part at Ahmedabad. I saw them everywhere; in the trees about the mosques, outside the town, along the river, whither these unpleasant creatures come to drink, and even in the most frequented streets. Seated on the house-tops they eye you with looks of derision. Last night I was awakened with a start by a fiendish noise. Checco, frightened out of his wits, rushed into my room, and with his sonorous Roman voice began to shout, 'Assassini!' 'Murderers in the midst of the camp!' It was incre-

dible. Indeed, they turned out to be not assassins, but monkeys who were amusing themselves by taking off the roof. This is their habit. It is not the habit of the natives to exterminate these mischievous beasts. The religious convictions of a Hindoo permit him scarcely to thrash them.

It is the season for weddings. To judge by the noise of drums and the sound of flutes, which on our way back to the cantonment are heard proceeding from a number of houses, rich as well as poor, one would think that the whole city was being married. One of the chief celebrities, the most eminent member of the Jain community, Rao Bahadoor Premathai Hemathai, is celebrating his daughter's marriage. During all this night and the next Premathai's splendid house will remain open to friends who come to congratulate him.

We find the courtyard and front of the house lit up like day. The bride's father being ill, his sons receive and conduct us into a long narrow hall, lit with lamps that spread a soft radiance over the assembly, which is composed entirely of men. The guests arrive, bow, take their seats on chairs ranged in double rows along the walls, converse in an undertone, enjoy the music and the dancing of the nautch-girls, and then retire after saluting the

masters of the house, who, according to custom, put a garland of flowers round their necks on bidding them good-bye. It is a continual coming and going.

The two young brothers, fine specimens of the Hindoo nobleman, have regular features, and a slightly bronzed complexion. They are tall and slim, and do the honours with a mixture of grace and dignity.

The bride is a very pretty child of scarcely twelve. A scarf of crimson silk envelopes her head and shoulders, and a petticoat of the same colour is tied round her waist. Precious stones of great value sparkle round her arms and ankles, on her fingers and toes, and in the outer sides of her nostrils. Her air of self-assurance is irresistibly comic. Not one of the natives pays the least attention to her. But that is of no consequence. She knows perfectly well who she is, and that it is on her account that all this company has assembled. These kinds of marriages are not really completed till some years have gone by. If the youthful bride, who is sometimes only five or six years old, loses her husband, she is considered a widow; she becomes the Cinderella of the deceased man's family; her hair is cut, and she is treated like a slave. Very often these poor creatures revolt, take to flight, and exchange their thraldom for the

freer, more varied, and alas! more wretched existence of the dancing-girl. The custom of forming marriages of this kind constitutes for many reasons one of the social pests of India. Let us hope that the little bride will be happy. She stands upright before my chair, holds my hand in hers, and looks at me with two lovely round eyes of a child that speak of nothing if not of the joy of life. Had I encouraged her childish familiarities, which I abstained from doing out of regard for the bridegroom, whom the laws of decorum forbid to be present at his own wedding, the little rogue would have sat upon my knees.

Three nautch-girls were dancing and singing in the narrow space between the two rows of chairs. Behind them, and so close as nearly to tread upon their heels, stood the players on the flutes and cymbals. The nautch-girls, who were neither pretty nor ugly, but very graceful, wore the dress of their profession: their breasts covered with a tissue of gold and silk; drawers and short skirt of the same material; their arms and hips bare, their smooth black hair parted in the middle of the head; and trinkets on their hands, feet, neck, and nose. These Elsslers, these Taglionis—for everything in this house is first-rate—do not, strictly speaking, dance. They step, now forwards now backwards, or rather they dance not with

their feet, but with their hands, arms, shoulders, waist, and above all with their eyes, always with perfect modesty. The youngest—she could hardly have been more than twelve—never took her eyes off us. Now stern and now enticing, she addressed to us words of endearment, reproach, and prayer, and all without ever smiling. A smile, as I have said, is seldom seen in India. Not a ray of sun lights up these joyless features. A look of premature melancholy, and of too intimate a knowledge of life, its delusions, and its miseries, is already depicted on the face of this dancing-girl, though still so young. The singing, if the incessant repetition of the same note can be called singing, supplements and interprets the meaning of the steps; but even without this commentary, it would be possible to understand the lovers' tiffs, the quarrels and reconciliations, the fresh squabbles and the fresh makings-up. All that has been, is, and will be, a familiar experience always and everywhere. The game of love has been played since the world was created. What astonished me was to see these young girls find such infinitely various means of expressing what will remain the same thing to the end of Time.

CHAPTER IV.

RAJPOOTANA.

FROM FEBRUARY 19 TO 29, 1884.

Historical sketch—Road to Mount Aboo—Mount Aboo—Climate—Temples—Tigers—Sunset and Scandal Point—Across the desert—The Resident's palace—Fort of Jodhpore—Visit to the Maharajah—The Viceroy's diplomacy—The tank—Monkeys again—Tombs of Mandore—Kailana—Journey to Jeypore—City of Jeypore—The Maharajah's palace—Reforms of the late prince—Amber—Institutions of Rajasthan.

RAJASTHAN,[1] the 'dwelling of princes,' or, according to official English terminology, Rajpootana, is morally, politically, and physically one of the most interesting parts of India.

Morally: each of the nineteen States of which it is composed forms a large family or clan. The attachment arising from community of blood unites the prince to his subjects, or rather, the father of

[1] The brief sketch of the political state of Rajpootana that follows is founded on an essay of Sir Alfred Lyall, Governor of the North-west Provinces, reprinted in his *Asiatic Studies*, 1884; on the oral information which that high official kindly gave me during my stay at Allahabad; and on facts for which I am indebted to Captain W. Loch, assistant agent in the Western Rajpoot States. Some other details are borrowed from Tod's *Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*, 1829, and the *Imperial Gazetteer of India*.

the family to his children, the eldest to the younger brothers; for, as regards his relations with the nobles, he is simply *princeps inter pares.*

Politically: because the Rajpoots, notwithstanding the Mussulman invaders, who succeeded in conquering and thrusting them back and wresting from them their own previous conquests, but never in completely subjugating them on the territory which they still occupy, have retained to this day their institutions, the origin of which is lost in the darkness of ages.

And last, physically: Rajpootana, speaking roughly, extends, west to east, from the frontiers of Sind to the gates of Agra; north to south and south-east, from the banks of the Sutlej to the Mahratta States of the Gaekwar, Holkar, and Sindhia. The territory within these limits is divided into nineteen States, of which the most important are Meywar or Oodeypore, Marwar or Jodhpore, and Jeypore.[2] It is separated into two unequal parts by the Aravalis, a chain of mountains interrupted by valleys, and running nearly north-east and south-west. The larger of these parts, extending westward, is a vast desert ridged with

[2] Meywar (Oodeypore): area, 12,670 square miles; population, 1,161,400. Marwar (Jodhpore): area, 37,000 square miles; population, 2,850,000. Jeypore: area, 14,882 square miles; population, 1,750,000. The totals of population represent estimates, no census of the States having yet been taken.

low, long, but always isolated sandhills running in parallel lines. Their summits, constantly swept and partly crumbled away by the periodical westerly winds, are curved like waves, and look like gigantic ripples on the plain. Tufts of coarse grass and stunted shrubs alternate with the sand. Where the vegetation makes an oasis it is as meagre as the quantity of rain that causes it; and yet what pencil can portray the stern beauty of this solitary waste?

The districts lying east of the Aravali range are more favoured. There, hills and wooded valleys alternate with richly cultivated tablelands. No one can understand this country, not even its external features, unless he recalls its history and institutions. It would be improper to compare its institutions with the feudal constitutions of Teutonic countries. The points of contrast are more numerous than those of resemblance. To give only one example: With us, all taxes, rights, honours, and political privileges were inseparable from the land. The owner of it took its name. Here everything has relation to blood, and the community has not necessarily any connection with the soil. It can change its place like the clan. This has come to form part of their habits and customs, and traces of it still exist. For instance, even now, when the sand of the desert has begun to choke the tanks and

the rains have failed to fill them, you see the inhabitants abandon their village and carry their household gods elsewhere. In feudal Europe the noble takes the name of the land he has acquired; here the noble gives his name to the land. The State takes the name of the capital, which is the residence and stronghold of the chief, and the capital takes the name of the chief who founded it. But there is one characteristic which the Rajpoot had, and still has, in common with our old nobility—the love of adventure. Formerly, when a Rajah was unable to provide for all his children, he gave one of them a horse, arms, and some companions. The young man left his father's hearth and sought his fortune elsewhere. This explains how and why this race has spread over such vast regions of the peninsula. As a consequence of their constitution, the barrenness of the soil, their warlike disposition, and their taste for adventure, the Rajpoots have something of the character of the nomad and the knight-errant.

At the beginning of the present century, while hordes of freebooters, known by the name of Pindarris, and the princes of the powerful Mahratta league were threatening Rajasthan with a double invasion, the chiefs of Jodhpore and Jeypore, the two principal States of the country, were rivals for the hand of the Princess of Oodeypore. Thinking

their honour at stake, and each being mastered by a romantic passion, they waged a fratricidal war in the presence of the common enemy. Their ruin seemed imminent, when, at the last moment, they accepted what they deemed an honourable compromise. The cause of their feud, who had been also the object of their love, disappeared. The princess died of poison. I cite this fact, as tragic as it is strange, since it illustrates the mental condition and the notions of honour belonging to the race.

During this critical period the minor chiefs entreated England to protect and guarantee their territories. After the destruction of the Mahratta empire and the breaking up of the Pindarris, some treaties, concluded in 1818, put an end to the intestine wars of the Rajpoots and the constant dangers of foreign invasion. The princes sacrificed their independence and obtained in exchange the benefits of the *pax Britannica*. The Governors-General of India who followed the Marquis of Hastings invariably used their new powers with the utmost circumspection. They especially avoided touching institutions which, but for British intervention, would have disappeared, together with the States, in a general conflagration. Thus the tribe, which forms the essence and basis of the institutions of the country, and, together with the

tribe, the military organisation, which is its corollary, remain still what they have been from time immemorial.

The armed forces of each Rajah consist, in addition to his own men, of contingents which the nobles are bound to furnish him in case of war. These nobles live in their strong castles, surrounded by armed men ready at the first call to join the bands of the prince. It is a permanent organisation of war. But, on the other hand, the system was justified long ago by the frequent invasions of the Mahometan conquerors, and has been justified in less remote days by the attacks of the Pindarris and Mahrattas. Though peace is now firmly established, no modification has as yet been introduced into the military organisation. The traditions, the customs, the genius of the race, and material interests of the highest order are opposed to such a change. The military organisation cannot be reformed without destroying the tribes, and these can only be destroyed by substituting for them a multitude of atoms governed by a master whose despotic power would have no check or limit, except the permanent control of the protecting authority. This would be to assimilate the Rajpoot to other feudatory States. 'Now,' says Sir A. Lyall in his 'Asiatic Studies,' 'the protected autocrat in a native Indian State has not yet turned

out such a success that the English nation can feel proud of having brought him out upon the political stage.' Moreover, disarmament would deprive of their means of existence a large number of men who live by the profession of arms, and would swell the bands of thieves who, while carefully sparing Europeans, still infest certain regions of the desert.

The Rajpoots of pure blood nowhere form the majority of the population. There are the Brahmans, the Charans, or keepers of secular tradition and genealogies, the mercantile castes, who belong mostly to the Jain sect, and claim the honour of being descended from Rajpoot families, and the tribes devoted to agricultural pursuits, who are a mixed breed between Rajpoots and Bhils. The Bhils and other aboriginal tribes inhabit the most remote parts of the Aravali mountains, where nobody comes to disturb them. Almost independent, they recognise the authority of their petty chiefs, and pay, with tolerable irregularity, a sort of tribute to the prince of the State.

The large majority of the inhabitants profess the Brahman beliefs with a considerable admixture of the Jain element. As for the chiefs, they are said to be more superstitious than devout.

This morning I left Ahmedabad. For several hours the train traverses a richly cultivated plain. Towards evening the peaks of some high rocky mountains are seen above the horizon. A few hours more, and we have reached their foot. They are Mount Aboo, the southernmost group of the great range of the Aravalis. Aboo Road station, where I stop, is 115 miles from Ahmedabad. I find here some ponies, *jhampans*, and coolies, kindly sent to meet me by Captain Fraser, the Assistant Agent of Mount Aboo.

The stations on this railway, which has been quite recently opened, are built in the style of the country: each room is surmounted by a dome of stone or whitewashed masonry. Anglo-Indian engineers make use as much as possible of stone, brick, and iron in all their constructions, wood being destroyed in a short time by the red ants. Here my carriage is put up and I pass the night.

The next day the precious hours of the early morning are spent in mustering the scattered members of our little caravan. A pitiless sun is darting down its fiery rays when, at length, I am able to get into my saddle. We ford the river, or rather sink down into the sand which had taken the place of the water, and then cross a small plain, all of us overpowered by the sun. Two miles from the station begins the ascent between black precipitous

rocks, whose gorges, fringed with trees and brush-wood, shelter numbers of tigers, leopards, and bears. We saw only a big monkey, sitting a few yards from us upon a granite boulder; he kept continually changing his place, making enormous bounds, without ever losing sight of us.

The higher we ascend the more wild the country becomes. Looking back, towards the north, you command the valley which separates the Mount Aboo group from the Aravalis, and opens westward on to the Great Desert of Rajpootana. The domes of the station, seen from this height, look like white specks. The rains have given eccentric forms to the rocks along the winding road, which is somewhat narrow and steep, but in perfect repair. Long files of heavily laden camels frequently impede the progress of our caravan. I need scarcely say that this happens only where passing is most difficult—on the edge of precipices, where a single false step on the part of the pony would be enough to put an end to your earthly wanderings. This has been my constant experience in all my rides on horseback over high mountains. One may call it the irony of chance, but the chance is too often repeated; it lacks originality. However, thanks to the efforts of the *jhampans*, who owe to their red liveries the advantage of being obeyed by the camel-drivers, we passed without accident.

The air has become light, fresh, and buoyant, and the lungs expand. But the sun!—such a sun! The nearer it approaches the zenith the more cruel it becomes. At length, after a four hours' ride without ever having quitted the saddle, we came to the first houses of Mount Aboo, fifteen miles from the railway station. Colonel Bradford, the Agent to the Governor-General, is unfortunately on his official tour, and in this country, where the only telegraph line is the one along the railroad, nobody has yet been able to find out where the Colonel now is. But the two Assistant Agents, Captain Fraser and Captain Newill, and the military commandant, show me every possible attention. Travelling in India is not easy, I should think, especially in this seldom-visited part, which is one of the wildest of the peninsula, unless you are furnished with good letters of introduction. But if you enjoy this advantage, nothing can equal the cultivated and kindly hospitality that is showered upon you.

The few houses called Mount Aboo are situated about four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The surrounding peaks are from five to six thousand feet in height. It is a small plateau, or rather a basin rudely hollowed in black granite,

with the summits of the mountain for its rim. The Residency of the Agent-General, the few English bungalows, a barrack, and a hospital for sick soldiers and their families, stand perched on isolated rocks, separated from each other by small ravines—like hand-basins covered with a green cloth. The paths which cross them form the streets of the little town. One of these basins, which is called Nakhi Talao, a quarter of a mile in length, is filled with water, forming a beautiful little lake with a fringe of verdure. This charming picture, though small, is full of grandeur.

The natives who inhabit this district are Bhils, aborigines of whom I have already spoken. They are darker than the Hindoos, with whom they have no affinity, and, contrary to the cleanly Hindoo habits, they ignore the use of water for ablutions. I saw a great number of them. I confess that their personal appearance, no less than their dress, seemed to me far from attractive, but they gain by comparison with the aborigines of Australia.

The much-vaunted climate of Mount Aboo did not appear to me worthy of its reputation. The air is too cold and the sun too hot, and newcomers, especially those from the hot plains, are very apt to catch fever. During my three days' stay in the place I was shivering indoors with the

cold, but I had scarcely gone out into the garden when the sun drove me back to the fireside.

The great attractions of Mount Aboo are the famous Jain temples of Dilwarra.

A mile and a half from the English station, at a place where the valley, up which we are now going, closes in, raised on the natural platform of an enormous block of granite, stand the four sacred edifices, which, seen at this distance, appear to blend into a single mass of white marble. The very brilliancy of the light which is shed upon this group of temples conceals the fantastic details of their construction.

We had come hither on foot, and on our way the captain had shown me the fresh tracks of a tiger, which could only have been a short distance ahead. 'It is not a man-eater,' he said; 'there is no danger.' We therefore passed on, and I can honestly avow that, trusting his discernment, I followed him without the smallest fear. I have, it is true, often seen tigers and gone near them; only they were in cages, which makes all the difference. But the proximity of this animal added something to the impression produced upon me by the first sight of Dilwarra—as of a fabulous country haunted solely by gods and wild beasts.

The two principal temples here owe their origin to the munificence and piety of three great merchants. The more ancient one of the two was built in 1031, at the cost of Vimala Sah, and the other, that of Vastupala, two centuries later,[3] by two brothers, who were also merchant-princes. Both of them are constructed entirely of white marble. How was it possible to transport hither these rich and heavy materials? To solve this puzzle the ground has been explored in all directions, but without finding the least trace of road or pathway among these rocks, which abut almost perpendicularly upon the plain.

I now proceed to sum up my impressions.

Architecture.—Here also stone has been employed, but the architect has retained the old traditions of wooden construction. The details are beautiful, but the sense of proportion is entirely wanting, and there is little harmony between the different component parts of the edifice.

Statuary.—There is a profusion of statues and bas-reliefs, frequently grotesque in composition, seldom repulsive, sometimes very pretty, and nearly always elaborate. The execution shows admirable finish and delicacy of outline. I saw figures resembling the antique; hence the theory

[3] An inscription records that it was begun in 1197 and finished in 1247.

—which, however, I think, is inadmissible—of a Greek school having been transplanted into India by Alexander three centuries before Christ. How could such a school have been maintained and handed on by tradition to the eleventh century of our era, since it is proved that no vestiges of similar monuments, which might be attributed to the intermediate period, have been discovered?

These statues, perhaps, are masterpieces, but they are not works of art. They cannot be compared with the classical monuments of Greece. But the general effect is marvellous, and well-nigh disarms criticism. You feel yourself transported not into another age, but into the midst of the aspirations, traditions, and feelings of a world absolutely different from your own. Up to a certain point the same may be said of the statues of ancient Greece and Rome, but with this difference, that India still lives and breathes, while Greece and Rome have ceased to live. In the temples on the Acropolis at Athens the ideal of beauty, grandeur, and simplicity is realised. They are, however, but ruins, more or less well preserved. Tourists take the place of the former worshippers who came to sacrifice to the gods now scattered about in the museums of Europe. Life has departed from these once holy places; the beauty you there admire is that of a corpse.

Here you breathe the atmosphere of actual life, but of life exhibited to you under forms which excite your curiosity without satisfying it. You stand, it is true, in the presence of a living being; you feel the life throbbing under the veil which hides it, and which you cannot lift. Such was the first sensation I experienced; an eager desire, but also an utter inability, to solve the mystery.

You walk under the arcades. The sunbeams and the shadows woo each other, meet, and vanish. The light is shaded off to infinity; its reflections play on the angles of the octagonal pillars, caress the panelling, glide beneath the ceiling of the halls, disappear in the gloom of the sanctuary. Outside, a stream of liquid gold pours upon the marble tracery of the windows, trickles down in lucid pearls from the cornices of the roof, penetrates into the cell, where always the same god or the same saint, seated cross-legged and with folded hands, suggests the idea of weariness rather than of repose.

The rocks surrounding the temples are, like all those about Mount Aboo, the haunt of large numbers of savage beasts. Thus the tiger forms an important element in the life of the officers quartered here, whose chief pastime is hunting.

The tiger of these mountainous regions seldom attacks man, but commits great ravages among the cattle. When one of these animals has devoured a cow, too gorged to leave the scene of his misdeeds, he withdraws into the neighbouring thicket. The natives who have seen him at his work inform the officers. A score of Bhils are collected to beat the jungle. The hunters, posted in trees or upon rocks, wait till the animal appears, and then kill him without incurring any danger; but to follow a wounded tiger into the jungle would be the height of folly.

Too often accidents mar the enjoyment of the hunt. A young officer lately died from a wound in the leg caused by a tiger's bite. Colonel Bradford, the Agent-General, lost an arm in an encounter with one of these animals. It was in the midst of the jungle, some eighty miles from his camp. He was alone with his sergeant, who immediately galloped back on one of the carriage horses, taking care on his way to order relays at places where horses were to be found. Thanks to this brave man, the doctor was able to arrive in time to save the intrepid sportsman, who came off with only the loss of an arm.

In the course of a long walk with the three young officers who preside over the destinies of Mount Aboo I remarked that they kept their dogs

in a leash. They told me this precaution was necessary in a town where leopards ramble in broad daylight about the small but carefully macadamised roads which here take the place of streets. Quite recently a valuable dog was seized by one of these animals only a few steps from his master.

Following an excellent path round one of the peaks which enclose the town, we soon come to the verge of an almost precipitous slope. Before us, to the west, and beyond a steppe of about twenty miles in width, rise some isolated groups of rocky mountains. Forty miles farther, in the same direction, some other rocks stand out against the sky. More to the left, towards the south-west, stretches the Great Desert of Rajpootana, dreary and monotonous as the ocean. The sun is slowly disappearing behind what seems to be the horizon of the sea, but is in reality that of the desert. The illusion is complete, and baffles all description. In fact, there is desert everywhere. Down below, in front of us, some four thousand feet beneath us, the shades of night are already creeping over the valley. At the bottom, which is almost black, we can just make out some green specks: fields in cultivation. Here and there little sheets of silver reflect the rosy evening sky; they supply the water that fer-

tilises this thirsty soil. Slowly raising your eyes, you run through the infinitely graduated scale of all the colours of the rainbow. The distant rocks which are scattered in the desert are no longer blue, but pale red; the plain is bathed in tints of violet; and around us is a chaos of rocks and green slopes. But what charms me more than all are the little tanks in the valley: so many little bright transparent eyes through which the heaven seems to look at you from the bottom of the abyss.

We sat on a bench of granite to admire the view. The spot is a sort of open-air drawing-room. People meet here every evening about this hour. By 'people' I mean the Resident, the three officers, the three or four ladies, and the doctor and his family; in fine, the very small but very fashionable colony of Mount Aboo. During the hot season the officers' wives and the *attachés* of the Residents of the different Rajpoot maharajahs come here, and lend a little variety to this extremely limited circle. For want of any better amusement, they come therefore every evening to sit upon these granite seats, admire the setting sun, and talk scandal. Hence the two names given to this spot—Sunset and Scandal Point.

This morning, just as I am starting for Jodh-

pore, one of the officers, dressed for hunting, rushes into my room. He is in a wild state of exultation, and with good reason. A tiger has eaten a cow a few miles from here! What a bit of luck! And my friend is off as fast as he can go to fall upon his prey. Poor young fellows! One can well understand that Scandal Point is not enough to while away their leisure hours. Happily, they have tigers to fall back upon.

Jodhpore, from February 24 *to* 27.—Jodhpore is difficult of access. Situated in the middle of the desert, it can only be reached on horseback or astride a camel or elephant. From the nearest railway station to the residence of the Maharajah of Marwar or Jodhpore is a distance of about fifty miles. To brave the sun during a long journey is a serious matter. Happily, after a night spent in the train, I found at Pali a carriage and horses belonging to the Maharajah, and was told that more than three relays of six horses were in waiting along the road. To crown my good fortune, I also found a companion in the person of an English engineer, Mr. Home, who is constructing a narrow-gauge railway, at the Maharajah's expense, intended to connect Jodhpore with the main line. Lastly, I found at the station a capital breakfast, sent by the

Resident of the Western Rajpootana States, Colonel Powlett. This high official, who was obliged to leave yesterday, kindly offered me, in spite of his absence, the hospitality of his Residency.

We are now *en route*, Mr. Home and myself, in a heavy carriage built at Calcutta, with the faithful Checco on the box and my Portuguese servant on a camel. Three men, who run in relays beside the carriage, are employed in urging on the horses. The scanty tracks left by the camels serve to guide our coachman. There is no road; the Maharajah does not think it necessary to have one, as he never leaves his capital. But he has heard so much of the odd invention of Europeans, by which fire has been substituted for the horse, that he is going to indulge in the freak of a railway.

The country through which we pass is not yet quite a Libyan Desert, but it soon will be. Meanwhile there are still some prickly shrubs visible, and tufts of dried-up grass; in short, the traces of a vegetation which is always poor, and just now is burnt by the sun and powdered with sand. The air is dry and cool. Before coming to the end of the first stage one of our horses had a sunstroke and fell down. We go through two villages, forming small oases; their half-ruined temples and sur-

rounding walls give them the local colour of India. The few men whom we meet on our journey serve to animate a stern and grand landscape commanding a vast horizon. We pass by some 'gentlemen' riding on camels. Here it is a *thakoor* or noble; his servant, seated behind him, holds his master's *chibouque*. There, a merchant is heading a dozen camels, linked in file together with a long rope. All hasten their steps, for the sun is getting low, and at eight o'clock at night the gates are shut.

At the end of fifteen miles the fort of Jodhpore, the object of our journey, appears on the platform of an isolated rock. Our horses, completely exhausted, are scarcely able to drag the heavy vehicle any longer through the sand. The sun is near setting, and lights, white like alabaster tinged with violet, are flooding the desert and the sky, the dark outline of the fort standing out boldly in the twilight. Leaving on our right the Maharajah's residence and the still unfinished summer palace, designed by himself, we enter the town about seven o'clock in the evening, by the handsome Soldiers' Gate on the south-west.

India is a book of fairy tales. But here she adds to the wonders that she displays the charm of novelty. Jodhpore,[4] with its four hundred temples, its numerous small palaces of *thakoors*—

[4] The population is 70,000.

real gems of Hindoo architecture, all built of red sandstone—and the white cottages of the people, less rich than picturesque, which cluster round the base of the rock and rise in stages one above the other, presents a strange, fantastic appearance, totally different from what is seen in other Indian cities. The view changes at every step, and, as our progress is extremely slow, I have time to enjoy this unique spectacle magnificently lit up by the setting sun. In the tortuous and narrow lanes, even in the streets of the bazaars, our horses have great difficulty in making a passage. Everyone shouts and gesticulates, but stands aside as best he can. Now and then they salute us. It is very kind of them, for at one place we are disturbing a wedding party, composed of a number of women singing, and at others some processions which are going to a temple. Brahmins lead the way, the men behind them carry torches, and the women and children lanterns. But, apart from these devotees and the friends of the bride, I have seen no women except through the window-blinds. The Mussulman custom of keeping the fair sex under lock and key, which was once unknown among Hindoos, has penetrated even into Rajpootana. The farther we get into the upper part of the town, the more the hubbub increases. The shouts, the singing, the music of flute-players, and

the sound of the tom-tom produce a deafening noise. It is pitch dark when, issuing from the North Gate, after having skirted a portion of the rock on which stands the fort, we are once again in the silence and solitude of the open country.

We have still a mile and a half to get over, but at length we reach our destination in safety. Colonel Powlett's Hindoo steward, a venerable-looking personage, opens to us the door of the Soor Sagar palace, which is assigned by the Maharajah to the Resident, gives us supper, and shows me to his master's bedroom.

Though wakened several times by the noise of monkeys, I slept the sleep of the just. These beasts, as I have already said, have the privilege of making your life a burden. You may beat a monkey, but beware of killing him. As a rule, the orthodox Hindoo does not shed the blood of any living creature. Those who combine wealth with great devotion have servants in their pay whose speciality consists in sleeping during the daytime in their masters' beds. They act as foster-fathers of insects which, after battening upon them, are supposed not to trouble the masters' sleep at night. These men are called by the English 'bug-feeders.' Such is the social position of monkeys in India.

The palace which bears the name of the Maharajah Soor Singh,[5] its builder, was formerly the zenana or harem of the Marwar princes—a circumstance which accounts for the high walls enclosing it. It belongs to the long period of transition when the Hindoo and Moorish styles began to blend in one. The walls of the two halls which serve the Colonel as a drawing-room and bedroom are richly decorated with bas-reliefs. The warm tones of the pink sandstone give the apartments a peculiar look of cheerfulness and comfort.

The Maharajah has sent a richly caparisoned elephant, a large English carriage, a palanquin, and, what is most important, his judge. Hur Dial Singh exercised judicial functions in the Punjab, his native country. The Viceroy has placed him at the Maharajah's disposal, or, as Hur Dial said to me, lent him. He is a good specimen of a native gentleman, with the finish acquired at an Indo-British college, and speaks English. His dress consists of a brownish-yellow tunic and trousers, while his companion wears a sky-blue gown, and both have handkerchiefs knotted artistically on their heads. I mount the elephant; my companions follow on horseback. A host of coolies

[5] He reigned from 1559 to 1620.

surround us, I suppose, to do honour to the noble beast which carries me—the rule of *etiquette* being that an elephant in gala trappings should be followed by a numerous retinue of servants. After twenty minutes of quick going we climbed the rock which bears the fort. This pile, the work of a series of princes, is an agglomeration of redoubts and dark passages, lofty stairs without landing-places, inner courtyards, and the palace itself; the whole represents the magnificence of the princes who built it, and at the same time the progress and decline of Indo-Saracenic architecture. However, there is one element of the ancient Hindoo style which has resisted the encroachments of Moorish art. This is a pointed hood of stone jutting out from the building, and intended to protect one or more windows of one or more of the stories from the sun. It starts from the top of the façade, and before reaching the ground, sometimes stopping half-way, it terminates in two points which project from the wall. The idea seems to have been borrowed from the image of a woman with a handkerchief on her head. If she were to make a turban of it, she would expose her face; the heat prevents her from tying the two ends together under her chin, and she therefore leaves them loose. A palace with a hood of this description when looked at in profile has a strange appear-

ance. The building loses the Moorish character, which it resumes when viewed in front. The designs and carving of the marble or sandstone vary in merit according to the period they belong to; the most ancient are the most beautiful.

These palaces are built either of a brownish-pink sandstone or of a very hard grey marble which is found in the country. The portions made of brick and the stucco ornaments are covered with a kind of whitewash. The harmonious contrast of these colours, the delicate shades running through the whole scale of neutral tints from dark black to pale grey, the effects produced by the soft reflected rays side by side with the dazzling splendour of the direct light, defy the power of pen or pencil to describe. How can you convey to others a clear idea of what has left with you, who have seen it, the recollection of a dream?

Inside the palace are found the usual decorations. The walls are divided and subdivided into niches or squares, each with a groining of diagonal ribs with toothed mouldings. The apartments, even more than the exterior, testify to a gradual decline of taste. Compare, for example, the wealth of mirrors and ornaments in the rooms built by the father of the reigning prince with the far superior decorations of structures belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

We step out upon one of the balconies overhanging the precipice. Our affrighted looks cling to the walls, glide from story to story, and arrested, here by the gilded roofing of a small temple, there by the Indian hood of a Moorish window, penetrate, almost bewildered and always descending, into courtyards, arcades, staircases, balustrades, and embattled walls. Soldiers in the handsome garb of the country, and women carrying vessels of shining copper on their heads, gradually diminish in size as they go lower down. My colossal elephant with its howdah, and the horses and coolies of my little caravan down below on the platform before the entrance of the fort, are mere pigmies. The steep, in many places precipitous flanks of the rock on which the castle stands are naturally out of sight, and the eye falls sheer upon the pyramids of the temples and the roofs of the houses of Jodhpore. A narrow fringe of green runs round the town. Beyond, but far away, with low hills and sand between, is the immense horizon of the desert. The laws of optics applied here vertically produce grotesque effects, which appear impossible because the eye is not accustomed to them.

The commandant of the fort, a fine, soldierly-looking man, did the honours for us. On one of the platforms are seen some guns of heavy calibre

taken from the Mahometans, he said, a hundred years ago. He seemed proud of the trophy. A pretty little boy of about ten, dressed in a long gown reaching down to his heels, followed us, together with his tutor. He was the son of the Maharajah and of a favourite, and consequently, without being a prince, a member of the royal family.

The Maharajah sends a big carriage of English manufacture to fetch us. It is a wonder to me by what miracle these four 'Walers' have managed to descend, without accident, the steep and narrow streets down which we had to pass before reaching the Soldiers' Gate. From here an excellent carriage road leads to the palace of Rai-kabag, situated two miles south-east of Jodhpore.

Passing through the door of the enclosure, which looks like the wall of a farm, one would never guess it led to the palace of a prince. The courtyard is a large irregular quadrangle. Some buffaloes are lying on the sand a few steps from the palace gate, enjoying the shade of the building, which has nothing very uncommon about it. Stepping down from the carriage we were received by the Maharaj Purtab Singh, the Maharajah's brother and prime minister, by his pundit or private secretary Sheo Narain Prevali, and by my guide

of this morning, the judge Hur Dial Singh. The Maharajah waits for me on the threshold, conducts me into a saloon, and invites me to sit down. His pundit, standing, acts as interpreter. Our conversation was commonplace enough, but one expression of the Prince deserves to be recorded. When I spoke to him of the beautiful palaces of the town and of the fort, he said to me, 'It is our beautiful stone, the sandstone, that has awakened among us the taste for architecture, and supplies us with the means of gratifying it.'

Jeswant Sing, the Maharajah of Marwar, after the Maharajah of Meywar, whose capital is Oodeypore, the most powerful of all the Rajpoot Princes, is not yet fifty years old, and seems much younger than he is. He has an open countenance, regular features, dark-brown eyes, and a jet-black beard and hair. Though he never smiles, he is exceedingly polite, and his simple and dignified demeanour convinces you at once that you are in the presence of a real grandee. His dress is extremely simple: a tunic or white robe reaching down to his feet. He wears neither stockings nor shoes, and slippers only when going out of doors. He is said to be a good, just, and honourable man, not devoid of talent, but deficient in learning. He is a born draftsman and has a decided taste for engineering.

During my interview he never let go for a

moment the hand of a little boy, his only legitimate son, whose education is entrusted to an English tutor. His kennels have also the advantage of being superintended by a British master of the hounds.

His two legitimate brothers, born of the same mother, who bear the title of Maharaj (that of Maharajah is reserved for the king alone), are well spoken of. The first, as I have said, is the Maharajah's diwan; the second, Maharaj Keshoor Singh, commands the armed forces of Marwar. He is a cheerful young man, who seems a bit cramped in his tight uniform of dark cloth, cut in English fashion and ill suited to an Indian climate. He confessed to me that it was uncomfortable. 'But then,' I asked him, 'why not keep your national dress, which is much more becoming to you?' His only answer was a laugh. I know these laughs, from my travels in Japan and Africa. When a man who is a savage or half-civilised, or, if I may venture on the expression, pseudo-civilised, meets with another who is really civilised, his instinct rather than his reason makes him conscious of his inferiority. Thereupon a praiseworthy feeling excites in him a wish to rise to the level of the white man, but he does not set to work in the right way. He begins at the wrong end. He imitates without discrimination, stops short at the trivialities of civili-

sation, and neglects, or perhaps is unable to discern, its realities. When made aware of his mistake he feels hurt, and, in the presence of a white man, shows his vexation by a forced laugh.

Thus this young prince, who has a fine carriage, is ill at ease in his English uniform, but his heart is entirely in it. His brother, the prime minister, is dressed in native fashion, but he indulges at times in European attire. The Maharajah disapproves this aping. 'I was born,' he said, 'and wish to die, a Marwari.' Some thirty of his natural brothers enjoy the honours of the royal family, but they are not princes, and cannot succeed to the throne.

What is the sphere of action of the Residents and Agents—in other words, of the political organs of the Viceroy accredited to the feudatory prince? I give the substance of such information as I have been able, during this tour through India, to derive from the most direct sources.

'We have,' I was told, 'no written instructions. Our duty is to see that the princes fulfil their engagements to the Indian Government; to control, with as little interference as possible, the administration; to prevent gross abuses, and all this on our own responsibility. The Agent is dependent

on the Agent-General, and the latter on the Vicèroy, with whom he corresponds through the medium of the Secretary of the Foreign Department. Here, in Rajpootana, the Agent-General controls the actions of the diwan, the treasurer of the Maharajah, and exercises jurisdiction over Europeans when necessity arises, which is extremely seldom. No criminal condemned to death by the Agent can be executed without the Viceroy's consent. The Maharajah of Jodhpore administers civil and criminal justice to his subjects through the instrumentality of the judge, Hur Dial Singh. In capital cases, however, if the Agent has reason to doubt the perfect regularity of the proceedings, he may order the execution to be delayed and refer the case to Calcutta, and the Maharajah then submits with a good grace to the decision of the Viceroy. The sphere of our action is restricted only by the dictates of good sense, the voice of conscience, and the feeling ever present to our minds of the great responsibility that rests upon us.

'We never accept presents. This rule dates from the administration of the Governor-General Lord Cornwallis (1786–93). Every member of the Covenanted Service is bound to sign an engagement never to accept gifts from anyone. The slightest breach of this engagement would entail his immediate dismissal from the service.

'The prestige we enjoy is wonderful. Here is an instance which occurred last December. In the little State of Bikanir the *thakoors* suddenly refused to pay taxes. The Maharajah having vainly insisted on their fulfilling their obligations, acts of hostility ensued. It was a storm in a teacup, but dangerous in so far as in these districts armed risings spread like epidemics. Thereupon the Agent-General went thither alone and summoned the *thakoors* to lay down their arms and appear before him. All but one came at his bidding and discharged their debt to the State. The refractory noble retired to his castle, and on his continuing to defy the authority of the Maharajah and Agent, the latter without hesitation sent for a small detachment of troops. These had to cross the desert. But the mere news of their approach caused the rebel to reflect. He submitted, was apprehended, and interned at Mount Aboo, where he is still a State prisoner. To punish him his castle was blown up.

'As a general rule, the princes accept with a good grace the decisions of the resident Agent, and any doubts or difficulties are easily got over. Thus, lately, one of the petty rajahs, hearing that a Brahman had been condemned to death for murder, actively opposed the execution of the sentence. The Agent, on the contrary, insisted on

the culprit's suffering the penalty of the law; and the rajah, in order to show his people the horror he felt at such a sacrilege, left his capital and went to a friend living outside his territory. But scarcely had he got there when he telegraphed to the Agent: "No government possible without hanging." The Machiavellian Rajpoot knew how to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

'The Agent or Resident is a personage who inspires the prince always with respect, frequently with confidence, and sometimes with friendship. The less powerful of these chiefs in particular look up to the British representative as a protector and adviser. In delicate and complicated questions the last word rests with the Viceroy. I will quote an example. In the north-west, some distance from the city of Jodhpore, lies a large salt lake, belonging partly to Marwar and partly to Jeypore territory. The question to decide is a dispute which had arisen between the two Maharajahs as to working the salt. The Indian Government, having a monopoly of salt by treaty, has the right to interfere. The Residents accredited to the two princes were directed to examine the conflicting claims, and each upheld the interests of his own Maharajah. The matter is still in litigation. It will ultimately be settled by the Viceroy and his Council, who, after having examined the reports,

probably contradictory, of the Agents, will pronounce their decision, and that decision will not be demurred to by either of the contending parties.'

'I like the natives,' said one of these gentlemen to me, 'and I also like the kind of work entrusted to me. I frequently succeed in settling quarrels and cutting short lawsuits, and satisfying both parties by my decision in cases of dispute. The natives prefer English judges to the tribunals of their own princes, and always submit to our judgments. The intervention of the Agents in judicial matters takes place with the tacit assent of the princes.

'Our life (in Rajpootana) is not without its charms; indeed, we find it very pleasant. We live all the year under canvas, with the exception of two months during the intense heat, which are spent at Mount Aboo. So accustomed are we to this, that we are always glad to escape the confined atmosphere of a bedroom. We rise before day break and retire to rest before ten o'clock at night. The day passes quickly in the whirl of business, and of business there is always plenty. Our recreation is hunting; little hunts whenever we have an hour to spare. We have only to go outside the tent to indulge in this amusement. Hunting tigers and pig-sticking require preparation, and are pleasures not obtainable every day.

Our wives share our gipsy existence; they soon get used to tent-life, and only leave it if their health requires particular care. In that case we send them to Agra, the city of all others in the North-Western Provinces which offers the most resources.'

I confess that I was much impressed by these accounts. Here are men, who combine the qualities of the hero, missionary (of civilisation), politician, judge, soldier, and administrator, living constantly under a burning sky. I have seen few without some marks of fever and dysentery on their faces, and yet they are happy. However, the climate of Rajpootana is considered healthy during the greater part of the year. The bad months are September and the first half of October, when, after the heavy rains, the grass of the plains begins to rot. The hottest season is during the months preceding the rains of July and August—from the end of March, through April, May, and June.

The sun has set, and we drive in a well-appointed carriage about the streets of the city of Jodhpore.

Our first visit is to the tank or reservoir constructed by Jeswant Singh. As scarcity of water is the great scourge of this principality and city,

in times of drought the people die of thirst. The Maharajah, in spite of his indolence, is not devoid of ambition. The idea of transmitting his name to posterity by associating it with a grand work of public benefit, from which future generations will profit, is pleasing to him. But he has the defects as well as the good qualities of his race. After the first impulse, the feverish activity of the first few days, come long periods of apathy. The works are suspended: will they be renewed? Happily, an English engineer, Mr. Home, who is my companion on this visit, is the man charged with the present undertaking; and not being inconstant like the prince and his Hindoo engineers, he will bring it to a successful termination. The sheet of water before us, surrounded by balustrades of sandstone, with the rock towering above it, and reflecting little temples and ancient ruins on its surface, forms a pretty picture. It is India in reality —ancient India—exactly such as was seen by Alexander the Great.

I had scarcely returned from my drive, when the commandant of the armed force came to the Residency, by order of his brother the Maharajah, to pay his respects. The young man was full of animation, and carried on an inexhaustible conver-

sation with my companions, which I was unable to follow. I had retired into another part of the garden, when suddenly I was startled from my meditations by a fiendish hubbub. It was a troop of monkeys, some of which seemed almost as tall as myself. Running along the top of the enclosure wall, they dropped upon the tree under which I was sitting, and then leaped to earth, some of them touching me, at my side and all around. I had a stick with me, it is true; but how was I to use it? Such a proceeding would probably have displeased them. I blush to think of it: I ran away! It was not the behaviour of a brave man, I know, but it was that of a prudent one. Moreover, nobody saw me but the monkeys.

At seven o'clock in the morning, accompanied by Mr. Home and Hur Dial Singh, I set off for Mandore, the ancient capital of Marwar. It is now a mere village of no interest—a heap of ruins with a few small houses. But close by are the tombs of the kings.

The distance from the Residency is about four miles, and our way lies due north. Considering the bad road, our six horses were none too many to drag the carriage over ground consisting alternately of rocks level with the surface, and of

sand. Soon the fort of Jodhpore, with its commanding aspect, disappears behind some blocks of sandstone. A few fine trees break the monotony of the landscape, which, both from the features it possesses and those it lacks, is the image of utter solitude. The animals know they have nothing to fear from man; and yet we have not met a single living creature, except a fox with an enormous brush, who never stirred till we were within some twenty paces of him.

At eight o'clock, after having crossed the site of the ancient capital, we arrived at the tombs.

The largest and most beautiful of these is that of Ajit Singh,[6] the posthumous son of Jeswant Singh, and killed, at the instigation of the Court of Delhi, by his own brothers Abhye Singh and Bakht Singh. One of the murderers, Abhye,[7] raised this magnificent monument to his victim opposite his own tomb. The two *chhatras*, built within a quarter of a century of each other, of pink sandstone and grey marble, are reckoned among the masterpieces of the composite Indo-Saracenic style. But the one built by the murderer seems to me to betray already signs of artistic decline, and this is especially noticeable in the carving of the stone. Photography has not yet penetrated into this

[6] Reigned from 1725 to 1750.
[7] Reigned from 1680 to 1725.

remote corner of the world, and I have not seen any drawings of these tombs. In spite of the suffocating heat, I spent some hours in sketching them. The other tombs, all of them more modern, and including some even of the present century, show an unmistakable decline of art. We examined several of them with the greatest care. Some are surrounded by plantations, like the Moorish gardens in Algeria and Morocco. Raised footpaths, flanked with trenches, cross each other at right angles, and the square beds thus formed are filled with bushes and flowers. Fine trees overshadow the roads, and spread around a delicious coolness. And above their dense foliage rise the pink, grey, and white tombs of the great chiefs of Marwar.

We mount to the upper story of the mausoleum of Ajit Singh, opposite to that of his brother. A small space opens out to the left, surrounded by several tombs, with a green curtain of magnificent trees behind them. One of these monuments, which is of great beauty, combines all the elements of Indo-Saracenic architecture. But seen from such a distance that the octagonal pillars present the appearance of columns, and the carved or stucco ornaments disappear, it resembles the *tempietto* of Bramante on the Janiculum, or that of the Sposalizio of Raphael. The details are thoroughly Indian. I make out four constituent

parts: (1) a large square slab of granite, the base of the monument; (2) eight small octagonal pillars, like those seen in all Jain temples, supporting with the aid of brackets—an essentially Hindoo contrivance—(3) some arches indented with small toothed mouldings (Moorish fashion), which again serve to uphold an octagonal architrave, on which rises (4) the bulbous or crescent-shaped dome.

Pink and white tones predominate in this square, and the whole is gilded by the sun. The silence reigning in this solitude, the difficulty of access, the memories of the exploits and crimes of a race at once chivalrous and barbarous, which cling to these monuments, impart to this secluded spot the charm of an elegy and an epic poem.

The Maharajah, like his brothers, is passionately fond of horses and hunting. He says that the money spent on these amusements is better employed than that which goes to the jewellers. This afternoon he kindly sent to the Residency, for me to admire them at leisure, about twenty thorough-breds, the finest in his stables. These noble animals were in excellent condition. Among them we saw some splendid carriage horses imported from Australia.

Towards evening I made an excursion to Kailana, partly by carriage and partly on an elephant. Kailana, situated eight miles west of Jodhpore, was the summer-palace of the late Maharajah. It is a pretty, fanciful building, in the Indo-Saracenic style. From a terrace we were shown some wild boars feeding. This sight can be seen elsewhere; but the novelty to me was that, to our intense disgust, guns were given to us, and we were invited to shoot at this confused black mass which was swarming at our feet. The site and the scene transported me back in thought to the park in beloved Friedland; only in Bohemia nobody would have proposed such a butchery as here is dignified with the name of sport.

It was with regret that I had to leave the zenana without having seen the master. The hospitality I received there was not called forth by any official recommendations. The directions sent by the Viceroy to the Agent-General, Colonel Bradford, did not reach him in time to be of any use, and he was therefore unable to apprise Colonel Powlett of my visit. The latter heard of it by letters from Mount Aboo, and being obliged to leave before my arrival, he said to his steward, 'A gentleman is coming: open the house to him, and

treat him as you treat me.' The Colonel knows by experience the value of hospitality in a country like India, and practises it to a man whom he has never seen, and probably will never see.

I owe to a happy chance my having met here Captain W. Loch, the assistant agent of Colonel Powlett.

February 27.—I leave the Residency at seven o'clock in the morning, still in the company of Mr. Home, and in the same carriage of the Maharajah which had brought us hither. We drive through the city for the last time, and leave it by the Soldiers' Gate.

Soon we see a small group of men on horseback galloping furiously across country, evidently to bar our road. The leader is mounted on a splendid 'Waler.' The noble animal rears, plunges, and kicks out furiously, but cannot throw his rider, who seems riveted to the saddle. He approaches us and salutes us courteously, saying that he is come to bid us good-bye. He is the Maharaj Purtab Singh, the brother and prime minister of the Maharajah. This time he does not wear his handsome Marwari costume, but is in knickerbockers and shirt sleeves; only he has forgotten to put on his jacket. This costume is not handsome, and I prefer Purtab dressed as he was the other day;

but even in this homely attire he has a fine appearance. He said many friendly words to me, but the imperturbable expression of his countenance by no means corresponded with his utterances. Not even the shadow of a smile passed across his lips. I am told this is the manner of Rajpoots. Generally speaking, they are only polite and attentive when they have something to ask for, to hope or to fear, and are not amiable by nature.

We proceed on our road, and the Maharaj, putting his horse to a gallop, is gone as quickly as he came. I cast a last look behind me. The fantastic outline of the fort stands out as if carved against the sky. The perpendicular rock and the palace on its top, now bathed in saffron tints, can just be distinguished through a thin golden film. The carriage dives amid one of those groups of low rocks which form the prevailing feature of the country. Once more I try to catch a glimpse of the capital of the Desert. But the vision has vanished; Jodhpore has gone from my sight for ever.

We are now once more in the depth of the Desert—the real Desert. A few paces from us a fine dromedary, seated on his haunches—a picture of melancholy—seems to look at us with supplicating eyes. The faces of animals are supposed to be destitute of expression; but to

me they seem quite the contrary. Here pain and resignation are too plainly depicted on the features of a camel. The poor animal has one foot broken, and as the Hindoo dislikes to shed any living creature's blood, the owner has abandoned him to his fate. Not having any arms with us, we unfortunately cannot grant his mute entreaty. Some good Samaritans, who are passing by, and give the poor animal some food, would only be prolonging his sufferings, were it not for these black birds which are hovering above us—vultures ready to swoop down upon their prey and devour him while yet alive.

In one of the two oases which we are crossing, some refreshments are served to us on the steps of a temple. Swarms of flies dispute our luncheon with us, and gigantic buffaloes snort at our feet. It is noon, and men and beasts alike seem overpowered by the sun.

At length, however, before sunset the sixty miles are accomplished without accident, and at nightfall I reach Jodhpore station, and settle down comfortably in the railway-carriage.

Jeypore, February 28 *and* 29.—I have travelled all night, and at nine o'clock in the morning the train enters Jeypore station. Surgeon-Major

Stratton, the Resident of Eastern Rajpootana, takes me to his residency, an old palace of the Maharajah, situated three miles from the city. I am put up in one of the tents erected in the garden for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are expected here shortly.

The city of Jeypore [8] is a great commercial centre, and enjoys the reputation of being the most prosperous of all the purely Hindoo cities, not only in Rajpootana, but throughout the peninsula. Amber, the ancient capital, which is situated four miles off, among the mountains, was abandoned by the celebrated Maharajah Jey Singh because an old tradition forbids the princes of his race to stay for more than six centuries in the same capital. Jey Singh, who in his pomp and splendour, and in the patronage he lavished on art and science, was the Indian rival, as he also was the contemporary, of Louis XIV., caused this city, to which, according to Rajpoot custom, he gave his name, to be built in 1728.

Dr. Stratton is kind enough to take me thither. The lofty walls which surround the city are plastered with pink clay, and the rains have traced black perpendicular lines upon them, with a singular effect, and with a regularity due to the battlements in which the water has accumulated

[8] Population 140,000.

before running off. Entering on the opposite side, we drive into a long straight street. The houses, all of a pale pink or violet colour, are ornamented with paintings representing pots of flowers and arabesques, if such a word can be applied to designs which are essentially Hindoo. Other side streets cut at right angles the main thoroughfare through which we pass, and which leads to a large square. The houses, where not actually contiguous, are connected by walls, the upper part of which is pierced with small windows, either semicircular or elliptic, and always filled in with slabs of perforated stone.

Although the Oriental, particularly the Hindoo, and above all the Rajpoot, type of architecture is here strongly marked, the plan of the city, the straight streets, the houses built nearly after the same pattern, all seem to me opposed to the spirit of India. Could this possibly be a reflection of that taste for uniformity and regularity which had invaded Europe at the close of the period which the French call the '*grand siècle*'? My thoughts involuntarily reverted to the Place Vendôme at Paris, and the town of Karlsruhe, both built, if I mistake not, in 1699.

In these large spaces, open to public traffic, the utmost animation prevails. If the houses are pink and violet, the crowd is white and red, and

these four colours, blended together, give a gay and festive aspect to the scene. The few women that are to be seen belong entirely to the lowest classes. There are numerous bullock-carriages, carefully curtained if women are inside. Here, a noble goes by with a golden head-dress like that of a Doge, the bearers of his palanquin followed by several servants running along at a trot. There, one of his brother nobles, or some high official, mounted on a fine horse, makes his way through the crowd, who open their ranks with demonstrations of respect. A host of grooms run on foot behind their master. A number of camels and some elephants, although a nuisance to the foot-passengers, serve to vary the scene.

The Maharajah's palace stands on a large open space in the centre of the town. His soldiers, who were stationed at the gate and in the outer court-yard, some of them in the garb of the country, and others in European uniform, presented arms as the Agent approached; and four bandsmen struck up 'God save the Queen.' We entered the inner quadrangle, which was filled with courtiers and upper servants. Five or six enormous elephants, splendidly caparisoned, and with head and tusks covered with paintings, were ranged in line of battle. At length we alighted in front of the main building, where the Maharajah himself resides.

This prince is only twenty years of age. He was adopted by the last Maharajah on his death-bed. There is nothing extraordinary in this proceeding. In the native States the natural heir, if there is one, is often prematurely enfeebled and decrepit. Hence the princes have the right, though that right is sometimes contested, of choosing a successor in their family; but they never exercise it till the latest possible moment, if not actually *in articulo mortis*. There are reasons for this precaution. The adoptive son, if impatient by nature, might hasten the hour of his accession. Towards the end of a reign, people ask with anxiety who is to be the new ruler. Hence the frequent surprises at the death-bed of those in power.

The young Maharajah of Jeypore is a handsome man, with a frank and prepossessing countenance. He intended to go out to pay visits of condolence to some noble families, and was dressed therefore in white, with a silver-hilted sword, white being the colour of mourning. He was barefooted, according to Indian custom. After having made us sit down, he expressed to me his regret at being unable to converse with me in English; he had begun to learn the language, but his adoption had put an end to his studies. A Maharajah has other things to do. I

asked him what his impression had been on learning that this great State was his. 'At the first moment,' he replied, 'I felt afraid. The responsibility alarmed me; but now I am used to it.'

The hall where he received me is a long apartment entirely open to the garden, and filled with divans. On the walls are some English coloured engravings, amongst others a portrait of the Prince of Wales.

The external wall of the palace contains several other detached buildings, the most remarkable of which are the two halls intended for public receptions. In one of these halls we were shown with pride a daïs covered with plates of solid silver and silver gilt, in the fashion of the French Empire, with decorations in Persian style. This precious piece of furniture was ordered by the late Maharajah, and cost 50,000*l*. The entire character and aspect of these large rooms, notwithstanding the very perceptible influence of European taste, is that of barbaric splendour.

The observatory, one of the great curiosities of Jeypore, which is composed of a cluster of stone buildings, is the work of Jey Singh, who passed in India for one of the greatest astronomers of his time. We were shown also the park of artillery. The cannon are drawn by oxen, covered by the red shabrac of a cavalry officer, and with horns

enveloped in green cloth. The effect is odd in the extreme.

The garden extends behind the palace. On two sides of it, a line of magnificent trees stands at right angles to the façade, the design of which is fanciful and elaborate. We walk along raised paths bordered by small tanks. The pipes and taps which we see are intended for watering those who walk here. This old-fashioned diversion, invented by the gardeners of the Khalifs, was the delight of the kings of Castille and Leon, and in after times of the princes and magnates of France and Italy. Happily there is no water in the tanks. In a retired part of the park, a pretty little temple, shaded by mango-trees of many centuries, seems to smile at us through the foliage. But let him beware who should be rash enough to approach the god or the goddess of this spot! A harsh voice commands us in a peremptory tone to stop; and a Brahman of the sanctuary appears, full of wrath and ready to bar our passage. At this moment the cannon begins to roar, and announces to the city the great event of the day: the Maharajah has left his palace to go and weep with seven noble families. Clouds of pigeons rise from the roofs and gables of the palace and fly away scared. A strange and poetical contrast! In the air, these winged fugitives; in the garden, solitude and silence. A

few paces from us, the Brahman who keeps his spiteful eyes fixed on the intruders. Outside, the noise of the cannon and the confused voices of the multitude.

The late Maharajah, inflamed with the desire to civilise his people, presented them with a theatre built after a European model, a lawn-tennis ground, and a large and beautiful public garden. The theatre has long been closed for want of spectators. But in the park natives are to be seen walking about, or sitting on benches instead of on their heels, and coming on certain days of the week to listen to the concerts. Some young people are amusing themselves with lawn-tennis. The princely reformer has also founded a school of art and industry. We paid a visit to it, and saw inscribed in English over the gateway 'School of Arts.' It contains some small pictures, pencil drawings, jewels, and inlaid metal-work which struck me as being very pretty. The cloisonné enamel of Jeypore is widely celebrated; but the process of manufacture is a secret.

From the windows of this institution we saw the Maharajah returning from his round of visits. His carriage, drawn by spirited horses, went by at a brisk trot. Footmen in rich liveries run behind at full speed; nobles, splendidly attired and well

mounted, surrounded the carriage, and a detachment of cavalry brought up the rear. The crowd, a mingled mass of red and white, opened out to let the cortège pass, and then immediately closed in again: a vision, a meteor, a shooting star.

It was beginning to grow dusk when, to my intense amazement, I saw that gas was being lighted. Gas in Rajasthan! It is the acme of progress.

Leaving the city we met a gang of convicts or prisoners. They stood in line, and raising one arm upright, and stretching out the other horizontally, proceeded to clap their hands together with a cry. This is their mode of salutation. Among them, it must be confessed, were some faces that looked fit for the gallows, but all of them seemed cheerful and well-fed; a proof that the late Maharajah did not forget to extend his reforms to the prisons.

Partly in a palankin, and partly on an elephant —these two means of locomotion being kindly placed at my disposal by the Maharajah—I made this morning an excursion to the ancient capital, Amber.

The country is a plain covered with temples, half-ruined houses, deserted *palazzetti*, and *chhattras*, or mausoleums. The large palace on our left, now quite dilapidated and ready to tumble down,

belongs to the Maharajah ; the big tank at its side swarms with alligators. Approaching some hills which border the plain on the north of the city, we enter a narrow valley, winding between steep heights crowned with forts. On our left, raised on barren eminences, along the shores of a small lake, are some castles built of pink sandstone. Some have kept the colour of the stone ; others, where not whitewashed, have become yellow. Before us lies the little oasis where nestles the ancient city, which is nothing but a collection of palaces and ruinous houses, some of which are still inhabited. The city walls run over the summits of the mountain, like the Wall of China on a small scale. The resemblance is very striking. Behind these dark brown ruins, beyond the sloping hills that form the valley, expands the yellow desert, dotted with black : sand and brushwood, and farther on to the north the pale grey shades of a chain of mountains mingle with the amber-coloured tints of the sky. The composition of the picture is fantastic, the tones severe, and the whole effect fascinating. But I doubt if any painter would venture to imitate these colours, even if he found them on his palette, lest he should be accused of exaggeration and condemned as a mannerist.

An extremely steep path leads up to the palaces and temples which constitute the citadel of Amber.

The former belong to different periods. Eyes which are in the smallest degree trained to distinguish between the different changes which Rajpoot architecture has gone through in the course of centuries, are struck by the individuality of each of these buildings, as they stand huddled together on the level summit of the rock. And yet the same elements are found in all: lofty battlemented walls, kiosks with small cupolas supported by graceful pillars; balconies ranged one above the other, and protected by a roof resting also on slender pilasters; large halls which present the appearance of quincunces with their shafts springing up towards the ceiling; and balustrades around the terraces and along the stairs. A peculiar charm is imparted by the contrast between the walls of massive masonry, of which the upper portion only is pierced here and there with windows, and the arcades and kiosks where walls are entirely absent: mediæval fortresses linked to the open colonnades of ancient Greece. From the point of view of the critic who insists on every building proclaiming by its exterior the particular use it is intended to serve, this is a puzzle, or rather a contradiction. But as a picture it is splendid. The Rajpoot artists seem to have been painters before they became architects.

Diwan-i-Am, the hall of audience, is an imitation of the halls at Delhi and Agra. The Emperor

was annoyed at the Maharajah's presumption in venturing to take his palaces as models; and, accordingly, the Rajpoot prince hastened to plaster over with stucco the exquisite carving of the shafts and capitals. The beautiful slabs of pink sandstone were whitewashed. The Picture Gallery is so called on account of some bird's-eye views of the holy city of Benares and of two other towns.

Jey Mandir, all of marble, was built by the great Jey Singh. The taste of the eighteenth century is evident in the small mirrors which cover the walls and the ceilings.

Sook-Nevas, the 'hall of delights,' is famous for the painted tiling of its floor and the rivulet that runs through the apartment, another feature borrowed from the Emperor's palace.

The Zenana, in my opinion the most ancient of these buildings, is remarkable for its simplicity. The reigning queen held her durbars in the hall which occupies the centre of the courtyard. The twenty-six queens were, and I believe the wives of the present Maharajah are still, content, during the visits which the prince pays here twice in the year, with little cells ranged along the walls of narrow passages.

All these buildings are in a perfect state of preservation. They have sprung up like plants, and form an irregular group, very close, and very

compact. The result is that the view changes at every step; but you have always at your feet the lake, reflecting both the castles of Amber and the neighbouring heights with their Chinese wall, the ruined palaces of the city, the rich vegetation of the oasis, and in the distance the desert and the mountains which stretch away towards the north.

Chance took us into the temple of the goddess of stone, Silla Devi, at the moment of sacrifice. Formerly a human victim used to be immolated; fortunately we were spared this horrible spectacle, thanks to Jey Singh, who at the beginning of the last century abolished the barbarous custom. But the goddess, wounded by this want of respect, made known her displeasure to the reforming Maharajah, who, to appease her wrath, substituted for men, whose throats were cut at certain festivals of the year, the daily sacrifice of a goat.

The temple is small and has nothing that invites devotion. It resembles an ante-chamber in front of an alcove, where the goddess is seen seated cross-legged. Two men, talking familiarly, were squatting before the sanctuary. A little boy, prostrate on the ground, seemed to be engaged in prayer. A lean and sorry-looking goat was awaiting with indifference the fatal moment; his instinct evidently foretold him nothing of his doom. The priest went up to the animal, scattered some meal

and holy water over it, and also over the cutlass of the man whose duty it was to kill the poor creature; and in an instant afterwards the victim's head rolled down upon the floor, while the body remained for some minutes twitching convulsively. Meanwhile the priest received the blood in a vessel, which he carried to the goddess, after carefully shutting the curtain of the sanctuary. In the East, as we know, very great personages never show themselves during their meals.

No one, I think, can visit Rajpootana without being struck by the contrast between the past and present condition of this country. I am not speaking of its external features, which have remained the same, nor of the progress of modern civilisation, of which scarcely any traces are visible except at Jeypore; I refer only to the contrast between the old institutions, still in vigour, and the new situation created by the supreme control of England. The institutions presuppose a permanent state of war; the control has established a permanent state of peace. The institutions, therefore, have lost their meaning, and, in obedience to logic and the force of circumstances, they must disappear. The will of man is powerless in the matter. But then, how, and

with what, is the gap to be filled up? I have been asking myself this question ever since I first set foot on the soil of this country, and before having read Sir Alfred Lyall's 'Asiatic Studies'—a book rich in new, clear, intellectual, and often profound views, and abounding also in precious information gathered in these parts during a prolonged residence. The author propounds to himself the same question, and deals with it in a few words bearing the stamp of an intimate knowledge of India, and, I will add, of the human heart, which is everywhere the same. But there he stops. He tells us what must be avoided, but he does not tell us what must be done. He does not point out what road the British Government will have to follow to facilitate and direct reform. Time, no doubt, will solve this difficult problem. But time cannot be expected to do everything; and sooner or later England will be called on to interfere. It will be impossible for her to abstain; she has assumed the supreme power, she must bear the responsibility.

CHAPTER V.

THE PUNJAUB.

FROM MARCH 1 TO 11.

From Jeypore to the Khyber Pass—Banks of the Indus—Attock—Peshawur—An Afghan prince—The fort and the cemeteries—Troubled state of the neutral districts—Caravans—The Afridis—The Khyber Pass—Jamrood—Lahore—Runjeet Singh—The Shalimar Gardens—Amritsar—The Golden Temple—An hotel at Delhi—Diwan-i-Khas—Diwan-i-Am—The Pearl Mosque—The Great Mosque—State of native feeling—Kutub Minar—The Ridge—Delhi.

Across the Punjaub.—The Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army has kindly given me authority to visit the Khyber Pass, which since the late Afghan war has been strictly closed to Europeans. To go thither with security, certain military arrangements are necessary. A day has been appointed for this excursion, and there is no time to be lost. I therefore cross the great plains of the North-Western provinces without stopping. Here is Umballa, the point where the road to Simla branches off. Soon afterwards, at sunrise, the snow-clad giants of the Himalayas loom above

the horizon. Some hours more, and the train, after crossing the bridge over the Sutlej, enters the Sikh kingdom. Northward towers the chain of the loftiest mountains in the world. To the right and left the plain melts away into the distance, flooded by the soft tints of wheat-fields. Not a tree is visible, except round the villages. The air is cool, almost cold, the sky overcast with dark clouds, the first I have seen since leaving Madras. I welcome the showers that fall every now and then, like old acquaintances after a long separation.

At five o'clock the train stops at Lahore station.

The next morning very early we pass through Rawul Pindi, the head-quarters of the commander of the important division charged with the duty of watching the frontiers of Afghanistan. The sky clears up again, and the aspect of the country has changed: all around bare blocks of basalt; in the gaps between them cornfields, but not a single tree; northward the glittering peaks of the Cashmere glaciers, which we have been approaching during the night. The stations are crowded with natives. The Punjaubis, by their figure and the warlike expression of their faces, as well as by their demeanour and dress, offer a striking contrast to the other races of the peninsula.

Between nine and ten o'clock, after having

crossed a rocky and slightly elevated range, the train stops on the banks of the great historical river.

The Indus, rising on the north of the lofty mountains, winds first along the mysterious valleys of Thibet, and before reaching the Punjaub frontier has already traversed nearly half of the immense distance between its source and the ocean.[1] During its long wandering it receives the innumerable watercourses poured down from the Himalayas and the Hindoo Koosh. And yet, hemmed in as it is in this narrow defile, the 'Father of rivers' might be taken for a young and frolicsome torrent. How its little angry, scolding, foaming waves leap up, tumble, dash together, recede, advance, and finally escape by cleaving or hollowing out a channel through the basalt! In vain do these enormous blocks, massed one upon the other, this jumbled medley of rocky crests, attempt to arrest its course. The water conquers the stone. A few steps below the station, looking southward, the eye can plunge down into this pitch-black, white-flecked gorge.

The train, continuing its way, crosses the large bridge which has only been completed a few months. Here turn your eyes to the north.

[1] The course of the Indus is estimated to be 1,802 miles long, reckoned thus: from its sources to Attock 860 miles, and from Attock to its mouths 942 miles.

What a contrast! All is radiant, smiling, and pastoral. The river, unconscious of the struggles that await it, delights to roll its peaceful waters majestically between flat and verdant banks, across a vast plain bordered on the north by the mountains of Cashmere. These giants seem so close, and the atmosphere is so transparent, that the naked eye can distinguish the fissures in their sides, and the reflection of the sun on the summits of the glaciers. It is the background of the picture. But near you, you see, perched on a promontory that juts out into the river, a sepia-coloured group of houses with flat roofs. This is the town; and the ruins that rise on the platform of the rock above the houses are Fort Attock, the ancient guardian, entrusted from time immemorial with the duty, which it has never performed, of barring the way against the conquerors of India.

A little farther on the line enters the valley of the Cabul. This river that takes its name from the capital of Afghanistan, the walls of which it washes, here mingles its clear waters with the muddy waves of the great Indus.

By one of those happy accidents which propitious Heaven has lavished upon me during my travels, and especially since my setting foot on Indian soil, Sir Michael Biddulph, commander of the division at Rawul Pindi, was in the same train

as myself, and kindly accompanied me during part of the trip. What a precious fund of information! His son was carrying on his fist a splendid falcon, which he unhooded to let me admire the bird's piercing eyes. Falconry, in this country, is still very popular among the Rajahs, and the country is well adapted to the pastime.

We are drawing near the end of this long journey, and already the Hindoo Koosh, with the Khawak,[2] its highest point, is in sight. In the valley of the Cabul, along which we are going, we see plenty of cultivation, but not a tree, except some stunted mimosas around the stations. The country reminds me of the approach to the Spanish side of the Pyrenees.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the station in the city of Peshawur, and half an hour afterwards at the English cantonment.

With the exception of the Afridis and other mountaineers, the neutral territory, the banks of the Indus and the frontier districts of Afghanistan, are inhabited by Pathans, who, of the same blood as the Afghans, and speaking the same language, which is here called Pathan, differ only in name from the tribes settled on the other side of the Khyber Pass. Hence this complete change in the general aspect of the country. In fact, no

[2] 18,200 feet high.

sooner is the Indus crossed than you see and know yourself to be in Central Asia.

Peshawur and the Khyber Pass. March 5 to 8.—Colonel Waterfield, the Commissioner at Peshawur, takes me to his pretty bungalow, which is equally adapted to the intense heat and to the severe cold of a climate where the two extremes of temperature follow each other almost without any intervening gradation.

The city of Peshawur,[3] seen from outside, with its mud-coloured walls and fort, recalls the large agglomerations of buildings on the high tableland of Central Asia. Inside the resemblance is even more striking. Save a few clusters of Hindoo houses, which are recognised by their height and their Indian style, the city has nothing to distinguish it from Bokhara, Samarcand, and Cabul but the animation here prevailing and the superior wealth of its inhabitants. Peshawur owes these advantages principally to its situation at the entrance of the Khyber Pass, which is the high road of Afghanistan, and to the pleasures and seductions it offers to the rude sons of Central Asia. Peshawur is their Paris. They come here

[3] The population of this city without the cantonment is 58,000, of whom 50,000 are Mussulmans. The cantonment contains 22,000 souls, of whom 3,200 are Christians.

to make money and spend it, to work and enjoy themselves. I am also greatly pleased with the appearance of the ancient capital of the kings of Cabul.[4] The houses, on account of the frequent earthquakes, are built of timber, and the space between the woodwork is filled with pale brown bricks. The upper stories, where there are any, project over the street. The flat roof-tops increase the resemblance to certain quarters of Erivan or other Persian cities. In a narrow street we admire a small mosque. Another is being built in the *flamboyant* Moorish style; the workmen are now engaged upon it. I am told that, without plan or model, they are guided entirely by their eye, which is extremely correct, and by tradition and the exigencies of the ground. The result of this is a certain absence of symmetry, which does not, however, in the least offend the eye. But this new mosque, though far more sumptuous than the old one, bears no comparison with it in point of architecture and carving. The Anglican missionaries have just built a very handsome church in the Indo-Saracenic style. I am told that, ten years ago, no one would have dreamed of erecting a Christian temple in the centre of Mussulman fanaticism, but that latterly, for some

[4] It was still so in the time of Mountstuart Elphinstone's mission in 1808.

unaccountable reasons, the inhabitants have shown themselves less intolerant.

The bazaars are numerous and well stocked. Here may be seen pottery of native manufacture, rudely made, but of almost classical design; there, in a circular bazaar reserved for the wealthy merchants of Bokhara, some magnificent silk stuffs; and, at the corner of a street, a heap of wicker-cages, containing birds which the Hindoos buy to set free again immediately. The little winged creatures are supposed to carry with them, as they fly away, the sins of the buyer.

In one of the principal streets some restaurants display their dainties. This is the resort of *gourmets*, the Palais Royal and Boulevard des Italiens of the Afghan Paris. As the ground-floor is quite open to the street, you can see into the kitchen, where the natives are eating. The *jeunesse dorée* meet on the upper story. It is needless to say that at these select parties, as in all the public places of Mussulman cities, woman is conspicuous by her absence.

A miscellaneous crowd fills the streets and alleys with animation. Everyone knows that Paris contains the largest floating population of all the European capitals. The same is the case with Peshawur in respect of Asia. Strangers from Bokhara, Turkestan, Khokan, Kashgar, and above

all from Afghanistan, jostle each other in the streets. The sudden transition from what I saw before crossing the Indus to what I now see is so abrupt, and the contrast so striking, that it seems to me a dream. It is another world. I have seen these types far away in the Caucasus and at Pekin, but they have nothing in common with India.

Two Afghan princes, one of whom has played a prominent part, are living here as pensionaries of the Indian Government.

The Sirdar Wali Mahommed Khan is the half-brother of Shere Ali, the late Ameer of Afghanistan. His chequered career, so remarkable for its strange vicissitudes, is in keeping with the history and the position of his country; and for this reason I noted it in my journal. The prince made his first entry into public life on the death of his father, Dost Mahommed, in 1863. During the war of succession which ensued, he sided first with one, and then with the other competitor. For some time Governor of a province of Turkestan, he took refuge beyond the Oxus in Bokhara. He was afterwards reconciled to Shere Ali, who, in 1865, appointed him Governor of Cabul; but being suspected, rightly or wrongly, of treason, and shortly afterwards dismissed, he declared himself for his

brother's rival, Azim Khan, who, on taking possession of the capital the next year, restored to him his office of Governor. No sooner was he back at Cabul than he made overtures to Shere Ali. Azim, informed of these intrigues, had him arrested and shut up in the citadel of Candahar. But the garrison which held this fortress for Azim, mutinied and set Wali at liberty, and he was again reconciled to Shere Ali after Azim Khan's defeat, and appointed Governor of Kuram. There he contrived to make a fortune, and his proceedings naturally excited the admiration, envy, and emulation of the other provincial governors. Wali has left at Kuram a name of imperishable memory. After that he put himself forward as a candidate for his brother's tottering throne. In 1879, during the English occupation of Cabul, he was entrusted with the administration of the city. In 1880, he declared himself publicly a claimant for the throne. Upon the British Government pronouncing in favour of Abdur Rahman, he retired to Peshawur, where he is living as a pensionary of England. I confess that the story of his life gave me food for reflection. I asked whether all the Afghan princes were like Sirdar Wali, and the answer was that in point of fact they had all a family likeness. If such is the case, one may fairly doubt the expediency of a

policy which is based on an alliance with this or that Ameer of Afghanistan.

Sirdar Wali Mahommed Khan resides outside the city walls, in the Saraï, an old caravansary built by the Emperor Akbar the Great (1556–1605) between a spacious courtyard and a large orchard, both surrounded by walls. I went thither with Colonel Waterfield. At the entrance of the court-yard we were received by the high dignitaries of the prince, a little farther on by his sons, and on the stairs by himself. He is a fine man, tall of stature, and about fifty-six years of age. His noble features, his flashing eyes shaded by eyelashes painted black after Afghan fashion, fail to conceal under a frank-looking exterior a fickle character and a crafty mind. He wore above a sky-blue tunic a caftan of dark brown cloth embroidered with silk of the same colour. After an exchange of customary expressions, he conducted us into a long and narrow hall, which occupies all the main building. The windows on one side look over the courtyard, on the other over the open country, so that no one can come near without being seen by the master of the house. The Khan invited us to sit down. His sons, grandsons, and nephews, dressed like himself, remained standing round us; his attendants, courtiers, and secretaries were seated on their heels, leaning with their backs against the

wall. The scene reminded me vividly of the Caucasus. The conversation, which was in Persian, never flagged; but I shall mention only one remark made to me by Wali, no doubt in perfect sincerity: 'I hope to live long enough to mount the throne of my ancestors.'

The appearance of the large courtyard, as we left, transported me in imagination to the camp of Tamerlane. We saw there, tethered to separate posts, a row of magnificent Turcoman and Arab thorough-breds. Round each of these noble animals stood some grooms in the Khan's service. Wali seemed proud of the impression which this fine display produced upon his visitors.

The other prince, who has never been a governor, occupies a miserable dwelling, or rather hovel, the approach to which lies through tortuous and dirty alleys. He offered us some fruit, saying that he had nothing else to give. Poor young man! He has never heaped up any riches, and is now in a state bordering on destitution. See what it is to be virtuous, or to miss the opportunity of being otherwise!

I visited also the palace of the General Avitabile, of terrible memory. According to a legend, which I prefer to think exaggerated, the great general of Runjeet Singh had an iron hand and never put on the velvet glove. But the Pathans revere his

memory to this day. Barbarous people worship brute force even when it manifests itself in acts of cruelty.

From the bastions of the fort, the eye dives down into the labyrinth of the city's streets. All round the city walls lies the plain. Northward is the range which links the Himalayas to the lesser chains of the high tablelands of Central Asia; due west are the mountains forming the frontiers of Afghanistan, fringed above with the snowy outline of the Hindoo Koosh; and in the same direction, eleven miles away, is seen the fort of Jamrood. Although situated at the very mouth of the Khyber Pass, on the neutral ground which separates the dominions of the Ameer from those of the Empress of India, this outpost is garrisoned by British troops. Eastward an irregular chain of hills marks the course of the Indus. Towards evening, when the atmosphere is very clear, Fort Attock can be seen.

Between the city and the cantonment, meadows, intersected with good roads and fine avenues, alternate with cemeteries, which I did not visit. In one of the latter is buried a missionary, who has become famous not so much by his pious life and his tragical end, as by an unfortunate quotation from the Bible which forms part of his epitaph.

It runs as follows: 'Here lies the Reverend . . . an American Presbyterian missionary, who was murdered by his own servant. "Well done, good and faithful servant."' The author, in order to make his composition intelligible to the natives, had a translation in Persian engraved on the tombstone underneath the English inscription. The Arab sculptor entrusted with the work added, also in Persian, the words, 'Do not laugh.' *Risum teneatis, amici!*

During all my tour in India I have never heard of Europeans being attacked by brigands. Everybody agrees in saying that a white man can travel by day or night, with his purse in his hand, from Cape Comorin to British Sikkim, and thence to the ancient capital of the kingdom of Cabul, without running the slightest risk. But this security abruptly ends a mile or two west of Peshawur, which is the *Ultima Thule* of British India. Outside this town the insecurity is so great that officers, and indeed all Europeans, are forbidden by strict rules to go beyond the city precincts. The missionaries, who show a desire to carry the Gospel to the Afridis, are bound to find securities. These precautions are easily explained. Bold travellers who ventured to penetrate into

these regions would, in all probability, be plundered, if not murdered; and in that case the British Government would be forced to undertake a small campaign in order to chastise the culprits. All the boundary districts from Peshawur to Beloochistan are guided by military posts, stationed along the Afghan frontier. Officers are enjoined to exercise the strictest vigilance on the march; and the soldiers, when bivouacking, sleep with their rifles near at hand.

Since the late war, Afghanistan has been rigorously closed against Europeans, but strong caravans still continue to traverse the Khyber Pass; and two at least go through every week. They come from Cabul, Samarcand, and Turkestan, and, after having disposed of their merchandise, return by the same road, laden with Indian or English products. The Government, which attaches the highest value to the prosperous continuance of a traffic already very considerable, has devised an equally bold, ingenious, and hitherto effective, manner of providing for the safety of these caravans.

The territory which separates Afghanistan from India, and which is traversed by the Khyber Pass, is called neutral or independent, as being claimed by neither the Afghans nor the British. It is inhabited by half-savage tribes, of whom the

Afridis are the most powerful. The men are all armed; they are born, live, and die brigands. From among this population the Government recruits the soldiers who are entrusted with the protection of the merchants and their merchandise on their journey through the Pass. The force consists of five hundred men, each of whom is bound to provide himself with a gun at his own expense, an easy matter for him, since he takes it from some enemy whom he has killed either in an ambuscade or in single combat in his village. These mercenaries are paid nine rupees a month. They are not in uniform, and look like robbers, as in fact they are. They can leave the service whenever they choose. 'But might they not,' asked I, 'be tempted to plunder those whom they are charged to protect?' 'No doubt they might; but they have not done so as yet. We must protect the caravans, and we make use of the only means we have at our disposal.'

It is to this regiment of Afridis, stationed on the rocky heights of the Pass, and especially at certain spots where other tribes might attempt to attack us, that Colonel and Mrs. Waterfield, a young officer and I, preceded and followed by a strong escort of native cavalry, are able to trust ourselves, without incurring the smallest danger.

At seven o'clock in the morning we step into a

carriage which takes us rapidly to the frontier. In the plains across which we drive, the garrison is manœuvring in the presence of General Dandridge; it is a fine sight. An hour later we reach the foot of the hill on which stands the fort of Jamrood. Here some saddle-horses are in attendance, and the caravan, without losing a moment, enters the Pass by which the Macedonian and, after him, the Mussulman conquerors invaded India.

I confess that the famous Khyber Pass, to which cling so many memories, and which, during the late wars with the Afghans, was the scene of so many glorious deeds and disasters, appeared to me less picturesque than I had expected. I am told that farther westward it narrows and assumes an aspect more worthy of its reputation. I see nothing but a chaos of perpendicular masses of rock, and here and there on the summits some five or six Afridis. Don't ask me how they got there; it is a puzzle to me. As we pass beneath one of these little groups, our defenders present arms with the famous guns which they have obtained in the manner I have mentioned. This act of military courtesy contrasts strangely with their Biblical accoutrement and their far from reassuring appearance. Not a tree is to be seen; nothing but rocks and sand.

On our return we found an excellent luncheon awaiting us at the little fort Jamrood. The garrison consists of a hundred and forty men belonging to two native regiments, under the orders of Major Warburton. The command of the fort is entrusted to another young officer. These are the only Europeans on guard at this isolated outpost of civilisation. Their life is monotonous; even the pleasures of sport or of a ride in the environs —which, however, are far from attractive—are denied them. The fort is their prison. Their personal safety is to a certain extent guaranteed by their being able to exchange signals with the cantonment at Peshawur. They are two charming young men, who seem delighted to look for an hour or two at other white faces than their own.

Jamrood, surrounded by a triple wall, and placed, as we have seen, on an isolated hill about a hundred feet in height, commands the eastern exit of the Pass. The bastions overlook a caravansary situated at the foot of the hill. Care has been taken to demolish part of the walled enclosure at this inn, and to replace it by a less lofty palisade, thus enabling the commandant of Jamrood to see what passes in the courtyard, and to crush with his fire, if necessary, any attempt to attack his little fortress. This precaution is characteristic of the situation. Half a mile off, and nearer to the

mountains, is the village of Jamrood—a group of fortified houses and isolated towers. Some of the former, and all of the latter, are walled round, and are so many small strongholds. *Vendetta* is the order of the day, and neighbour fights with neighbour. The women alone keep on mutual good terms. The men are well made, but cruelty and savagery are depicted on their features, and even on the faces of the very young. From the balcony where we smoked our cigars we could see that the space between the houses of the village was quite deserted. Some women showed themselves at times, but not a man was to be seen. The reason is that last week an old man of seventy-two fell a victim to one of these hereditary feuds. Three days afterwards the octogenarian father of the murderer shared the same fate. This morning his son waited for us as we passed near the village, to offer us some goats. He was accompanied by several notables and by his sons and grandsons, who looked like little devils. They were all dressed in Biblical attire. Fashions, it is plain, have not altered here since the ages of antiquity.

Lahore.—After a journey of twenty-two hours I reached the capital of the Sikh kingdom.

The Sikhs were a Hindoo sect rather than a

nation. United among themselves by the double tie of religious creed and military discipline, they were able, if not to resist, at least to survive the cruel persecutions of the later Mogul Emperors. Runjeet Singh,[5] made Governor of Lahore in his youth by the Afghan invader Shah Zaman, found in the fanaticism of the Sikhs the means of uniting them around his person. He formed the famous army of the Khalsas, or 'Delivered,' and it was by the aid of these bands, organised and admirably commanded by European officers, among whom the terrible General Avitabile was the most distinguished, that he became the founder of a kingdom extending from the Sutlej to Peshawur, and from Mooltan to Cashmere. Runjeet had the wisdom to base his foreign policy on the friendship of his powerful neighbour; and accordingly, during a reign which lasted forty years, he was always the faithful ally of England. After his death sanguinary feuds followed in his family, and two great wars with the English led in 1849 to the annexation of what had been the Sikh kingdom to the possessions of the Queen and the East India Company.

Such is briefly the history of this State, which, ephemeral as it was, will nevertheless figure conspicuously in the history of India, for it is the Sikhs who, together with the Mahrattas, wrought the final ruin of the Mogul Empire.

[5] Born in 1776; King of the Sikhs in 1799; died in 1839.

The aspect of Lahore reveals its history. The Emperors have left their mark here. You recognise by his fort the great Akbar, that somewhat latitudinarian prince who built more fortresses than mosques; Jehangir and the splendid Shah Jehan by their marvellous palaces; and Aurungzebe, the bigoted persecutor of the Hindoos, by the Great Mosque. That was the Mahometan period. With Runjeet came the triumph of the Sikhs. This Runjeet is a grand figure; you see him here in all his magnificence, and you can follow him to the rich and fanciful mausoleum which encloses the ashes of the last Hindoo king.

The new masters have also left their stamp at Lahore, though proportionately to a less extent. You see them in the railway with its fortified station, in the large city-gate of modern Italian construction, and in the cantonment with its churches and public buildings.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, Sir Charles Aitchison, who is kind enough to entertain me, occupies Government House, which stands outside the city. It was formerly one of the numerous tombs which are scattered around Lahore, and has been made habitable by adding wings. The hall below the dome, a very fine apartment, where stood the sarcophagus of the deceased, is now used as a dining-room.

The European population was formerly very limited and consisted only of officials and military men, but the railway has brought hither quite a colony of servants and workmen.

We drive into Lahore at noon in suffocating heat, for though the nights are still cool, a burning sun already betokens the approach of the hot season. Narrow and tortuous lanes wind among small houses adorned with rude carvings. The crowd that throngs them is not the crowd of the Deccan or of Bombay, but of a race whose faces show a warlike spirit. Everyone is dressed in white, and just now, in honour of some saint, sprinkled with pink powder. And besides all this confused multitude there is the block caused by the carriages, great and small, some of them curtained with blinds, and all drawn by bullocks. Marquees, stretching across the street, protect the passers-by. The shops, all quite open, are full of natives buying, selling, and gossiping.

At the end of a straight street, which is somewhat wider than the rest, and at this hour completely shaded, a flight of steps leads up to a mosque, with its two gilded domes glittering in the sun. These street scenes vary at every turn according to the never-ceasing play of lights and shadows.

Lahore possesses a most interesting collection of Buddhist bas-reliefs and sculptures in *alto rilievo*.

They have been found in the surrounding country, though here, as indeed throughout India, excepting some districts of the Himalayas and the island of Ceylon, Buddhism has yielded to the old Brahmanical faiths. Some of these sculptures bear the impress of Greek art; they are ascribed to the first century before Christ, but why, nobody knows. Archæology in India would appear to be still in its infancy.

The Governor showed me the jail, where at present sixteen hundred prisoners are confined; the ordinary number is about two thousand. It is a model establishment of its kind. The convicts make carpets after patterns sent from Cashmere; I saw some magnificent specimens. I am told that a firm in Paris has ordered a large quantity of them.

The famous gardens of Shah Jehan (1628–1653), called Shalimar, lie a short distance from the city. We drove thither in a carriage drawn by four camels, each of them ridden by a groom dressed in the scarlet livery of the Empress. It was the first time I had ever seen the 'Ship of the Desert' employed as a draught animal. This fanciful equipage suits its surroundings very well.

Shah Jehan is said to have aspired to imitate the gardens of Cashmere; but Shalimar was evidently laid out by Moorish hands. The squares

formed by the rectangular paths are filled with mango, fig, and gigantic orange trees, more than two centuries old, whose thick branches interlace each other aloft. In the centre is a large tank, with a white border round it. Footpaths, steps, balustrades, bridges, and kiosks—all are made of marble, which has retained a snowy whiteness. What a scene the whole presents, 'water, shade, and coolness'! On the surface of the tank are mirrored the vegetation and the stone; above is the golden vault of an Indian sky.

Amritsar.—This is a modern city.[6] The Sikh element predominates, and the appearance of the town corresponds with what it is. The great curiosity of the place, Darbar Sahib, or the 'Golden Temple,' is the work of Ruñjeet Singh. Mrs. MacMahon, the wife of the Colonel, who is commissioner of the district, was kind enough to take me thither. Although received with the honours due to the amiable wife of the representative of power, we were not exempted from the obligation of exchanging our shoes for some slippers kindly offered to us, and which, besides being very pretty, had not been used by any other devotee. Having made this concession to local sentiment, we crossed one of the four bridges leading to the temple. This handsome and graceful building,

[6] The oldest portions date back only to 1762.

covered by a gilded dome, stands on an islet in the centre of the sacred tank. The chief Brahman, evidently a man of intelligence and good breeding, has arranged a little extra service in honour of his visitors. Seated on his heels, he proceeds to read some prayers from a sacred book, after having removed one by one the various embroidered wrappings in which it was enveloped. Some worshippers, cross-legged, form a square round the carpet which is spread out in the middle of the temple. Their monotonous chant reminds me of our litanies. It is accompanied, however, by flute-players, and from time to time the noise of the tom-tom joins in, and then the bridges of the tanks are crowded with devotees of every age, all clothed in white and sprinkled with pink powder. This scene, though thoroughly Hindoo, was somewhat monotonous, and as no religious duty constrained us to remain, we exhibited a wish to retire. The Brahman—as I said, a very polite man, and by no means a fanatic—immediately broke off his chant, put some garlands of flowers round our necks, and bade us good-bye. We ascended the gilded dome, whence we were able to admire the whole scene: the tank or little lake, the handsome dwellings of the Brahmans which surround it, and the bridges filled with men and women all laden with flowers. Flowers, as is well known, play a great part in the religious

observances of the Hindoos. Here again I could not but observe—what is true of all the cities of India—that along with a general resemblance, each has its own individual character. Amritsar has retained a courtly air; the spirit of Runjeet Singh still haunts his abode.

The English cantonment lies a short distance from the city. I saw it under unfavourable circumstances, for the drought and dust had covered it with a grey shroud. But I spent there some most enjoyable hours, and tore myself away from it with regret.

I left in the evening, and, after travelling all night, reached Delhi the following morning.

Delhi.[7]—I am staying at the United Service Hotel, the first hotel or inn that I have entered since setting foot in India. Delhi is not a great commercial centre, and the primitive state of this establishment is due to the scarcity of European travellers who visit it. It will improve with the number of tourists, which is already increasing since the new line of railway has opened up direct communication with Bombay. The

[7] Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire, which does not belong, either from its geographical situation or its history, to the Sikh kingdom, has been placed, for purely administrative reasons, under the control of the Governor of the Punjaub.

hotel is a native one, and I am put up in a room lit feebly by two casements at the top of the walls. It looks rather like a dungeon; but, to make up for this, the air you breathe is cool, almost cold. At the same time, there is a smell of mouldiness which explains the big spots of damp on the ceiling. The mere aspect of them gives you a shivering and a vague idea of fever, calling also to your mind the sanitary precautions so strongly recommended by your friends. As for the attendance, it would be good enough were it not for the difficulty of making oneself understood. The proprietor, some Mussulman from the north, lives under the delusion that he knows English. My Portuguese boy is not very strong either in that language, but thanks to the expressive looks and gestures of Checco, a born mimic like many of his fellow-countrymen, the Portuguese guesses my orders and translates them into Hindustani, and by this somewhat complicated method I am able to fix my dinner-hour and order my carriage. As for other wants, Colonel Rogers, in command of the troops at Delhi, comes to my assistance, and kindly acts as my guide during my stay at the capital of the Mogul emperors.

The Colonel's house, as well as that of the Resident and my hotel, stands within the circuit of the citadel, which was covered, before the Mutiny,

with a labyrinth of dwellings and alleys; since demolished by the Indian Government and replaced by gardens. Here the few European residents have erected their bungalows. The other quarters of the city, and particularly the two principal edifices, the Fort, which was formerly the Imperial Palace, and the Jumma Musjid, or Great Mosque, bear the indelible impress of the great Mussulman emperors.

The 'Fort' or citadel.—The bastions present the imposing appearance of lofty battlemented walls, built of the dark red sandstone of the country. Each of the three sides of the immense enceinte consists of a solid smooth surface, in front of which project the outworks of the gates; the river Jumna forms the fourth. Above these walls a number of turrets and kiosks stand out clear and graceful against the sky, which is visible also between their slender pillars. These aerial edifices form a fascinating contrast to the massive structure of the ramparts.

We enter the Fort by the Victoria, formerly the Lahore, Gate. This is the spot where, during the memorable siege, General Nicholson was killed at the head of a storming column which had already forced its way into the town; and it was the occupation of this gate that, six days later (Sept. 20, 1857), determined the capture of the citadel. Not

here alone, however, but also at the Cashmere Gate, on the Ridge, and everywhere within and around the city, each foot of ground was watered with British blood.

Within the enceinte, three buildings, all of them examples of the latest phase of Indo-Saracenic art, and erected by the great Emperor Shah Jehan (1627–1658), constitute the glory of Delhi, and—together with the Great Mosque here and the marvels of Agra—in my opinion the glory of the dynasty of Timour also. These three buildings are the Diwan-i-Khas, or Private Audience Hall; the Diwan-i-Am, or Great Audience Hall; and the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque.[8]

The Diwan-i-Khas.—This hall, which is open on three sides, is situated at the eastern extremity of the Fort, overhanging the river Jumna at a height of twenty-five feet above the stream.[9] Six rows of columns and octagonal pillars support the Moorish vaulting on which the ceiling rests. At each end of the hall, and situated on its longitudinal axis, is a small court, separating it on the north from the emperor's baths, and on the south from his zenana or harem. In the zenana a perforated marble screen allowed the empress and her ladies

[8] This mosque is ascribed also to Aurungzebe (1658–1707).

[9] This hall is 90 feet long, 69 feet broad, and 25 feet high. The columns are 14 feet in circumference.

to look on unseen at the emperor's receptions. The walls, where there are any, the ceiling, the floor, and the columns are all overlaid with white marble, enriched with mosaics in gold or *pietra dura*, the exquisite workmanship of Antoine de Bordeaux, a French jeweller and goldsmith who, for his fraudulent dealings, was compelled to fly from Europe.

In the centre of the hall is a white marble stand, which served as the pedestal of the famous Peacock Throne, so called from the back of the imperial chair having been ornamented with the expanded tails of two peacocks. The feathers were composed of pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones of fabulous value. From this throne were issued the orders of the supreme arbiters of India; Nadir Shah in 1738 carried off this wonder of the world. In the same hall was enthroned the last phantom-king of Delhi, fated to die a State prisoner after having seen exposed in the public square of his capital the bleeding corpses of two of his sons, who were shot, during an *émeute*, by an English officer. Regarded as a whole, the Diwan-i-Khas is from every point of view a magnificent monument of Indo-Saracenic architecture. If I had any criticism to make, I should say that it seems to be wanting in height. The defect, if defect it be, is corrected by the

arcades which divide the space into naves, and conceal to a certain extent the disproportion between the height and the breadth of the hall. But its chief charm lies in the perspectives which change at every step, and the picturesque effect, the contrast between the dazzling whiteness of the arcades—brilliant with the sheen of sunlight and marble—which open on to the courts, and the half lights caused by the transparent shades in the interior.

A small door leads from the hall to a kiosk overhanging the river and facing the north. At your feet you see the muddy waters of the Jumna. Beyond them, in front of you, is the plain of Delhi —sand, some scattered trees and rocks level with the surface, and above, the immeasurable vault of heaven. You have passed without the least transition from the great city and the splendours of the greatest potentates of Asia, to the silence and solitude of the desert.

Diwan-i-Am, or the Great Audience Hall, built entirely of red sandstone, exhibits the same style as the Diwan-i-Khas. The gilded stucco ornaments have disappeared, but the beautiful mosaic paintings of Antoine de Bordeaux are still there. Diwan-i-Am has been diverted from its original purpose, and is now the canteen of the soldiers who form the garrison of the fort!

We turn to the little Pearl Mosque, Moti Musjid,[1] which is situated opposite the Baths to the west, at the end of a small court surrounded by high walls. It has three domes, the middle one being the loftiest. The three arched portals of the façade are of great beauty. Three steps lead from the court to the platform of the mosque. The interior is a hall divided into naves by two rows of pillars. The whole building, with the portal opening on to the court, the steps, the floor, and the domes, is overlaid with white marble. I do not remember ever having seen a building of such small dimensions produce such an imposing effect. The secret lies in the perfect harmony of the proportions and colouring. There are but three colours: outside, the brilliant whiteness as of newly fallen and slightly frozen snow; inside, black, opaque at the end, transparent under the arcades; and above, the blue canopy of heaven.

Leaving the citadel by the Cashmere Gate, we come to the Great Mosque, Jumma Musjid. It stands upon a colossal basement built of the beautiful dark-red sandstone which is so plentiful in the country. Three grand flights of steps, transformed by the natives into bazaars, lead up to the three magnificent gateways of the enclosure, a

[1] 40 feet long and 34 feet broad, exclusive of the platform of the façade, which adds 23 feet more to the breadth.

gallery of open arcades, with a kiosk at each corner.

The mosque forms the fourth side of the quadrangle. Above its façade of red sandstone, ornamented with courses of carved and richly ornamented white marble, rise three stately domes. But notwithstanding the richness of the material and decoration, this wonder of the world would leave me unmoved, were it not that the vast size of the building is accompanied by perfect harmony of proportion. From a certain point of view, there is a likeness here to Maderno's façade of St. Peter's at Rome (1614), and Bernini's Colonnades of the Piazza San Pietro (1667). Is this curious coincidence to be ascribed to chance, that convenient solution of insoluble difficulties? Or can the taste and genius of Rome of the seventeenth century have penetrated, in some unknown manner, to the court of the Mogul emperors?

But whatever subtle influences operated on the architects of Aurungzebe, this grand, simple, magnificent work defies all comparison. I know no parallel but one, which I have already mentioned. In St. Peter's at Rome, as in the Jumma Musjid at Delhi, you see a solution of one of the greatest and most difficult problems of architecture —namely, how to carry off in the eyes of mortal

man, who recoils in awe from what appears to him the infinite, an apparently excessive vastness by the simple perfection of proportion.[2] But in spite of this similarity no one can fail to mark the gulf that separates Christian from Mahometan art. In both temples the same effect has been aimed at. But the architects of St. Peter's had an advantage over those of Aurungzebe, of which they have made the most. After having diminished the appearance of excessive space and size by the harmony of proportion, they reduced it still further by a lavish exhibition of statuary, and by means of the deep shadows cast by the projecting parts of the structure. As for subjects, the sculptors had only to draw from the 'Martyrology' and the 'Lives of the Saints.' Mussulman sculptors were deprived of these resources. Their style does not admit of salient features; and as their religion forbids an imitation of the human form, they had to content themselves with flower-pots and arabesques. In examining these large surfaces of sandstone walls, partly faced with marble, ornamented with mouldings and arabesques which disappear when looked at from a certain distance, the architecture seems

[2] The dimensions of the Great Mosque are far inferior to those of St. Peter's, but they are nevertheless imposing—a proof that the problem I have mentioned has not been solved at Delhi so completely as at Rome.

to me too severe, I would almost say poor, notwithstanding its richness of decoration.

I stroll about the court. Through the arcades and above the tops of patriarchal trees appears the long, horizontal, dark-red line of the battlemented walls of the Fort, crowned at regular intervals by the kiosks and the turrets which surmount the gates.

On the other side, towards the south and south-west, the eye looks down into Delhi; narrow lanes overflowing with people, and low houses with flat roof-tops, a city of Syria or Morocco rather than of India.

Delhi—so much of it at least as has survived the Mutiny—presents no features of particular interest except its ancient buildings. I went through it two or three times from one end to the other, and were it not for the absence of palaces, I should have thought myself at Damascus. The people who fill the streets pay no attention to you. The Mussulman population, who constitute a large majority, are said to have little liking for the English rule. Before the Mutiny the few Europeans who lived here or who visited the city were exposed to insults. But the presence of a garrison, weak as it is, and the neighbourhood of the great military cantonment of Meerut, suffice to overawe

the malcontents. In the rural districts a better feeling prevails. The Hindoo masses are avowedly indifferent; they care nothing who is their master; and the higher classes tremble at the idea of another Mussulman dominion. Contrary to what is seen in other parts of the peninsula, the Hindoos are here more industrious than the Mussulmans; they frequent the schools where not a single Mussulman is to be seen, and they are steadily gaining ground. At present most of the public posts open to natives are filled by Hindoos.

The environs of Delhi look like a huge necropolis. Chhatras stand here and there at intervals in every direction. The leading features of these tombs are repeated with little variety. They differ only in the quality of the material and the merit of artistic taste. They consist in all cases of a square building covered by a cupola, often flanked by minarets, and standing in the centre of a court or garden. The tomb of Safdar Jung is one of the handsomest. In the midst of this funereal plain, the Kutub Minar, or Great Minaret,[3] a slender pillar, which seen from afar looks like an immense column, towers up to the sky. Learned

[3] 240 feet high. This curious tomb is supposed to have been built between 1200 and 1220. The two uppermost stories, which are faced with white marble, were added by Ferooz Shah in 1368.

men differ as to whether it is of Mussulman or Hindoo origin. The ruins of a beautiful Moorish gateway and of a Jain temple which stand around it, add to the beauty of the site.

The tomb of the Emperor Humayun Shah (1530–1555), the contemporary of Charles V., is very striking from the simplicity of its splendour and the beautiful harmony of its proportions. In these two respects, I rank it above the seventeenth century buildings of Shah Jehan. It was in this chhatra that the last king of Delhi took refuge during the siege, and was arrested after the capture of the citadel.

Some of these tombs have withstood the ravages of time, but others—in fact, most of them—are more or less dilapidated, if not fallen to ruin; for unhappily the Indian Government until quite recently has done nothing, or next to nothing, to preserve them. A special department is now entrusted with the duty of superintending their restoration.

We are on the Ridge, the name given to a narrow strip of ground rising to the south-west of the city, and occupied by the British troops during the memorable siege of 1857.[4] No one can read

[4] The siege of Delhi lasted from June 17, 1857, when the British troops first began offensive operations, to September 20, when they captured the Lahore Gate.

the heart-stirring incidents of those glorious days, when both sides fought with equal heroism; still less hear those gallant deeds narrated by those who took part in them, without lively emotion. To form an idea of the difficulties which the troops had to overcome, you must visit this Ridge, which was the main battle-field. Taking advantage of the broken ground covered with brushwood, and seamed with deep-sunk roads and natural ditches, each of them strewn with clumps of trees and low rocks, the enemy, who were in possession of the city and citadel, was able to approach the weak positions of the English without being seen. A monument records the names of the heroes who fell in this long struggle which determined the final victory of the British arms, and made England once for all the mistress of India.

The country has an essentially, I might say an almost painfully, heroic aspect. The city, though close by, is invisible, being hidden behind a screen of trees. The domes of the Jumma Musjid alone, and a portion of the bastions, turrets, and kiosks of the citadel, tell you that you are beneath the walls of Delhi. Here again you are struck by the resemblance to Rome, which, seen from some elevated point on the Via Appia, presents nothing to the eye but the walls of Belisarius and the cupola of St. Peter's.

Great cities, like great men, do not allow everyone to read on their physiognomy the part they have played in the events of their time. As you walk about the streets of London and Paris, the two wealthiest and most populous capitals of the world, you feel the heart of two powerful nations beating under the externals of luxury and misery. In the French metropolis you recognise the capital of taste and of love of military glory; in London, the people who are masters of the seas and whose commerce spans the globe. But these two prodigious cities tell you little of the enormous influence they have exercised, and are still exercising, over the entire world. Berlin, essentially a modern metropolis, belongs to the present rather than the past. It is not so with Rome and Constantinople, with Vienna and Moscow, with Pekin and Delhi.

Rome and Byzantium, once the mistresses of the world, represent now—Rome an idea which stirs and tranquillises the consciences of millions, Byzantium a longing desire which troubles the sleep of the powerful. The Eternal City and Constantinople bear still on their brow the stamp of their providential mission.

Vienna has not completely lost the impress of her past history. Men exist who have seen the walls whence the enemy of civilisation was driven back for ever; and within those walls they have

also witnessed the death of the last Roman emperor. A dim but glorious reflection of the Holy Roman Empire still lights up the noble features of this ancient capital.

On the face of Moscow are depicted the history and the genius of the Russian people. The Kremlin is more eloquent than all the historians of the Muscovite empire.

The vast entrenched camp in the heart of the desert which bears the name of Pekin, with its Chinese city and its Mongol city, is the two-faced image of the dominion of the Celestials over the two races which people half a continent.

And thou, Delhi, whom I am looking down upon from the top of a minaret! Delhi, the barbarous, the cultivated, the heroic! What do I see? A fortress, a mosque, a plain. A fortress where through centuries of glorious deeds or fearful crimes, dark plots and secret tragedies, the great figures of thine Emperors have retained uninterrupted power. A mosque—the Great Mosque—Jumma Musjid, the majestic symbol of the Crescent, whose conquests thou, less favoured than Vienna, wert unable to arrest. A plain watered with blood, the scene of struggles which have more than once decided the fate of millions of human beings. That is what thou wert. This is what thou art now:—a broken mirror reflecting the destinies of India.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCES.

FROM MARCH 11 TO 21.

From Delhi to Agra—A village tragedy—The Mogul emperors—Ancient buildings of Agra—Anglo-Indian officials—View of Allahabad—Native notables—View of Benares—The Maharajah of Benares—The Ghats.

I LEFT Delhi at ten o'clock at night. All the next morning the giants of Cashmere were seen standing out against the sky; not one of these peaks being less than 27,000 feet in height. Below, the plain is here and there cultivated; here and there dotted with isolated groups of tamarind trees; but the background is always the Himalayas. The picture, so grand in its simplicity, composed of only two elements, the plain and the mountains—the loftiest, it is true, in the world—presents a certain resemblance to the Alps as seen from the rice fields of Lombardy. But here everything is vaster, too vast, perhaps, for simple mortals; nature appears to have been fashioned for giants.

I have made a number of acquaintances during

my tour, and each of my hosts has told me his little history, the story of his life with its adventures and anecdotes, unlike anything that one hears elsewhere. I shall not forget them, but time does not allow me to write them down in my diary. And yet they would form a collection of notes which might serve to make one understand, not indeed India, but how little India is understood, or rather how little the Europeans and the natives understand one another.

Here is an example. I knew, said an officer to me, a native of great importance. He lived in a large village near which I had pitched my camp. He was an old man, more than eighty years of age. All his affections were centred on his little granddaughter, who, sad to say, was attacked by a serious illness. The doctors having failed in their treatment, my friend applied to three most celebrated witches, women of enormous stature, who inspired the people in the district as much with horror as with respect and veneration. The bad fairies promised to cure the young girl, but demanded first a thousand rupees, which were immediately paid. The patient died, and the grandfather, armed with a knife, went to the magicians, reproached them with having deceived him, and pronounced them unfit to live. The women acknowledged their failure, and followed him to the

banks of the Ganges. On coming near the sacred river, each of them knelt down before a block of stone, placed her head upon it, and was decapitated by the old man. Justice having thus been done, he returned to his village. All the natives admired his conduct, and congratulated him on the good deed he had done. One person of the place, and only one, regarded the matter from another point of view. That person was the English magistrate. The old man was arrested, tried, condemned, and hanged. Great was the astonishment of these worthy villagers; they could not understand it at all.

This want of mutual understanding is one, perhaps the greatest, of the difficulties which the administrators of India have to encounter.

The Department of Public Education does all it can to destroy the superstition of the natives, to enlighten their minds, and to diffuse what is called useful knowledge. But how can the intelligence be reached, when as yet the heart remains untouched, and the inclinations unchanged?

The more I study these Mogul conquerors, the greater do they appear. Baber, the sixth lineal descendant of Timur the Tartar, from a small beginning, ended by dying at Agra, his capital (1530),

the head of an empire stretching from the banks of the Amoo in Central Asia to the delta of the Ganges. His son, Humayun (1530–1556), after being expelled by the Afghans, vanquished them before his death, and wrested from them for ever the supremacy of India. Hamayun's son, Akbar the Great (1556–1605), the contemporary of Philip II. and of Queen Elizabeth, was the real founder of the Mogul Empire. Akbar was a great administrator, and of a singularly liberal mind. It is said, but the fact is not strictly proved, that one of his wives was a Christian. He was fond of religious discussions, and used to attend public disputations between Brahmans, Mussulmans, Parsees, and Christians. Mention is made of a Jesuit father to whom in one of these discussions he is said to have awarded the victory. Traces of him are found everywhere in Northern India: it is always Akbar who built the fort. His son, Jehangir (1605–1627), in many respects a worthy successor of his father, equally tolerant in the matter of religion, and a friend of the Christians, built palaces and mosques, but especially palaces. Jehangir's son, Shah Jehan (1627–1658), was the most magnificent of the princes of this dynasty. A rebel against his father, as Jehangir had rebelled against Akbar, he was dethroned in turn by his son, Aurungzebe, and died a State prisoner at Agra, in 1665, seven

years after his fall. Aurungzebe (1658–1707), during a reign coinciding with the half-century of Louis XIV., pursued one idea, the conquest of the Deccan. But he was never able to realise it, and by his fruitless efforts he exhausted the strength and paved the way for the ruin of the empire.

In the main, these emperors were great figures. Their lives were spent in continual wars with the Afghans, with the Mahrattas, with the members of their own family, and with rebellious satraps. It may well be wondered how they found the time, and whence they derived the taste, to create the marvels of art which have immortalised them.

In Oriental dynasties the same fact often recurs. The founder of the dynasty is a great man, his son perhaps still retains great qualities, but in the third generation, or at latest in the fourth, thanks to the life of the harem and early self-indulgence, and above all to the intoxication of absolute power, begins the decline. These sons of Timur, the Khan of the Tartars, made of tougher material, remained for two centuries at the pinnacle of power.

Delhi and Agra were in turns their residence and the capital of their empire. Akbar often resided, and it is said died, at Agra, which he founded and built ten years after his accession. Shah Jehan spent there five years of his reign, and, after his deposition, the last seven years of his life.

Aurungzebe removed the seat of government permanently to Delhi.

After Aurungzebe came a century of anarchy and decline, and finally, in 1803, Lord Lake took possession of the city and territory of Agra, which were then incorporated in the English possessions.

Agra.—The night was far advanced when the gates of a large 'compound' were opened to admit my carriage. I am now in the cantonment, that is to say in the European quarter of Agra, and installed under the hospitable roof of the Commissioner, Mr. Daniell.

Two days of perfect intoxication of delight ensue. An oration delivered by a real master of eloquence on matters of paramount interest; a symphony by one of our great composers performed by musicians worthy of him; an animated conversation between first-rate men on lofty subjects, produce an effect upon us which it would be impossible, and moreover useless, to describe, because we have all experienced it. It is a sort of ecstasy. You feel yourself transported, transfigured, lifted into space. You shake off the dust and the dross of the world. You draw near, and almost seem to touch the veil which still conceals from you the actual vision of the infinite and perfect.

Such is the effect produced upon me by the wonders of Agra, even more than by those of Delhi. I have experienced similar sensations when wandering on the Acropolis at Athens, or at Rome walking in St. Peter's towards evening when the rays of the setting sun are still lingering on the canopy of the tomb of the Apostles; or in converse with choice spirits, whenever I have felt myself to be in the presence of such perfection as mortal man is capable of attaining. Here there is nothing but wonders. I shall not attempt to describe them. I have seen the Alhambra, Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville, Damascus, and some beautiful specimens of Persian architecture at Erivan; but Agra, in my opinion, surpasses all.

The name of Shah Jehan is connected with the grandest creations of Indo-Saracenic art. Taj-Mahal, the Pearl Mosque, and the Great Mosque owe their origin to the munificence of this prince.

The tombs, which occupy so large a space in the history of the celebrities of the Mahometan world, were almost always built during their life-time, and under their personal direction. A garden was chosen, surrounded by a lofty wall, and in the centre of it was erected the pile, destined one day to receive the remains of the master, but serving, while he lived, as a pleasure resort where his wives,

children, and a few intimate friends would meet to enjoy the cool of the evening.

The leading features of these tombs are always the same. There is a high enclosure with one or two large gateways in the wall, and in the middle of it the square platform on which stands the mausoleum, likewise square, but with the angles cut off, and covered by a dome, usually shaped like a horseshoe. At each of the four corners there is frequently, but not always, a minaret surmounted by a small dome. On the basement or in a vault lie the mortal remains of the master, enclosed in a simple stone coffin. In an upper story, usually at the top, is the mortuary hall with the state tomb, which is a cenotaph. The wives or relatives of the deceased repose in small chambers below the minarets. This arrangement is found in all the tombs. The contrast between the simplicity of the design and the delicacy, variety, and richness of the details is particularly striking. Hence the well-known saying: the Mogul emperors designed like Titans, and finished like jewellers. The rich mosaics of *pietra dura* in the framework of the portals, the perforated marble screens, with tracery like a lace veil, which take the place of windows, the bas-reliefs on the pedestals, and above all the exquisite carving on the cenotaph, are admirable.

And what harmony of colours: the white of the marble, the pink of the sandstone, the pale azure or gold of the sky, and the whole lit up and varied by the incessant play of light and shade!

The Taj-Mahal,[1] the monument of an emperor's conjugal love, erected by Shah Jehan to his favourite wife, known as Mumtaz-i-Mahal, or 'Exalted of the Palace,' embodies the highest perfection of the Indo-Saracenic style. It has been described and painted a thousand times, but no pen or pencil could ever give even a faint idea of its beauty.

The mausoleum rises towards the sky, a mass of pure white marble. Is it a dream, a fairy tale, a Fata Morgana? Seen from the top of one of the portals, or one of the kiosks of the enclosing wall, the oblong dome, nearly two-thirds of a sphere, seems to swell and soar upward like a balloon just freed from its fastenings. And in contrast, below, you see the plain, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and around the mausoleum a clump of exuberant vegetation, the shadows cast by aged trees, and flowers that breathe intoxicating perfumes.

Six miles from Agra, in his mausoleum of Sikandra, rebuilt by Shah Jehan, rests the great Akbar. The building, consisting of four stories,

[1] Built between 1629 and 1648.

is a truncated pyramid. A sarcophagus in the basement contains the body of the Emperor. The state cenotaph, formed of a single block of carved marble, occupies the top story, which is open to the sky, and has windows of marble tracery in each of the four walls. In this manner the fictitious corpse is isolated from all contact with the world, and left accessible only to the air. Sublime and poetical conception!

This mausoleum, built of pink sandstone except the fourth story, which is of white marble, stands in the centre of a large square garden, surrounded by a wall with four magnificent archways. The Government has had the central pile and one of the gateways restored; the others are falling to ruin.

The fort of Akbar comprises the palaces and various other buildings of four emperors. The Private Audience Hall, built in 1637, and the Pearl Mosque, built in 1654, bear the stamp of the Golden Age. The Public Audience Hall of Aurungzebe (1685) already exhibits symptoms of decadence.

I shall never forget a glimpse caught between the arcades of a marble kiosk, a kind of aerial watch-tower set between the battlements of the wall. The sunlit plain stretched out in all directions, and far away, diminished by the distance and

wrapt in transparent shadows, the white outline of the Taj-Mahal stood out against the brilliant sky.

The house where I am enjoying such delightful hospitality is provided with all the apparatus yet devised to combat the effects of the heat: punkahs, mechanical contrivances for creating artificial currents of air from the shady side, close fastenings to exclude the outer air on the side exposed to the sun, and sprays of comparatively cool water. And yet the atmosphere I am breathing is like fire, and it has cost me no small effort of will to write down the foregoing notes in my diary.

Mr. Daniell's family is in England, and deep silence pervades this spacious and comfortable house. I hear nothing but the hum of a fly which has managed to find its way into my room, and the scratching of my pen as it travels on the paper, not without stopping from time to time during the struggles between laziness and the desire to fix my impressions. Through a chink in the shutters, which admit just enough light to enable me to write, I can see a Hindoo outstretched on his back in the full glare of the sun. He seems to be asleep, but his sleep does not prevent him from pulling mechanically the cord of the punkah which supplies me with a little cool air.

The same silence reigns in the large drawing-room. Newspapers and reviews are strewn upon the furniture. Here on a bracket is a basket with some forgotten piece of work; there the pianoforte still open. On all sides are the traces of a lady whom, alas! a mother's duties have torn from her home. The reason is, that children of a certain age find it difficult, if not impossible, to bear the burning heat of India. Formerly, before the age of steam, cargoes of little ones were shipped off every year, under the care of female servants specially engaged, on board the great Indiamen, which took six, eight, and sometimes ten months to sail round the Cape and reach the shores of Old England. When the babies had become girls of fifteen or sixteen, they could be sent back to their parents without danger. This exile was a painful sacrifice, but no mother hesitated to make it, for only at this price could her children's lives be preserved. Hence in those days it was not a very common thing to see English ladies in a civilian's bungalow or in the camp of the Company's army. Men lived mostly a bachelor's life, several married Eurasians. Those were the days of daily festivities, of long and big dinners, when the table groaned under the weight of large joints, and port and Madeira sparkled in the decanters. Now all that is changed. The establishment of

regular services of steamers, of mail packets that annihilate space; the railways in India which have brought the cantonments within reach of the summer stations in the hills, where children can live; as well as other changes made since the Mutiny and the dissolution of the East India Company—all the new conditions brought about by time, which restores while it destroys, have profoundly modified the social life of the Anglo-Indian, and have not only modified, but improved it morally, and made it better than it ever was before. Officers and civilians now obtain leave more frequently; they spend it in going to England, and return to India married men. It is the Englishwoman, courageous, devoted, well-educated, well-trained—the Christian, the guardian angel of the domestic hearth—who by her magic wand has wrought this wholesome transformation.

Whilst I indulge in these reflections, lounging on an ottoman in the drawing-room, the sound of voices, muffled by a thick *portière* curtain, reaches my ears from an adjoining room. The Commissioner is dictating his instructions to his Hindoo secretary. This subordinate, notwithstanding his modest demeanour, is a great personage; for he is the mouthpiece of his superior. The Commissioner, however, keeps his eye and ear upon him. He is able to control him, for, like all his colleagues, he knows

Hindustani, Tamil also if he has served in the Deccan, and always Persian, which is the court language of the Mussulman rajahs.

I do not know whether, as some maintain, the wheels of this immense administrative machine could be simplified. I only know that the number of officials and *employés*, compared with that of the population and the area of the divisions and districts, is extremely small. Hence they are busy from morning till the late afternoon; it is only towards evening that they can shake off the load of daily work.

During all this long day the mistress of the house is occupied with her children and house-keeping, or with reading and, at times, pianoforte playing. But at five o'clock everyone feels that the day's work is done. This is the hour for taking a drive. The large old tamarind trees in the compound break the rays of the setting sun. The air is somewhat cooler—at least a faint breeze encourages this illusion. The leaves of the large trees, just now so motionless, are actually beginning to rustle. A carriage drawn by two Walers, the coachman in white or red livery seated on the box, is waiting at the door; and a couple of grooms, 'chowries' in hand, stand beside the horses. We are going to drive on the 'Bund,' the public promenade—a broad avenue of some length, admirably kept, and

bordered with mimosas and tamarind trees. And we shall not have it all to ourselves. Everyone knows beforehand whom he is going to meet, in other carriages just like his own. The Bishop's wife will be there, probably with the Bishop at her side; the Chief Justice and his better half; the Colonel, if not a General, with his wife and daughters; and the official Æsculapius, or more probably his wife only, for, alas! the doctor's profession is no sinecure in this murderous climate. Riders, and among them some fair Amazons, are sure to be there. This 'Rotten Row' has a cheerful and animated appearance, and would be more cheerful still were it not for the marble-like pallor of the ladies, particularly the younger ones, which testifies how the climate impoverishes the blood. But, in short, this is the golden hour of the day. At nightfall, everyone hastens home; for then comes the time to dress for dinner, and dinner is the important event of the day. Appetite has been well satisfied at *tiffin*, and what awaits you now is merely a ceremony. Beware, if you care for your health, of treating dinner as a serious matter. And yet here, as in the 'Old Country,' I like these English dinner-parties. The table is always well furnished: the ladies are always tastefully dressed; and I like also the flower which is indispensable in the button-

hole of men with white ties, under every sky and in every latitude. I in no way dislike the sitting after dinner, when the ladies have retired. Formerly the men used to drink; now they smoke a cigarette and talk; and Englishmen, although frequently deficient in general conversation, are nearly always interesting *en tête-à-tête*. The Anglo-Indians follow scrupulously in all respects the example of the 'upper ten' of London. The ladies' faces brighten as the gentlemen re-enter the drawing-room: we are evidently awaited with impatience. There is a little music, for music is indispensable, but happily there is very little; and after that, about eleven o'clock at the latest, for people get up here before the sun, everyone retires to rest.

Can there be a more enviable existence? If a man's happiness, apart from the joys of family life, consists in finding a sphere of action suited to his faculties, combined with a fair remuneration for his services, the Anglo-Indian official ought to be a happy man. But perfect happiness does not exist on earth. He has renounced in early youth the sweets of the paternal home. He has severed himself from his parents and his brethren, whom he will not see again till many years have passed, and then only for a short time. He will not finally return to England till his career is closed, when he

will be entitled to his pension, assuring to himself and his wife independence in their old age, but not sufficient to start his children, if he has any, in life, and procure them employment. The salaries are considerable, but far smaller than under the Company, who were more liberal than the State. The Viceroy and in a minor degree the Governors of Bombay and Madras are able to lay by something. The salaries of the other officials enable them to live comfortably, but that is all.

And there are other drawbacks. They have no longer, it is true, to send their children to England, for they can now send them to Darjeeling or Simla or the Nilgherries. There is no parting with their babies, as there used to be, but the boys have to be educated and become Englishmen, not 'baboos,' and so a time must come for parting with these, and when you see them again, will they not have forgotten that they are your sons? This is the canker-worm that preys upon the mother's heart; and it is with secret terror that she sees her children growing. And then the effects of the climate! Life, no doubt, is uncertain everywhere, but nowhere more so than in India. People live, work, laugh, dance, hunt amongst graves either still open or freshly closed. That is the reverse of the medal.

I am drawing near the end of my long wander-

ings in India. The noble hospitality I have everywhere enjoyed has enabled me to cast a glance at the home life of those who conferred it on me. Among them were officials of various grades. I have met everywhere men devoted to their service, working from morning till evening, and finding time, notwithstanding the multiplicity of their daily labours, to occupy themselves with literature and serious studies. India is governed bureaucratically, but this bureaucracy differs in more than one respect from ours in Europe. To the public servant in Europe one day is like another; some great revolution, some European war, is needed to disturb the placid monotony of his existence. In India it is not so. The variety of his duties enlarges and fashions the mind of the Anglo-Indian official; and the dangers to which he is occasionally exposed serve to strengthen and give energy to his character. He learns to take large views and to work at his desk while the ground is trembling beneath his feet. I do not think I am guilty of exaggeration in declaring that there is not a bureaucracy in the world better educated, better trained to business, more thoroughly stamped with the qualities which make a statesman, and, what none will dispute, more pure and upright, than that which administers the government of India.

Allahabad.[2]—During the last few days I have seen a great deal. Here I see less, but hear more. I have the good fortune to be the guest of a charming, intellectual, and well-informed man, whom I knew before by his reputation and his writings. Sir Alfred Lyall, though still comparatively young, has already had a long career, having served in India for a quarter of a century. He was Political Agent-General in Rajpootana, then Home Secretary to the Indian Government in 1873, and Foreign Secretary in 1878, which important office he filled under Lord Lytton during the last Afghan war; and finally, as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, he has been promoted to rule over I know not how many millions of Mussulmans and Hindoos. Sir Alfred has earned distinction also as a clever and thoughtful writer. He is one of the leading representatives of those literary officials and statesmen whom only British India could produce, inasmuch as no other country demands from the administrator a like combination of mental talent and moral character.

Lady Lyall and her charming daughter, the Governor's aide-de-camp, Captain and Lady Rose, and some young persons form the genial company

[2] Ceded to the English in 1801 by the Nawab of Oudh. The population in 1872 was 143,693, composed of 103,473 Hindoos, 39,379 Mussulmans, and 841 Christians or 'others.'

I meet in the spacious and comparatively cool apartments of the sumptuous Italian villa called Government House.

The cantonment strikes me as magnificent; it is perhaps the finest I have seen. The compounds are intersected with long, broad avenues; and all around are handsome trees. The fine mansions are furnished with verandahs, which give them a tropical character, though in point of fact the verandah is an English importation. There is a large number of stately buildings: a spacious Roman Catholic cathedral, a very handsome Anglican church, and the immense Central College, now in course of erection, and intended to transform a host of young Indians into baboos. This college is built in the Indo-Saracenic style.

Towards evening, I took a drive with the Governor. The hot season has come before its time, and the day which is drawing to its close has given me an idea of what India is at this time of the year. The sky is the colour of lead. The sun, though burning, is scarcely visible through a veil of light brown dust. The parched soil is of a dirty yellow, the heat scarcely bearable.

The fort of Akbar, built in 1575, has, in consequence of the outworks added by the English, partly lost its picturesqueness. At its base the Jumna slowly rolls its muddy-coloured waters,

before mingling with the Ganges at the end of the little strip of land on which the castle stands.

The native quarter is full of animation. The great festival, traces of which I have met with everywhere since Lahore, is ended, but everyone is still sprinkled with pink powder. People of the upper classes, the notables, in order to present themselves becomingly before their gods, wear on this occasion white tunics of a material made to resemble pink powder. These robes come from Birmingham!

When three Anglo-Indians meet, if they do not talk of hunting, they talk of India, seldom of the 'Old Country,' unless it be a question of promotion, changes, or superannuation. Here we talk of 'India.'

'The young Hindoos,' I hear it said, 'of well-to-do families who have been brought up in our colleges frequently drop their costume and dress like Europeans. The Mussulman baboos do the same; only they keep the fez, having always at least one eye fixed on Constantinople. But both Hindoos and Mussulmans alike, in changing their dress, seek to gain admittance to English society. Unfortunately, we are exclusive by nature, and we do not admit them; and the consequence

is that they pass over to the ranks of the discontented.'

Poor young people! Their transformation has failed to please their countrymen, and has not much advanced them with their foreign masters. They have fallen between two stools. I pity them, but I cannot possibly cast a stone either at those who want them no longer or those who do not want them yet. The truth is, that the black coat and white tie are not enough to bridge the gulf which separates the two races.

Most Anglo-Indians are of this opinion, but everyone is not. Sir Alfred thinks that one should try to accustom the leading natives to the forms and usages of English social life; and that this would be a means of bringing minds together and introducing a change of customs. With this object he invited several natives of importance in his provinces, now assembled at Allahabad, to a dinner party at his house. Three of these gentlemen accepted; namely, two Mussulmans and a wealthy Hindoo rajah, who had, however, become a Protestant, in order to marry a Christian convert of his own race. The four other Hindoo notables, who had remained Hindoos, excused themselves. 'To sit at the same table with Christians? What do you take us for? It is impossible.' They promised, however, to come after the repast.

The dinner went off very well, but I regretted one concession made to local usage: the ladies of the house did not appear. In my secret soul I bear a grudge against the two Mussulmans and the ex-Hindoo. The latter, a charming man, a lively talker, with a merry laugh, spoke English extremely well. The two Mussulman guests preserved a dignified demeanour, but were not quite free from some slight traces of embarrassment. After dinner the four Hindoos appeared, but only for a few moments. Their rich and handsome costumes contrasted agreeably with the black and white of the European gentlemen. But though the two races have been rubbing against each other for more than a century on the paths of life, from battle-field to durbar, and from durbar to battle-field, neither the English nor the Indians seem quite at their ease when they meet together in a drawing-room.

My conversations with Sir Alfred Lyall at Allahabad, notwithstanding the difference of our views on some subjects, left indelible impressions upon me, and it was with regret that I parted from the Governor of the North-Western Provinces.

Benares.—Four hours after leaving Allahabad, the train stops on the right bank of the Ganges, opposite the most holy city in the world, inasmuch as its holiness dates from the dark ages. For eight hundred years Benares remained the headquarters of Buddhism; and about the fourth century of our era it once more reverted to the ancient Hindoo faith.

The carriage and some servants of the Commissioner are waiting for me at the station. We cross a wretched bridge of boats filled with wagons drawn by bullocks which jostle against each other between the bamboo hand-rails. My host's carriage can scarcely move, but I do not grumble at this slight delay, which gives me time to contemplate the Holy City. It rises before me in terraces, on the left bank of the river: temples, palaces of nearly all the princes of India, including that of Nepal, which is distinguished by its quaint but graceful Chinese architecture; all of them buildings of five or six stories, and among them, the most conspicuous of all, the huge Mosque of Aurungzebe with its two minarets pointing to the sky. These edifices occupy the summit of a cliff rising precipitously above the Ganges. Broad, steep steps, the famous Ghats, render easy to the faithful the descent to the river. Happy the man who is allowed to plunge often into the sacred stream, and thrice

happy those who can end their lives in the Holy City! Hence the sick and the dying are brought hither from afar. Their corpses will be burnt at the foot of one of these Ghats, and the soul of the departed, during the course of future lives, can reckon on good and happy transformations. Now at noon, as I cross the bridge, wholly absorbed in the vision before me, the front of the city, without a vestige of shade upon it, looks like a silhouette of dull gold scarcely distinguishable from a golden sky.

Our carriage, having at length got clear of the bridge, and reached by the steepest of ascents the top of the hill, makes the circuit of the city and arrives at last at the cantonment, where stand the barracks and compounds of the Europeans.

Even at a distance, the Commissioner's house gives me the idea of an oasis. Fine old trees shade it all round; terraces of flowers waft their perfumes afar; and on the threshold of the house Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden give me that cordial welcome which is the charm of Anglo-Indian hospitality.

My new Hindoo friend from Allahabad, who lives at Benares, is not long in making his appearance. He is one of the great landowners of this district. He has been a Member of Council at Calcutta and Inspector of Public Education, and these high offices have gained him the title of Rajah.

He is also, I am told, a man of high character, who has more than once sacrificed his popularity to his convictions.

Mr. Lumsden is kind enough to devote his time to me during my visit, and the Rajah accompanies us on our excursions. He expresses himself excellently in English, as I have said, but the turn of his mind has remained Indian. I like to hear India explained by a Hindoo. What a pity I could not commit to writing all he told me!—it would be well worth while, both as regards the form and substance. But the day has only twenty-four hours.

I 'chaffed' him a little about the jealous and despotic temperament of Hindoo husbands. But to this he demurred. 'It is a mistake,' he said, 'to imagine that the Hindoo wife is a slave. If she seldom leaves the house, it is simply because she doesn't wish to go out. She is naturally timid, what the English call "shy." If a husband were to propose to his wife to accompany him in an open carriage, she would think him mad; she would probably tell him she would rather throw herself down a well. But this does not prevent her from being the mistress in the family and in the house, even more than the husband is the master.'

It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and we are at the beginning of the hot season. It requires a

certain courage to start on our drive. We first visit the English public buildings which are situated outside the city, the Prince of Wales's Hospital, the Queen's College, and the Normal School where schoolmasters are trained. My attention is also called to the Town Hall, which is a sumptuous building; but what impresses me most is an enormous tiger which was killed ten years ago in the streets of Benares.

We penetrate into the Hindoo city. The wares displayed in the bazaars and shops, particularly the bronzes and embroidered cloths, enjoy a high reputation. They are certainly rich and perfect in workmanship, but the designs are eccentric, barbarous, and often remarkable for want of taste.

Would anyone believe it?—the Hindoo city is in course of being 'Haussmannised'! Happily they are proceeding with moderation. Little is being demolished, only just what is necessary to relieve the traffic; and, moreover, the new buildings retain the Hindoo style of the country. The houses in some quarters are enormously high; they are towers, in fact, rather than houses. The reason, I am told, is that everyone wishes to dwell near the great sanctuaries and the Ghats leading down to the Ganges. Here, as elsewhere, the upper stories project over the street and seem to touch those opposite. Small bridges, high in air, occa-

sionally connect the two sides of the street. As a protection against the heat, and to prevent being seen by their opposite neighbours, the inhabitants content themselves with small casements, which take the place of windows. Nearly all the front walls are covered with paintings in bright colours, representing scenes from Hindoo mythology. The *sanctitas loci* is never lost sight of. Temples abound in all directions; and there are also many mosques, but, excepting that of Aurungzebe, they do not attract attention.[8] At eclipses and at certain festivals the number of pilgrims who come to Benares from all parts of India, even from the extreme south, reaches a total of 100,000 or more.

These hideous idols fixed on the walls of the houses and sanctuaries stare at you with their stupid and sleepy eyes. The bronze gates of the temples, however, exhibit marvellous specimens of workmanship. But the subject is always borrowed from the Hindoo Olympus. All the resources of art are lavished on the reproduction of monsters. A motley crowd, Brahmans, nautch girls, devotees of the city, and pilgrims from distant parts, are sitting on the steps of the temple and filling the tortuous lanes that lead to it. Here are sold, in tiny shops, gewgaws of electro-plate, stone,

[8] At Benares there are 1,454 Brahmanical temples and 272 mosques.

stucco, and pasteboard, intended to serve as votive offerings. Images of idols are also offered for sale, made of black stone, marble, or plaster. In little workshops open to the street, real gods are manufactured. The Pundits do not admit the fact, but the people have no doubts of the actual divinity of these products of Brahmanical industry. Though the sun never penetrates here, a fiery atmosphere reigns in this labyrinth of lanes hemmed in by lofty houses. A compact crowd is wedged in the narrow thoroughfare, and four armed policemen can scarcely clear a passage for us.

I shall not expatiate on the squalor and mephitic odours of a temple the court of which is used as an abode for sacred cows. Neither, I trust, shall I be accused of disrespect in making a precipitate retreat.

A few steps hence is Bisheswar, or the Golden Temple, so called from its domes and the central spire above the sanctuary being covered with sheets of copper gilt. Runjeet Singh, on his death-bed, instructed his successor to roof this edifice with massive gold; but the latter compromised the matter by employing copper gilt. This economy, however, though distasteful perhaps to the local divinities, in no way diminishes the rich but also chastened effect produced by the contrast between the gilding and the dark red colour of the sandstone.

A crowd of women fills the interior of the temple. They are bringing their offerings of flowers, bowing, praying, and gossiping A huge bell hung in the courtyard constantly mingles its hoarse sounds with the confused murmur of human voices.

Behind the temple stands the sacred Well of Manibarnika, filled, I am told, with the sweat of Vishnu. A multitude of men and women are casting flowers into it. The fetid smell of this stagnant water and the decomposed vegetable matter forces us to make for a doorway opening on to a small square. As a bit of local colour, nothing can be more attractive or picturesque than this little irregular space, surrounded with sacred buildings overlooked by the domes and pyramids of the Golden Temple. In the centre, on a low pedestal, stands the colossal figure of a cow, fashioned from a single block. A few steps off, a group of Fakirs sit cross-legged around the 'eternal fire.' For forty days and forty nights consecutively, these men are to remain seated there without budging. The heat of the fire, coupled with that of the sun during the day, has no effect on these devotees, who seem to belong to another world. Almost naked, their faces encrusted with a sort of mask of dust and perspiration, their hair dishevelled and unkempt, they look more like idols than human creatures. One of them fixes his dull lifeless eye

upon me. He is quite a young man. The locks of his matted mass of hair, stiffened and, as it were, glued together, stand up on his low and prematurely wrinkled brow. He is as motionless as a statue. I wonder whether a breath of life exists in this bundle of fleshless bones and stunted limbs, in this naked and apparently lifeless body. What is passing in the brain and the heart of these saints of the Hindoo people? They are either hypocrites, I am told, or fanatics. But these easy explanations explain nothing. To me these men are living enigmas, and I look in vain for the sphinx who can, or will, give me the clue.

But picture to yourself this scene. It is almost but not quite dark. The rosy sky of the short but luminous Indian twilight is reflected on the gildings of the temple, spreads its warm tints upon the sanctuaries around the square and on the marble cow which stands in the centre and seems to grow in size with the shadows of approaching night. And before you, motionless as the big idol, and lit up by the glare of the flames that threaten to devour it, sits the group of Fakirs.

Jey Singh, the Louis XIV. of Jeypore, whose acquaintance we first made in his capital, and whom we again came across in his observatory at Delhi, erected also at Benares (1693), and in another city, the name of which I have forgotten, a building

designed for astronomical purposes. I paid a visit to it, and was shown their method of observation. I confess that I preferred to observe the reflection of the stars in the Ganges.

At the southern extremity of the city is a temple, famous for its sacred monkeys. Not having been particularly edified by my acquaintance with their brethren in Gujerat and Rajpootana, I abstained from paying my respects to the acolytes of Durga-Kund.

One fact deserves notice: not one of the fourteen hundred temples of Benares, not one of the palaces of the Maharajahs in this city, is older than the sixteenth, and many of them belong to the present century. The reason is that the Mussulman conquerors, in overrunning the peninsula, especially the south, wrought much destruction. They also obliged a part of the population to embrace Islamism, but they were never able to extirpate the Hindoo spirit, which still exists. It resisted the bloody invasions of the Crescent: it resists the peaceful conquests of European civilisation.

I paid a visit to the Maharajah of Benares. Isri Pershad Naraim Singh Bahadur does not rank among the feudatory princes, but, as head of his illustrious family and a large landowner, he is con-

sidered one of the leading personages of these districts, and is a Grand Companion of the Star of India. He is still a handsome man, notwithstanding his sixty-six years, and he looks the nobleman that he is.

His palace, which is full of domestics, subordinates, and courtiers, is furnished in European style. In the middle of the large drawing-room, slightly darkened on account of the prince having just had an operation performed for cataract, stands a round table encircled with arm-chairs. Engravings and photographs are hung upon the walls. But it is evident that the chairs are not much used. The atmosphere of this apartment is thoroughly Indian. There was no ceremony. With my two friendly companions, Mr. Lumsden and the Rajah, still at my side, I entered into the presence of the Maharajah, who received me most cordially. The next day he sent to me his eldest son, who is to succeed him; a handsome young man, whom his rich and tasteful Rajah's costume suits to perfection. He brought me the portrait of his father and some views of Benares taken by a photographer in the service of the Maharajah.

The Ghats should be seen in the early morning when the faithful are going down to bathe. The

Maharajah graciously placed his barge at our disposal, and we sail slowly along under the cliff, enjoying the still cool air of the first hour after sunrise. The whole scene is intensely strange. Excepting the palace of the Prince of Nepal, which is in the Chino-Siamese style, and the imposing mosque of the Emperor Aurungzebe, the persecutor of the Brahmans, Hindoo architecture reigns supreme. These structures, though covering the summit of the cliff, form not a continuous line, but irregular groups, which recede or advance, according to the nature of the ground, and, seen from a boat in motion, show in turn their fronts or sides. The Ghats, irregular flights of very broad stone staircases, partly cut out of the rock, and with very steep steps, wind between the blocks of buildings, dive into the crannies of the cliff, and terminate at length at the water's edge. At this early hour, the ghats and bank are swarming with human beings—men, women, and children. The bathers are stepping down to plunge into the Ganges. Women and young girls of swarthy hue, and clothed in white or pink tunics, are busy drawing water from the stream. When their supply is obtained, they place their copper vessel, glittering in the sun, with a graceful movement on their heads, wrapped in white veils hanging loosely down; then proudly balancing themselves on their hips,

these 'canephoræ' step lightly up the steep stairs, gain the heights above, and melt away like shadows in the twilight of the streets.

Meanwhile the bathers are washing their bodies with their hands, plunging in again and again, and leaving their clothes to dry in the sun. None of them strip entirely, and perfect decency prevails. All castes meet here. Stepping out from the stream, the men of the higher castes sit in places reserved for them under immense umbrellas, which form one of the numerous characteristic features of this essentially Hindoo scene. On one of the Ghats, at the river's edge and close beside the bathers, corpses are being burnt. We saw one of them nearly reduced to ashes; another seemed still untouched, even after the cloths, originally wrapped round it, had been consumed by the flames. Some coolies, stepping down the ghats in file, brought a corpse shrouded in a white cloth, tightly strapped and fastened to the bier. Death and life keep close fellowship and mingle together on this 'Burning Ghat.' Numerous slabs of stone set up on end along the steps record the memory of widows who, before the abolition of this over-pious custom, performed *suttee* in this place.

Mr. Lumsden draws my attention to a dark spot approaching us. It is a corpse floating down the stream, with an enormous vulture perched upon

it. Other birds of its kind are disputing the prey, but it drives them away with its wings, keeps pecking constantly at the corpse, turns its head round, and has evidently much difficulty in swallowing the big lumps as it methodically devours the bloated carcase of the poor Hindoo. This hideous group passes close by our boat.

But the sun is beginning to make itself felt. The bathers have gone home, the 'canephoræ' have disappeared, the funeral piles are extinguished, and silence and solitude reign upon the Ghats.

CHAPTER VII.

SIKKIM.

FROM MARCH 21 TO 28.

The railroads—From Calcutta to Darjeeling—Sikkim—Nepal—Bhotan—Aspect of Darjeeling—Excursion to Runjeet Bazaar—Csoma de Körös.

From Benares to Calcutta.—The railroads and carriages in British India leave little to be desired, and would be perfect if only Europeans could be substituted for a staff composed largely of Eurasians. I have no wish to speak ill of these half-breds; on the contrary, I acknowledge their merits. But I think we are their superiors. Everything goes on perfectly well as long as the train is not delayed by some accident; but the least obstacle may entail the most serious consequences. Here is an instance. We had scarcely left Benares on our way to Calcutta, when we suddenly stopped between two stations. The train in front of us had broken down, and so, the line being blocked, we had the annoyance of being cooped up from noon till five

o'clock in a cutting, in the open country, without the smallest shelter except the railway carriage, which the sun was converting into a furnace. It was not merely disagreeable: it was a question of life or death. The little contrivance which, by sprinkling cold water on the grass window screens, supplied us with a comparatively cool air, refused to work. My stock of ice, splendid big blocks, carefully wrapped in felt and packed in a wooden box—a necessary precaution which no European neglects in the hot season—was exhausted or had melted. These five hours were, in short, in my eyes a time of severe trial. I now understand the enterprising undertaker who, a few years ago, stocked the principal railway stations on the line from Bombay to Calcutta with coffins of every size, intended, as the advertisement said, for the *comfort* of travellers.

The following morning I reached Calcutta, and after a day of rest, left again for Darjeeling.

From Calcutta to Darjeeling.—Formerly a British family, in quest of the cool air of the Himalayas, travelling in a palanquin for want of any other means of conveyance, would take from fifteen to twenty days to accomplish this journey. One can now get to Darjeeling in less than thirty hours.

I left Calcütta at midday. The train runs rapidly over boundless plains, well cultivated, and in many places wooded. Under the blaze and glare of the sky, the sight of a clump of tamarind trees or banyans gives a rest to the eye, and the illusion of a momentary coolness in the atmosphere.

It was night when we reached the banks of the Ganges. The river is crossed on a steam ferry, which, at this time of year, is apt to get stuck on a mud bank during the short voyage. This is what happened to us.

The first faint streaks of dawn enable us to make out the northern side of the Himalayas. At Siligoori, where the train enters the territory of British Sikkim, we are packed into two cars drawn by a locomotive. The railroad has become a simple tramway, which keeps rapidly ascending. At times along the verge of precipices, with a gaping abyss on either side, it describes curves and follows zigzags which make your hair stand on end. But the higher up you go, the cooler becomes the air, the more your lungs expand, and the more thickly clothed are the heights, first with brushwood, then with arbutus, and lastly with magnificent forests of chestnut trees. Behind us, on the south, the vast plain of the Ganges expands on the view, like an immense grey carpet hung from a

wall on a level with your eyes, and unrolled at your feet to the very roots of the mountains which you are scaling. Against this dark background are seen two large silver streaks, the affluents of the Ganges and Brahmapootra, named respectively the Mahananda and the Tista. The Mahananda seems to rise vertically like a column glittering in the midst of the darkness. Half an hour later it is quite dark, but we can smell and hear the forest.

The air has become decidedly cold. At length the train stops at the military sanatorium of Jallapahar, and, after leaving it, runs at a fearful speed down the incline towards Darjeeling, situated 364 miles from Calcutta.

I put up at an excellent little hotel kept by a Scotchman, and after having selected the place nearest to the fire, and wrapped myself carefully in an overcoat and shawl, take my seat at table with three or four young couples, who, like myself, are impatiently awaiting the dinner.

Darjeeling, perched on one of the spurs of the Himalayas, 7,000 feet above the sea, and 5,000 feet above the river Runjeet, which separates British from Chinese or Independent Sikkim, is during the hot season the earthly paradise of the

official world, and a sanatorium of the Bengal army. It is also the nearest point of the lofty southern range of the Himalayas accessible to Europeans.

The State of Sikkim, which is called Independent, but is in reality tributary to China, may be described as an *impasse* between the loftiest mountains of the globe. Westward, on the territory of Nepal, one of the Himalayan ranges runs out towards the south. On the north these giants form a barrier, insurmountable except by three passes, the loftiest of which, the Tankra-la Pass, is upwards of 16,000 feet high. The eastern frontier is formed by Bhotan, another small independent State. On that side the mountains, less lofty than those of Nepal, slope gradually down before melting into the plains of Assam. In Sikkim, Kinchinjunga, 28,156 feet high, was long considered the highest mountain in the world, until dethroned by Mount Everest, in Nepal, which was found to exceed it by nearly a thousand feet. Two years ago, however, some intrepid members of the Alpine Club in London, accompanied by Swiss guides, succeeded in climbing some heights, previously supposed to be inaccessible, and from the summit of one of these discovered on the north, parallel with the Himalayas, another Thibetan range, the highest points of which appeared to overlook Kinchinjunga and Mount Everest. In Sikkim, torrents, hemmed in

between lofty walls of rock—sometimes a thousand feet in height—and forcing their way through the gorges in the lower ranges, rush down to pour their foaming waters into the tributaries of the Brahmapootra and the Ganges. One of these torrents, the Runjeet, divides British from Independent Sikkim.

The reigning dynasty of this petty State is of Thibetan origin. The Rajah, through his representatives at Lassa, pays an annual tribute to the Emperor of China. The relations of Sikkim with the English date back to 1814. At that time the East India Company were at war with Nepal. The Rajah of Sikkim, out of enmity to the Ghoorkas, then sided with the British, and was rewarded by the grant of some territory taken from Nepal, and an annual pension of 300*l.*, which was afterwards doubled. In return for this, he ceded to the Company the southern portion of his State, consisting of the district of Darjeeling, and obtained a British guarantee (1835) for the remainder of his territory. Since then, the relations between this petty potentate and his powerful neighbours have had their ups and downs. In the matter of slavery he turned a deaf ear to the philanthropic representations of the Superintendent of Darjeeling, and one day he even took it into his head to play that official a very bad turn. Dr. Campbell, the then

Superintendent, was botanising peacefully on the Rajah's territory, in company with the famous naturalist, Dr. Hooker, when both of these gentlemen were seized, shut up in a cage, and solemnly shown about for six weeks from village to village. The consequence was the stoppage of his pension, and some years later, in 1861, on the occurrence of some more gross cases of kidnapping, the conclusion of a new treaty making the payment of the pension depend on the Rajah's good behaviour, by which term are understood the right of free trade, the maintenance of bridle-paths leading to the gorges of Thibet, and an assurance of protection to European and other travellers.

The population is a mixture of Sikkims or Lepchas, Ghoorkas, Bhootias, and Thibetans. The Ghoorkas are a sturdy, warlike, and hardworking race. The natives, or Lepchas, on the contrary, are considered feeble, lazy, and effeminate.

The Lamas or Buddhist monks form the privileged class, and are exempt from forced labour and all taxes. There are a large number of monasteries in the country, including three great *Lamasseries*, which are held in high veneration by the worshippers of Buddha.

Tumlung, the Rajah's capital, stands on a high mountain, and contains some massive buildings, such as the Rajah's palace and the residences of

his high functionaries, whose duty it is to bleed the subjects of his Highness to the utmost. During the rainy season, the Rajah and all his officials retire through the gorges into the valley of Chumbi in Thibet.

The king or Rajah is, I am told, a poor creature, but he has had the good sense to send to Darjeeling an 'ambassador,' who is a shrewd and wily fellow, and a zealous representative of the interests of China rather than of his master.

This remote corner of the earth is a world in itself. But small as it is, the so-called Independent State, hidden in the gorges of the Himalayas, may be destined some day perhaps to play an important part. To understand the social and political condition of the place, we must cast a glance at the two neighbouring territories of Nepal and Bhotan.

Geographically, Nepal is a Sikkim on a large scale. On the north stand the loftiest mountains in the world; between the spurs which descend towards the south are rich valleys; and in the dense forests a host of elephants. These form a lucrative source of revenue, for in India every maharajah who has a sense of his own importance possesses a certain number of these animals, well painted, well gilt, and well harnessed. And it is Nepal that supplies them.

The inhabitants are of Chinese and Tartar origin, and profess the doctrine of Buddha.

The history of this country, which, in spite of its proximity to India, is very little known, serves to show how far-spreading are the influence and power of China. At the end of the last century, the Nepalese were at war with the Celestial Empire. A Chinese army passed through the defiles, 16,000 feet high, that is to say the highest in the world, encamped some twenty miles from Kathmandu, the capital of the country, and forced the Nepalese to conclude an ignominious peace. In 1814 hostilities broke out between these mountaineers and the Company's troops, who advanced to within three days' march of the capital. A peace was concluded, but the Nepalese Rajah accepted neither guarantee nor pension, and his country remained independent. With a few exceptions, the frontiers are to this day absolutely closed against Europeans. The sole concession made was to admit a Resident of the Viceroy to the court at Kathmandu. This official and his physician are the only Europeans authorised to reside on Nepalese territory, and even they are forbidden to pass beyond a very limited radius round the bungalow they occupy, while a strict watch is kept upon them, from the moment they stir out of doors. I asked how officials are found to consent to fill this position. The answer given me was that the climate is delightful, especially during the hot season, so terribly unhealthy

in the plains of India, and that in winter the Resident can go for two months to Calcutta or elsewhere, in addition to which there is the interest attaching to a post of this importance, the exceptionally high salary, and the prospect of promotion.

Bhotan in its geographical features differs little from Sikkim and Nepal. People boast of the picturesque charms of this country, which is nominally governed by the Deb Rajah, or temporal ruler, and the Dharm Rajah, who is the spiritual head, and, what is more, an incarnation of the deity—an attribute which has not, however, prevented him receiving, since 1865, in common with his colleague the Deb, a substantial allowance[1] from the Indian Government.

Darjeeling.—Alas, alas, the fog! At luncheon, some charming young ladies assure me, for my consolation, that at this season the 'snows,' in other words Kinchinjunga, are never visible. 'You must give them up for lost,' they say. The mountains of the Caucasus played me the same trick, but one day suddenly they did condescend, though, it is true, for only half an hour, to unfold before me the

[1] Beginning at 2,500*l.*, and rising gradually to a maximum of 5,000*l.* It was given him in return for his cession of the eighteen Dwars of Bengal and Assam.

charms of thëir stern loveliness. So I shall not despair.

Darjeeling is situated on the broken edges of an immense gorge. Southward the heights crowned by the military sanatorium conceal from it the plain of the Ganges. All around rise other mountains, almost bare. Kinchinjunga, when pleased to show itself, occupies the entire prospect on the north.

After paying a visit to Mr. Wace, the Vice-Superintendent, I take a walk alone in the environs of the town. Nothing but clouds, above, around, and below; they come and go, and, what strikes me as a novelty, shift their places in vertical lines. At my feet lies the open gorge, but a layer of thick vapour entirely fills it. A little Buddhist temple, poised on the side of the declivity, seems to be floating on the surface of a lake. But see! a straight white column rises slowly from the gulf beneath, envelops for a moment the temple, ascends to the level where I am standing, passes by me, and spreads out overhead in the form of a canopy. Nothing now prevents the eye from plunging down into the chasm, and scanning the fissures of the ground. At other times, when momentary rays of sunlight pierce through the chaos of clouds and rocks, the scattered villas and gardens, which together form the cluster called Darjeeling, just now

hidden under a confused mass of mist, are suddenly lit up in all their beauty. What a charming surprise! Beautiful and poetical Darjeeling rises in stages on the spurs of a ridge projecting into the gorge: it climbs from terrace to terrace; but all these terraces are suspended between the sky and the chasm. From the houses on the top I look down into the courtyard of my hotel, and from my windows I command the public square, shaded by trees, the great Hindoo temple, and in another direction a sanatorium, which resembles the 'mansions' of Grosvenor Gardens or the Alexandra Hotel. And on all the neighbouring heights are seen houses and bungalows surrounded by gardens, connected by roads that follow the windings of the mountain. There is an air of prosperity and comfort about this favoured spot.

In the later hours of the afternoon, these roads are filled with men and women on horseback, ladies carried in 'dandies' and people on foot, for here the Anglo-Indian is not above using his legs.

Alongside of this fashionable company jostle Ghoorkas, Lepchas, and Thibetans, all of whom are more or less of the Tartar or Chinese type, and have no resemblance whatever to the few Hindoos brought hither by their English masters. The Ghoorkas, or Nepalese, are men of middle or small stature, with square shoulders and well-developed

muscles. A large fur cap on their heads with the edges turned up, dressed like the Tartars I have seen in China, and armed with a big stick, their appearance carried my thoughts beyond the Himalayas, to the regions of Central Asia and the Great Wall of China. Men of quality wear the Chinese costume, but without the pigtail; their cloaks and trousers seem to have been made by tailors of the Celestial Empire. Women are seen in great numbers; they are not veiled, and are remarkable for their freedom of manner. The people of Tartar race, with flat noses, big broad faces and mouths, the fleshy lips of which discover a long row of teeth worthy of a shark, never cease laughing. It is a noisy laugh that does me good to hear, for I could never accustom myself to the melancholy and scowling look of the Hindoos.

Before a spacious tent roofed with felt, I was introduced to a lady of quality, who was living there with her five legitimate husbands.

In short, the day passed very pleasantly; only one thing was wanting to complete my happiness: Kinchinjunga.

About five o'clock in the morning I awoke with a start. Mr. Doyle, the proprietor of the hotel, rushed into my room, to take me out on the

verandah. It was still dark, but in front of us, to the north, shines a vision in the skies. Picture to yourself the sea lashed by a storm; one enormous billow rising high above the rest; conceive this furious ocean suddenly turned into stone, or rather into a sea of ice covered with snow, suffused with rosy tints, and dotted with purple shadows. This phantom filled all the northern horizon; it was Kinchinjunga.

At eight o'clock in the morning I start for the banks of the Runjeet. I am anxious to see and, if possible, to pass the extreme frontier of British India on the side of Thibet. This frontier is formed by the river Runjeet. The famous Cane Bridge, which in reality is constructed of bamboo stems, affords the only means of communication between the two largest empires of the world, China and the British Empire. This bridge, from what I hear, is practicable only for natives or rope-dancers. But no matter, I shall see for myself what it is like.

Mr. Wace, being on the eve of leaving and overwhelmed with business, is unable to accompany me. The excursion requires trusty coolies, that is to say, porters who will not make use of their opportunity to escape to the Independent

territory. To insure their fidelity one must take other men with them whose authority they respect; and the Superintendent kindly supplies me for this purpose with two native orderlies.

The problem I have to solve is this: how to descend by a path, precipitous, but in perfect repair, into the huge chasm, 5,000 feet in depth, which I have mentioned above. This done, you come to the banks of the Runjeet, the river that separates India from Chinese Sikkim. The shortest possible halt must be made there, on account of the poisonous atmosphere that prevails in all the gorges of the Himalayas. A night spent in these regions might prove fatal. And lastly, there remains the great gymnastic feat of crossing the river on the famous bridge, which is merely a kind of ribbon of bamboo stems suspended from trees on each side of the stream.

My 'dandy' does not look very comfortable. The porters, eight coolies, who take turns at short intervals, the two orderlies of the Superintendent, and my Portuguese boy on horseback, form the little caravan. My faithful Checco prefers the comforts of the hotel. The day is splendid, the air cool and invigorating. Before us spreads the summit of Kinchinjunga, towering to a stupendous height against an azure sky. But soon this vision disappears behind the rising of the

ground. To get down to the bed of the Runjeet, which flows, as I have said, 5,000 feet below Darjeeling, we have eleven miles to go, counting the zigzags of the road. The path, which in some places is extremely steep, leads us first to the little Buddhist temple I spoke of—which is now *en fête*, to judge from the flags which are floating from the top of a number of small poles—then passes below the last English bungalows perched on knolls; and after traversing some tea and cinchona plantations, finally enters the forest. A labyrinth of valleys and gorges is open at our feet; but some patches of mist conceal them from view and give them the appearance of so many lakes. Here and there columns of vapour rise from the depths and envelop us. But soon the early morning's breeze rends these veils asunder, and reveals a scene of sublime grandeur. The eye now plunges down among precipices, the bottom of which is still invisible, and now, passing from slope to slope, looks up to the skies above. Around us is the forest; dark green near us, greenish blue farther off, and light blue on the summits, according to the distance and the varying intensity of the light. The path being nothing but a succession of curves, the view changes every moment, and finally the traveller completely loses his reckoning. It is impossible

to take one's bearings. There are few precipitous rocks, they are not natural walls, but steeply inclined planes. Looking back, I see some white specks which seem to rise as we descend. They are the small houses near which we have just passed; the cottages where the owners of the tea-plantations reside. The plants are low, of a dark green colour, and arranged in chequers. In the middle of the 'tea-garden' stands the bungalow, a symbol of the Anglo-Saxon spirit of enterprise, courage, perseverance, and love of comfort. We cross also some quinine plantations. This plant, well known to me from my travels in Java, has a certain stiff, pompous, magnificent look. We saw some fine specimens at the very roadside. Mingled at first with magnolias, oaks, and chestnut trees, and farther down with the *Alsophila gigantea*, or tree-fern, and other giants of the virgin forest, they seemed to look as if they found the company rather too mixed for their taste.

I don't like my 'dandy' at all. The seat is uncomfortable, and the jerking motion given to it by the steps of the porters very tiresome. I am also closer to the coolies than I like. These Lepchas have a weak appearance. They are clothed in rags, and the expression of their faces is unpleasant. What a contrast to their brethren in Japan, stark naked, except the riband round their loins, but very clean

and prettily tattooed, with tiny hands and feet, and always laughing, cheerful, and civil! The Lepchas also smile, but only among themselves, when they relieve each other; for the European they have nothing but sour, if not insolent looks. This is also the case with all the men and women we meet. The characteristic feature of the Lepchas is the enormous size of their calves. The men will scarcely bear a comparison with the Ghoorkas and Thibetans.

After a descent of two hours, the whole time at a quick pace, the sound of running water strikes pleasantly on the ear. It is the little Runjeet. Another hour, and I step down on the right shore of the great Runjeet, a torrent which rolls its clear waters between wooded banks. It reminds me of the Traun below Ischl, and seems to be about as broad. The famous bridge is destroyed, having been swept away by the last flood: we see the remains of it hanging from the trees. And to think that this is the only means of communication between two Empires! Not a post, not a house, not a sentry-box is to be seen on the British bank; the custody of the Indian empire is left to the wild beasts of the forest.

On the other side, on the Independent or Chinese territory, stands a group of bamboo huts, called Runjeet-bazaar. There it is that travellers from

Thibet, after having traversed the lofty passes, renew their stock of provisions.

The heat in this gorge, coupled with the thick air that one breathes here—fatal to strangers, but which the inhabitants of these passes cannot change without danger for a better climate—seemed to me intolerable. I don't think I am exaggerating in comparing the temperature to that of a furnace. The bridge, as I have said, was broken, and, even were it not, I should never have been able to cross it, even on all fours. The only resource left was a little boat, which was moored to the opposite bank. My Goanese servant hazarded some remarks. He had frequently been with travellers to Darjeeling, but only once here, and his master had no idea of crossing the river. He put on a pitiful look, raised his hand to his throat, and, with an accompanying pantominic gesture, repeated the words: 'People not goody; bady, bady.' At last I induced him to accompany me. My coolies were recommended to the particular vigilance of the two orderlies; the boat was hailed, and, not without experiencing the inward satisfaction of a hero who is storming the breach, I ordered the boatman to quit the shore. *Jacta est alea.*

A couple of strokes, with the assistance of the strong stream, sufficed to land us on the opposite bank, where we had to clamber painfully over

large boulders before reaching the hamlet. A dozen men, in Tartar dress, eyed me all over without saying a word, and some women ran up and stared at me with curiosity. Men, women, and children had a miserable look. I made a little sketch of the spot, and, proud of my exploit, returned to British territory, where, after counting my eight coolies, I had the satisfaction of knowing that none of them had deserted. The two orderlies gave me to understand that this miracle was due to their services. After having lunch on the grass, I stepped into the 'dandy' again, thoroughly pleased and a little proud of having set foot on the territory of the Rajah of Sikkim, the feudatory prince of the Emperor of China, the joint ruler with the Dalai-Lama, and who, in his own opinion, includes the Anglo-Indian Empire among his tributaries. Without comparing myself to Cook, or Dumont d'Urville, or other illustrious explorers, I could not conceal from myself that what I had just accomplished was no small feat for a *dilettante*. Had I not risked being put into a cage like Dr. Hooker and his friend the superintendent? These flattering reflections tended somewhat to shorten the five hours of 'dandy,' and made me endure with resignation the unpleasant proximity of my porters, now panting and perspiring, to say nothing of sundry small bruises, the inevitable result of this kind of locomotion.

It was the 'driving-out' hour at Darjeeling when I returned. A young and very fashionable lady, whom I had met somewhere, at the Nizam's fêtes at Hyderabad or in the drawing-rooms at Bombay, stopped her 'dandy' to talk to me. I confess my weakness; it completely got the better of me, and I said to her point-blank, 'I have been to the Runjeet and crossed it.' I had expected an exclamation of surprise. 'Isn't it delightful?' was the reply. 'Mamma and I went there last year.' I was dumbfounded. And Cook, and D'Urville! may their shades pardon my presumption! I cut short the conversation, I fear, a little abruptly; and crestfallen and discomfited, with limbs shaken by eight hours of 'dandy,' I returned to my hotel.

Kinchinjunga—is it, will it ever be visible? At our small but select *table d'hote*, this is an inexhaustible topic of conversation. The giant's name being somewhat long, it is simply called the 'snows.' All this morning the snows condescend to be seen and admired. And what a sight it is! At noon they are hidden behind a curtain of mist azure blue as the sky itself. The giant has disappeared, leaving the firmament in its place. You look for it in vain, for it is there no longer.

I take a stroll alone on the 'drive,' which this afternoon is full of life, and, after walking along the garden of Government House, turn into a lonely path leading to the cemetery. It is an ideal Campo Santo. The tombs stand at intervals on terraces that seem to overhang the sides of the mountain, high above the deep gorge the bottom of which I have never yet succeeded in seeing. The inscriptions on the tombstones nearly always repeat the same story: a mother laments her baby taken from her by the climate of the plains; a young civilian or a young officer fallen a victim to duty, from breathing too long the pestilential air of the cantonments. But I was looking for a tomb which, alas! I have failed to find. Night came upon me unawares, and I had to quit the sad spot without attaining the object of my search.

Alexandre Csoma de Körös left Hungary, his native country, when quite young. Destitute of means, but impelled by the thirst for science, he travelled on foot through Syria and Persia, crossed Afghanistan, and penetrated by this route, then closed against Europeans, into the Thibetan province of Ladak. His object was to study the languages of the various countries. His poverty disarmed all suspicion, and he obtained admittance into some of the Lamasseries, where he spent three years of his life. For a whole winter he shut him-

self up with a Brahman in a room only nine feet square without fire or furniture. Some agents of the Governor-General of India, then residing in the Punjaub, with a just appreciation of the merits of this young Hungarian *savant*, induced him, not without some difficulty, to accept a small pension of fifty rupees a month, assigned to him by the Governor-General, at their instance. It was known afterwards that half of this sum sufficed to provide for his personal wants, and that the remainder was spent in buying rare and precious manuscripts. And such was his delicacy of character that he considered his acquisitions as the property of the Indian Government. His pride, his unselfishness, his contempt for the comforts of life, excited the admiration and often the despair of his English friends, who, seeing him in this destitute plight, endeavoured in vain to persuade him to accept assistance. It was under these circumstances that, separated from all intercourse with the civilised world, constantly exposed to extreme privation, living in familiar fellowship with his Brahman, and afterwards quite alone with the 'bonzes' of his monastery, he compiled his famous grammar and dictionary of the Thibetan language. The Indian Government had the works of this pioneer of science published at the expense of the State, and continued to pay him his small pension;

and the Asiatic Society of Calcutta admitted him to their body in 1834 as an honorary member.

In 1842 he undertook another journey into Thibet, this time with the intention of going to Lassa, the capital of the Dalai-Lama, whither, if I have been rightly informed, no European but the Abbé Huc and his companion had ever penetrated. He left Calcutta at the beginning of the hot season, crossed the plains of the Ganges, probably on foot, and caught in one of the gorges of the Himalayas the germs of the fever which carried him off shortly after his arrival at Darjeeling. The monument erected above his grave at the cost of the Indian Government was restored last year by order of the Viceroy.

A hero and a martyr of science, Csoma de Körös bore on his brow the stamp of the sacred fire which consumed him. But that powerfully modelled head rested on a small and frail body, clothed usually in humble garb. His name is still revered in the literary world of Calcutta, but he is less known by the European public, and many of his fellow-countrymen are probably not aware that on the slopes of the Himalayas rest the mortal remains of one of the glories of Hungary.[2]

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[2] Since my return to Europe I have seen a biography of this *savant*, published in London by Trübner, 1885.

The sun is scarcely up, and already the bearers of my 'dandy' are climbing the heights of Jallapahar. I take a last look at the 'snows,' which now look like a white ribbon floating midway in the vault of heaven. A little later we reach the railway-station, where Mr. Stevenson, the director of the Company, is waiting for me. We are going to be conveyed in a trolly down the incline to Kurseong station, where I shall find my servants and luggage. Our weight supplies the necessary motive force, and when the light vehicle seems likely to run away, especially at the curves, my guide immediately checks its pace. A speed of sixteen miles an hour, that of a horse at full gallop, is considered enough. Nothing can be more pleasant in these early hours of the morning, and in the fresh and exhilarating air of the high mountains. Before us spreads the plain, now flooded with light. The Mahananda and Tista show like shining streaks, blue as the sky above, on the yellow curtain which gradually lowers as we descend.

Close by the station, Mr. Daniell and his partner are waiting for us in the glaring sun to take us to their large tea-plantation called Singell. The 'garden' runs down the slopes of a deep glen, at the bottom of which is seen the now dried-up bed of the river Balasoo. Westward, and quite near

us, rise the giant mountains of Nepal; we are only nineteen miles from the frontier.

Notwithstanding the law prohibiting any Nepalese from leaving his country, Nepal supplies the English planters with most of their hands. A labourer here gets three times as much in wages as he earns at home, which explains the large periodical immigration of Ghoorkas into British Sikkim. Having reaped their harvest, these men return home with their savings. Their difficulty is to pass the frontier near a little fort commanded by a Nepalese officer. Happily this officer is a good fellow; he knows how to shut his eyes, but not close enough to be unaware of the profits which his English neighbours derive from their gardens. He also is a tea-planter after his fashion, and every Ghoorka on his way home is glad enough before continuing his journey to lend a hand to the Commandant for a few days.

Mr. Daniell showed and explained to me the very simple and practical arrangements for gathering the crop, and preparing and packing the leaves.

Tea-growing in British Sikkim has been greatly developed; but what is wanted is a larger market. Hitherto its export to Thibet, through the high passes of Chinese Sikkim, has been wholly prevented by the opposition of the Lamas and the authorities at Lassa. The Thibetan, or rather

Chinese, tea imported thither is inferior to that of Sikkim, and is also dearer. The Indian Government has frequently attempted, by means of diplomacy, to have these restrictions removed; but hitherto the negotiations with the Tsungli-Yamen at Pekin have proved abortive. As a rule, Thibet is shut against European travellers on the Sikkim side. Some adventurous persons have attempted to enter it, but the Rajah's 'ambassador' at Darjeeling, always informed in good time of their designs, has never failed to give notice to the officer commanding the most advanced outpost of the passes. This personage received the travellers with perfect politeness, expressing his regret that duty compelled him to prevent their entry, and producing as his authority a placard forbidding him to allow white barbarians to pass. If he disobeys these orders, he will have his head cut off. 'You will not like, I am sure,' says the amiable officer, 'to expose me to this sad fate.' This is a polite way of intimating to the travellers what would happen to themselves if they attempted to force their way past; and so they have always retraced their steps, and Lassa remains inaccessible to Europeans.

On its western frontiers, the isolation of Thibet is less complete. There is a fairly important interchange of products between the province of Ladak

and the Punjaub, through Cashmere. But this traffic is conducted by native caravans. Europeans who sought to penetrate into Thibet would run serious risks, at any rate the risk of being sent back to India.

We have quitted the magnificent forests of chestnut-trees which clothe the heights near Darjeeling. As the tramway descends, the buoyant air of the aërial regions where I have had the good fortune to be staying for some days is succeeded by a more and more stifling heat.

Towards evening, after running quickly through a forest of Sal, the tramway enters the station of Siligoori, on the frontier of Bengal.

Early the next day we cross the Ganges. This river is really magnificent. And yet it rolls its waters through an apparently boundless and completely parched plain. Whence, then, that feeling of enthusiasm which few travellers can resist? Is it because one looks at things not simply with the eyes, but also with the mind, and because the ideas and recollections aroused by the sight of a particular object enhance or diminish its value?

The villages of the district we are passing through this morning are mere groups of huts,

occupying small hillocks in the middle of the plain. The dwellings are all protected by a hood of thatch. Here apparently is the origin of the hooded window which has become so essential and so curious an element of Hindoo architecture.[3]

At midday I am back at Calcutta.

[3] See p. 70.

CHAPTER VIII.

BENGAL.

FROM MARCH 28 TO APRIL 9.

Calcutta—The dull season—Statues of great men—Pondicherry—Ceylon—Departure for Australia—Political survey.

Calcutta.—The premature arrival of the heat has hastened the beginning of the dull season. Mayfair and Belgravia have drawn down their blinds, and everyone is, or is supposed to be, at Goodwood. The friends you meet in the streets look ashamed to be seen there, caught thus in flagrant violation of the laws of fashion, and hasten to account for their presence by telling you they are merely passers through town, arrived yesterday and off again to-morrow.

This is the case with Calcutta. The city of palaces is taking its siesta. Government House is closed; the Viceroy has gone to Simla, taking with him his court and staff, preceded and followed by the heads and clerks of the various departments. Persons not belonging to the

Supreme Government, and consequently not admitted to the honours and pleasures of Simla, go to Darjeeling, the head-quarters of the Lieutenant-Governor and the official world of the Bengal Presidency. Calcutta at this moment is therefore deserted; only the Courts of Justice, *infallibil giustizia*, are still sitting. Hence I am indebted for hospitality to a lawyer, the amiable Mr. Justice Cunningham of the High Court; and at his house I had the advantage of making the acquaintance of several men of distinction, whose duties still detained them in this furnace—Mr. Rivers Thompson, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; General Wilkinson, commanding the division of the Presidency; Mr. Tawnay, President of Calcutta University, a great Sanskrit scholar; Mgr. Goëtlan, the Roman Catholic Archbishop; Sir Richard Garth, the Chief Justice, and others. Here, as in our European capitals, the dull season sometimes provides pleasant surprises. You meet on a really intimate footing people whom for months you have been jostling against in a fashionable crowd. Your intimacy was then limited to a shake of the hand and the exchange of a few commonplaces; now you have time to know and appreciate one another. For me they were all new and, considering the period of the year, unexpected acquaintances. It was a piece of good

fortune, due to chance and the kindness of my host. But apart from these agreeable meetings, and save for the few carriages that still appeared in the evenings to enliven the drive on the Maidan. the town seemed plunged into sleep.

However, awake or asleep, Calcutta seen from Howrah, the site of the railway-station, on the left bank of the Hoogly, is tranquil, *nonchalant*, magnificent. This favourable impression is not lost on entering the city. The houses you see there, belonging to officials and merchants, are not all palaces; they remind you of Italian villas, the more so from the abundance of trees and gardens.

Government House, the interior of which I did not see, is an enormous palace in the so-called Classic style. It is a work of this century, and bears the stamp of modern taste. There may be differences of opinion as to the artistic merit of the architecture, but no one will deny that a Hindoo passing by this imposing building cannot help saying to himself that a 'very big swell' lives there. In this respect the architect has attained his object. There are other striking edifices, such as the Town Hall, in the Doric style, built at the expense of the inhabitants, also at the beginning of the present century; the Bengal Council House, and the High Court of Justice, the most recent of the public buildings, opened about ten years ago.

I like the Maidan, with its esplanade and the gardens containing the pagoda imported from Burmah, which makes a pretty ornament; and I am pleased also with the statues of Anglo-Indian celebrities, which are scattered about the drives. Passing beneath the statue of the great Lord Lawrence, I recognise in that handsome bent head, in bronze, the animated and sympathetic features of his daughter, my amiable hostess. To perpetuate thus the memory of illustrious countrymen is assuredly an ennobling custom, provided it be kept free from all party feeling, and the honour be conferred only on men of indisputable merit. And such appears to be the case here. The public promenade, Government House, the Town Hall, and St. Paul's Cathedral are all adorned with monuments, statues, and inscriptions which recall the glories of British India: Warren Hastings[1] (time has dispersed the clouds that cast their shadows over this grand figure), Cornwallis, Wellesley, the Marquis of Hastings, Bentinck, Auckland, Hardinge, Canning, Ellenborough, Elgin, the brothers Lawrence, and many others. The homage paid by the Anglo-Indian to the memory of his great fellow-countrymen does him honour and imparts a peculiar character to the solemn, imposing, magnificent

[1] The statue bears date 1831.

and essentially official aspect of the capital of India.[2]

Calcutta, formerly so notorious for its deadly climate, now—thanks to the draining of the surrounding marshes, and to the abundant supply of water which it has for some time past enjoyed—has the reputation of being the most healthy town in the world. The same is said of Singapore and Shanghai. No one, however, thinks of passing the summer here, and during my short stay the cholera was raging in the native quarter.

The 'Tibre,' of the Messageries Maritimes, an old acquaintance of mine, is crowded with passengers—a whole cargo of fashionable ladies belonging to the Greek mercantile world of Calcutta, and, by way of contrast, some French Sisters of Charity. The former, flying from the heat of India, are going to amuse themselves in London and Paris; the Sisters have been to some religious ceremonies at Chandernagore, and are returning to their convent at Pondicherry.

It is a dead calm; in this respect the fates are propitious. But the Hoogly keeps us prisoners a whole night, the low state of the river compelling

[2] Calcutta contains nearly 800,000 inhabitants, Europeans and natives included.

the captain to wait for high tide. The mosquitoes and miasma make this enforced stay anything but pleasant, but happily no one takes the fever. At Madras an epidemic of small-pox is raging, and the captain prudently takes care not to touch there.

It is with lively pleasure that I see Pondicherry again. Country and town, seen from the sea, recall to mind Madras, but the town has a French air about it. You see first, almost on a level with the water, a curtain of verdure, from which stand out in relief the Cathedral and the Government House. On landing, you are struck by the neatness of the streets. The town is not large; and soon your *pousse-pousse*, a two-wheeled chair pushed by three coolies, takes you to shady avenues between rice-fields of brilliant green, alternating with clumps of cocoa-nut palms, whose fanlike leaves gently stirred give a promise of coolness which they fail to realise. Crowds are thronging under this leafy vault! men either stark naked, save a tiny girdle, or clothed in pink or white. Plenty of women, but no one seems busy; and why should they be? They are a nation of loungers.

The temple of Ventnore, a little gem of South Indian architecture, is worthy of its reputation. On my return from it I pay a visit to the famous Maison d'Or, once the palace of a Rajah high in

favour with the French court, and now inhabited by poor people. But what still remains of its ancient splendour amply repays you for the trouble of coming here. The courtyard, of the golden age of the Renaissance, is a miniature of the *cortile* of the Palazzo Massimo delle Colonne at Rome. The interior contains some beautiful carved wainscotings in the style of the country, and magnificent iron balustrades sent from France. The richly decorated bedstead is of the same manufacture; it would be appropriate to a certain chamber at Pompeii.

Kindly received by the Governor, M. Drouet, I spent the sultry hours of the day in his house. He and his secretaries come from the isle of Réunion, and the atmosphere of this official residence belongs to another and essentially French world.

At length the 'Tibre' casts anchor before Colombo, where I have the pleasure of meeting the Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, whom I had missed on my previous visit.

Four days follow, spent at Colpetti in a villa of M. Schultze, acting-consul of Austria. The scenery is thoroughly characteristic of Ceylon. Left and right, as far as the eye can reach, stretches the cliff crowned with cocoa-nut palms and incessantly lashed by the waves of an ocean extending, shoreless, from here to the ice of the

Antarctic pole. Would to heaven that ice were a little nearer! Never have I felt a more overpowering heat.

Here ends my tour in India. The book of the Arabian Nights is closed to me; but the memories remain.

On April 9 the 'Shannon' arrives from Europe, and on the afternoon of the same day I start for Australia.[3]

No one will expect from me an exhaustive statement or deep searching examination of the various Anglo-Indian questions. Not only would such a task exceed my powers, but it would make me transgress the limits I have imposed upon myself, namely, to confine these pages to a simple recital of what I saw and heard in India. I did not, of course, set out in the first instance without having prepared myself for the voyage. India, which appeals so strongly to the imagination, has always fascinated me, and I have never lost sight of it in the midst of the serious affairs and sometimes grave anxieties of a long official career. In leisure moments I always reverted with pleasure to my Indian reading, and whenever a happy chance brought me into contact with men of distinction in the Anglo-Indian service, or with Roman

[3] See 'Australia,' vol. i. p. 249.

Catholic or Protestant missionaries returned from India, I availed myself eagerly of such precious sources of information. But that is not sufficient to warrant me in hazarding an opinion of my own. All I can do is to lay before the reader the conflicting views which divide the rulers of India into two Parties, to sum up the evidence derived from non-official circles, and to conclude with certain reflections of my own.

Two problems are at present exercising the mind of the Anglo-Indian: Afghanistan, with the important political questions attaching thereto, and the changes in the native world to be effected or opposed, according to the views held on the subject. As the ultimate decision on the proper course to be adopted in respect of Afghanistan will be made in London and not at Calcutta or Simla, I propose to treat of this subject at the end of the present book, when summarising my impressions from the standpoint of the *Imperial* policy of Great Britain. At present I will speak only of the internal condition of India.

Of the various questions now agitating the Anglo-Indian world, I will mention only those of local self-government, the regulations respecting public education, the admission of natives who have studied in State colleges to a larger number of public offices and offices of a higher class, the

abuses of the native press, and an important innovation which it is proposed to introduce into criminal law.

As regards local self-government, a resolution of the Viceroy in Council states expressly that the object of the new measure is to promote the political education of the people. Now there existed formerly among the rural communities in certain parts of India a kind of autonomous village councils, but with circumscribed functions. This state of things has fallen into desuetude or has been abolished by the English. The institutions foreshadowed by Lord Ripon's resolution are something more than and different from the ancient village system. As to the principle of election, the Hindoo, I am assured on all sides, does not understand it. He refuses to be elected by his equals. He wishes to be chosen by his superiors, and his superiors are the English officials, represented in this case by the district officer or magistrate. In the North-Western Provinces this opposition was so strong, that the Supreme Government have been obliged, much against their own views, to give to the Governor of those provinces the power of constituting the municipalities. But this is only one of the numberless facts proving what difficulties have to be overcome at every step, and how little progress has been made in the course

of a century towards shaping the Hindoo mind to Anglo-Saxon ideas.

After the great Mutiny of 1857 a proclamation of the Queen opened the service of the State, within certain limits, to native subjects of the Crown. Since then a large number of Hindoos and Mussulmans have filled and are now filling public offices, especially in the law. I am told that among them there is no lack of talent and, to a certain point, of learning; and that there are even some first-rate men, capable to a certain degree of imbibing Western ideas. But these are rare exceptions. There is now a question of admitting natives to a larger number of offices, and to higher duties than has hitherto been the case. I should add that the young *literati*, above all the baboos of Bengal and the native press, demand this innovation as a right, basing their claim on the principle of the equality of races.

All other questions are in reality subordinate to that of public education. As long ago as 1823 Mountstuart Elphinstone, then Governor of Bombay, called the attention of the Supreme Government to the necessity of providing for the higher education of the natives, but the first decisive step in this direction was not taken till 1835 at Calcutta. The recently established Committee of Public Instruction (afterwards known as

the Council of Education), the President of which was the famous historian Lord (then Mr.) Macaulay, was then directed to elaborate a scheme for the foundation of colleges and universities intended for the native youth of the Bengal presidency. Two parties, in equal numbers, were represented on that committee. The 'Orientalists' demanded, in addition to Oriental literature, the teaching of the Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic languages. The 'English' proposed the teaching of the English language and literature. The vote of the chairman, reasons for which were given in a remarkable minute, determined the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, to adopt, for Bengal, the conclusions of the English party. In this minute Lord Macaulay says: 'The question is whether we can countenance, at the public expense, medical doctrines which would disgrace an English farrier —astronomy, which would move laughter in girls at an English boarding-school—history, abounding with kings thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thousand years long—and geography, made up of seas of treacle and ponds of butter.' Had my young Mussulman friend from Bombay been one of that committee, he would probably have replied to the illustrious chairman, 'What shocks you so much is simply a symbol, which means, among our Rajahs, that there were great kings who, during very long

reigns, succeeded in earning the veneration and gratitude of their people. Your sarcasms prove only your ignorance of the spirit of Eastern nations, which you understand as little as we shall understand your classical authors, whom you are going to make us study in your future colleges.'[4]

The same principles were afterwards applied to all the educational institutions in the Empire.[5]

European society in India is divided into two camps, the Conservative and the Liberal. The Conservatives wish to keep India as she is; many of them would prefer to see her as she was half a century ago. But while lamenting the great changes already effected, particularly since the Mutiny of 1857, they are too enlightened to flatter themselves that a return to the old ways is possible, and accordingly resign themselves to accept the *status quo*. But every fresh step taken on what they consider a downward road would be in their eyes a step towards the ruin of British power, and at the same time the ruin of India.

'The Indian Empire,' they say, 'is founded on conquest. Conquered nations can only be governed by an authoritative power. Hence our government

[4] The works of Bacon and Shakespeare are included among the English authors whose study Macaulay recommended for the pupils at the native colleges.

[5] The national system of education, as it at present exists, is based directly on Sir Charles Wood's minute of 1858.

in India has been from the beginning an absolute government, resting on one side on armed force, and on the other on the more or less enthusiastic, more or less lukewarm, but with certain exceptions almost universal, adherence of the people. This was the opinion of our greatest statesmen, even of those who leaned to liberal principles. They perceived plainly that the ideas of their school were not applicable to India. Even our young men, frequently very advanced Liberals, if not Radicals, when they come out here to enter the service, end, after spending some years in the country, by renouncing their preconceived ideas and turning thorough Conservatives. Lord Ripon's resolution, already mentioned, is a portentous event, for it tends completely to change the situation. It either means nothing or means this: The Government foresees that the time will come when we must leave India to herself. This will take place when, thanks to the political education we are going to give them, the Indians will have become capable of governing themselves. Meanwhile, we must prepare them for public life, by giving them representative institutions. This is how the native press understands the matter. These words, coming as they do from such a high authority, disquiet men's minds, encourage foolish hopes among the *literati*, and impair the prestige enjoyed among the natives by the organs of the Government.

'You wish to hand over to the villages the conduct of their affairs, hitherto entrusted to civil officers of the district, who, as everyone admits, have certainly deserved well of this country. Henceforward, save for a kind of control which is to be left them, these officers are to be replaced by ignorant peasants, engrossed in their own private interests, by journalists, and by native lawyers.

'Notwithstanding important alterations made from time to time in our Criminal Code, the principle that the jurisdiction over European subjects of the Crown must be reserved for judges and magistrates who are also European subjects, has always been maintained. And it has always been recognised that in this principle lies the only possible effectual guarantee to Europeans living in country districts against the perjury and false witness so common among the rural populations. Now it is this fundamental principle that is sought to be banished from our legislation. Hence the cries of indignation and alarm which are resounding from one end of India to the other against the famous Ilbert Bill.[6]

[6] See the remarkable speech delivered in the House of Lords, in April 1883, by Lord Lytton, the Viceroy who preceded Lord Ripon. It is the most succinct and exhaustive statement of the grievances of Anglo-Indians on the subject of the innovations introduced or proposed to be introduced in the administration of the districts and criminal procedure.

'As regards public education, we grant that among the teachers there are men of learning and general distinction, but the instruction which we are giving to the natives is superficial. The system, altogether, is bad, and the result deplorable.'

I have heard this unfavourable judgment confirmed on various sides. 'The native pupils,' I am told, 'on quitting our colleges, leave behind them all notions, all basis of morality. We have taken from them their religious beliefs, and have given them nothing instead. We have deprived them of the faculty of believing. We have converted them into Nihilists, into malcontents, and made them enemies of England.'

This opinion is prevalent among the Roman Catholic clergy as well as many of the Protestant ministers whom I have met.

'You wish,' say the Conservatives, 'to completely change India. You are Utopians: you wish to destroy what now exists, in the hope of realising what is simply a dream. You wish to form an Indian nation; though there has never been one. To do this, you would have to abolish differences of blood, of language, of religious creeds, of castes, and of tribes, and to throw down the barriers erected by time in the course of a long series of centuries. You are striving after an impossibility.'

To this the Liberals reply, 'You are egotists. We are here the privileged nation, and you wish to retain this position. You are trembling for your places and salaries. You are anxious to prolong a system which assures an honourable and often a lucrative career to the younger sons of the English aristocracy and gentry, and to certain young men of other ranks who have passed certain examinations. You repudiate what we affirm, namely, that India is made for the Indians, and not for the exclusive benefit of foreign conquerors.

'England, according to our views, in reigning directly or indirectly over a vast portion of mankind, is responsible not only for the material welfare, but also for the moral and intellectual condition of those whom she governs. Her mission is to improve their condition in every respect. Her task is this: to raise the native, to accustom him to govern himself in his own village, to introduce him to the law courts, to prepare him gradually for higher administrative functions, and thus to make him capable one day of taking a leading part in the conduct of State affairs. It is possible, no doubt, and we do not deny it, that this policy may lead to the independence of India and the termination of British rule. But considerations of this kind ought not to hinder the accomplishment of

our mission. Moreover, this contingency is remote from us. At all events it is impossible now to halt midway on a road which we have been following for half a century, searching our way as best we could, and in a more or less decided manner, for thirty years. We must, therefore, continue in the same direction; according to the moderates, slowly and cautiously—according to those who are called Radicals, resolutely and as fast as possible. Before all, and above all, we must form an Indian nation. Yes, a nation is what is wanted; the same nation from Cape Comorin to the foot of the Himalayas. Caste is an obstacle, but this obstacle will disappear with the spread of the education we are giving to the people. Signs of this are visible already among those who have been taught in our colleges. We must strive, therefore, to loosen the bands of caste—we must break down caste altogether (say the most advanced); we must obliterate the distinctions arising from the differences between religious sects; in a word, we must crush to atoms this ancient structure of society, so heterogeneous, so split up into classes, castes, and sects, and so hostile to innovation. And after having crushed it to atoms, we must weld those same atoms together, and make of them a nation.

'To achieve this end, it is indispensable to prepare the educated native for the exercise of State

functions, by admitting him henceforth to higher offices; and to bring about the political education of the peasant in the midst of and by means of the autonomous village.'

The foregoing is a brief summary of the Liberal programme. In support of it, let us hear what is said by some who speak on this subject with authority.

One who is intimately acquainted with the administrative affairs of India, where he has resided since his youth, says to me:

'I confess that I am a partisan of Lord Ripon's policy. I say that especially with regard to the burning question of the day relating to local self-government. For half a century we have been endeavouring to raise the natives. Two generations of them have passed through our schools. We have universities and colleges for the higher branches of instruction. And yet the administration of the country, from the village communities to the highest offices, is still in the hands of the dominant class, that is to say, of foreigners. Can this state of things be maintained in the long run? I think not. Nay, I go farther, and say that it is morally, logically, and almost physically impossible. Have we done well in adopting this system of education? I cannot say; and, moreover, that is no longer a practical question. The

results of this education are a solid fact; and we must recognise them as such. We cannot now retrace our steps. We cannot put down the education of the natives. We cannot destroy in their minds the ideas which we have been planting there for fifty years. We must, therefore, go forward in this direction. And what will be the result? I admit that there is a real danger. But we can only avert it by endeavouring to arrest as much as possible the growth of those ideas which are now germinating in the minds of the upper classes. And the sole means of effecting this is by granting small concessions which will content them for a while, and then by quieting them at the cost of new ones. The pressure brought to bear upon us, through the medium of the native press, by the educated natives (those who have passed through the State colleges and universities), is irresistible. We shall, therefore, do well, and Lord Ripon has done well, in yielding. But we must yield slowly; we must begin, that is to say, by entrusting them with matters of administration and police, by making them judges and magistrates, first in districts and afterwards in divisions. No doubt (this was in reply to an observation of mine) this is a road which will lead a long way, and may possibly lead to complete emancipation. As for what will become of the English rule, I know not, or rather

I foresee great dangers and great changes. But, I say again, we are helpless. We may arrest for a time, that is to say slacken, the advance of the evil—if evil it be (here the Radical school peeps out)—but we cannot oppose it with the smallest chance of success. And yet we have on our side a large number of natives of all castes who wish to maintain our rule, who hold firm to the *pax Britannica*, which they owe to us, and who recoil with horror from the idea of seeing us abandon India.'

The above represents the views of one who, as I have said, is a man of distinction in many respects. Nevertheless, in my long life, I have found more than once that in following the line of policy which he advocates, one is sure to fall into the ditch from the very effort to avoid so doing, while one is by no means sure of putting off the catastrophe.

But are these young educated natives from the British colleges in reality so irresistible? Let us hear another witness, also belonging to the Liberal school, to whose judgment I attach great value.

'The populations of India,' he says, 'before our arrival, and during the first decades of our rule, were an inert body, broken up into numberless parties, and constantly exposed to panics and the evils consequent on invasions and intestine

wars. We have given India the blessings of profound peace; but in pacifying the country, we have inoculated it with the germ of a movement which is now only just beginning to make itself felt, and the outcome of which it is impossible to forecast. Thanks to us, this colossus is beginning to move slowly and heavily, like some big vessel which is getting up steam and preparing to leave her moorings.

'This movement, it is true, has not yet taken hold of the masses. The latter have remained inert. But we have imbued the youths who have been educated at our colleges with ideas of which they had previously not the smallest notion. The study of our language and the reading of our authors are making these ideas grow in their minds, and inspiring their hearts with active if not violent desires. They are dreaming of national liberty, although, in truth, the Indian nation has yet to be created; they are no longer contented with the benefits diffused over the country by a just and well-ordered administration; and are demanding two things, political equality and a large share in the management of Indian affairs.

'These are important and certainly unquestionable facts, which we cannot afford to disregard, the more so as they are facts of our own creation. Have we done well or ill? I know not, but I am

inclined to think that we could not have acted otherwise. Nevertheless, to say that the Government is "helpless" against these eager young men, eager above all to obtain well-paid appointments, is a mistake. The Government is amply furnished with the necessary means of cutting short the action of Indian Progressists. They could only become dangerous by the aid of great European complications and great military reverses on the part of England.

'The question of the admission of educated natives in larger numbers to the service of the State is now being much discussed. It is not physically but morally and logically impossible to reply to the pretensions of the baboos with a flat negative. But we must make up our minds clearly as to the extent of the concessions which can be granted without actual danger. We have, as the basis of our administrative organisation, the "district," which is managed by a magistrate or collector. Six districts form a "division," administered by a Commissioner, and the aggregate of the divisions composes the province, over which the Governor presides.[7] I think it would be possible,

[7] The Governor-General of India, called the Viceroy since the dissolution of the East India Company, has under his orders (1) the Governors of the Provinces of Madras and Bombay, who are appointed by the Queen; (2) the Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjaub; and lastly the High

by way of experiment, to entrust to natives the administrative affairs of a district. But there you would have to stop.

'And to whom are you to relegate the administration of the districts? To the principal landowners of the locality? But if competent men are not to be found among them, or if, as is very probable, they decline the burden, will you not be obliged to appeal to the so-styled intelligence of the country, to the lettered baboos? If this be the case, and it seems to me inevitable, you are sowing the wind and will reap the whirlwind.

'It is true,' was the answer, 'it would be infinitely better to place at the head of districts men whose social position and landed property would afford certain guarantees. We have, however, no cause to fear being drawn against our will beyond what we are willing to concede. For though there is in India no public opinion that deserves the name, India is decidedly conservative, and opposed to any sort of innovation. The rich zemindars in the country, and the well-to-do bankers in the towns, agree in this opinion, and openly proclaim it.'

On the subject of public education, my informant contends that the Government of a country

Commissioner of the Central Provinces, all of whom are appointed by himself. The Viceroy also appoints to the diplomatic posts, that is to say, to the agencies or residencies in the feudatory states.

which is essentially religious, but divided into sects, ought to maintain an attitude of absolute neutrality in the matter of religion. 'The existing Government is following the right direction, and it is simply a question of not advancing too fast. Perhaps it would be as well to put on the drag.

'As for the rest,' he adds, 'the gloomy forebodings of the Conservatives appear to me unfounded. If we continue to carry our flag high; if we declare to all who wish to hear us, that our power in India is based on legitimate title, and that we are resolved to maintain our footing on the soil, we shall have nothing to fear from the boyish aspirations of the native youth who have been educated in our colleges.'

To complete this abstract of Liberal opinion, I add the words of another statesman of high repute.

'Fifty years have passed since we first inaugurated the system of public education which is now in force. I will not examine whether it is good or bad; I admit its drawbacks and dangers. But if in 1835 I had sat on Macaulay's Committee, I should have given my assent to it. At all events, it is now a *fait accompli*. Governors and other officials are not called on to undo the past; their duty is to apply the existing law in the best manner possible. It is said that the education we are giving

to the native youth breeds discontent, calls forth dangerous aspirations, and by weakening it is prejudicial to the English rule. The truth is, that our power is now more solidly established than it was fifty years ago, when we first organised the public education of the natives.'

Here I interrupt him: 'Is this in consequence or in spite of what was done?'

'Perhaps,' he replies, 'in spite of our having adopted this system. I admit this, or rather I do not admit it, and I will tell you why. The more widely education is diffused among the natives, the more general will be their conviction that English rule is a blessing to India. I will quote two facts in support of this assertion. A Hindoo from Benares, a man of great influence in his district, who notoriously dislikes us, remarked lately to a friend, "Do you know what would happen if the English abandoned India? Suppose we were to go into our parks and open the cages of our wild beasts. In a few minutes they would have devoured us, and also each other, and nothing would be left but a tiger with bloody mouth and claws, and that tiger would be the Mussulman."

'Here is another fact. The scene is in the extreme South. Two high-caste Hindoos are talking together. One of them says, "The English are still a necessity, but in proportion as education spreads

amongst us we shall become as powerful as they are, and when we have become their equals we shall be able to do without the English, and take the government of our country into our own hands." "You are wrong," replies his friend. "It is like saying, My brother is two years older than I am, and therefore in three years I shall be older than he is."

'The real danger lies not in educating the natives, but in the direction given to their education. Instead of producing men of education, who look forward only to official employment, we ought to give them technical instruction in special subjects, and fit them to be engineers, foresters, and good farmers. We have already made excellent pleaders of them.

'It is said that the national sentiment of the natives is wounded by the mere fact of foreign rule. But those who maintain this proposition forget that the greatest part of India has always been subjected to foreign masters, and that there is no such thing as an Indian nation, but several nations distinct in race, creed, traditions, and customs, and having nothing in common but mutual hatred.'

The native press, now perfectly free, is merely an effect and a corollary of the system adopted in the matter of public education. Macaulay thought that it did more good than harm. Such is not

the opinion of even the most Liberal officials whom I have heard discuss this subject. It is evident that a free press presupposes a public opinion, which does not exist in India, and moreover a public opinion which, though partly formed by the press, is capable of controlling and checking it. Besides, a free press is an anomaly in a country devoid of parliamentary institutions and governed by a bureaucracy responsible to its heads and not to the country. Of the native press, in general, little good is said. Intemperance of language, a great confusion of ideas, coupled with extreme ignorance of the matters handled, characterise, with few exceptions, native journalism. It is accused also of getting money by means of intimidation. The 'hush money' extorted from rich zemindars, who have peccadilloes on their conscience or are unjustly charged with them, would form the bulk of the profits reaped by the popular newspapers. So unfavourable is the universal opinion among Anglo-Indians, that a stop would have been put long ago to these scandals, were it not for the innate aversion of the English to condemn without a trial, and, so far as the Liberals are concerned, for their attachment to the principles of their school, among which the liberty of the press holds a foremost place. Lord Lytton, after his arrival, by means of an order in Council, put a check to the excesses of the

press. Lord Ripon lost no time in repealing the law enacted by his predecessor.

In the main, everyone agrees in saying that the press, even from a political point of view, exercises a bad influence on those who are able to read. This is especially the case in Bengal and the North-Western Provinces. But nowhere does it reach the masses. In the South it is of no importance at all. It is generally acknowledged that the natives—possessing, as they undoubtedly do, diverse natural gifts according to the race to which they belong—are endowed with certain remarkable talents and qualities, particularly of memory, a great aptitude for imitation, and the gift of analysing and digesting complicated subjects. But their views are superficial, and they lack all power of inception and originality. They make extremely subtle, acute, and contentious lawyers, which is accounted for by the essentially litigious disposition of Hindoos. The Government and the Universities are even blamed for encouraging this often mischievous tendency, by rendering the necessary steps for their admission to the bar too easy to the natives; in other words, by increasing the number of lawyers and consequently the number of lawsuits, which are at once the dominating passion and the ruin of the villagers.

What is the feeling of the natives towards their English masters? I have heard this question

discussed in the houses of officials, under the tents of my new military friends, in the bungalow of the tea planter, in the humble abode of the missionary.

In order to answer this question, they tell me, a distinction must be drawn between the Hindoos and the Mahometans, and also between the North and South of India.

The Mahometans, as a general rule, seldom frequent the colleges and universities;[8] nevertheless, they are slowly but steadily gaining ground.[9] The Hindoo who embraces Islamism loses his caste, but in return he is accepted by the Mahometans on a footing of perfect equality. The mosque is open to him. He spreads out there his little carpet wherever he pleases, and he says his prayers by the side of the highest personages. This charm of equality goes a long way in making converts to Islamism.

The Mahometan has the consciousness of belonging to an immense community, extending from the extremity of India to the Dardanelles, and the

[8] To quote an example: The Madrassa, or Mahometan College at Calcutta, which was founded in 1781, contained, it is true, in 1873, no less than 528 pupils. But of the total number of children and young persons at the primary schools in the Bengal Presidency the percentage of Hindoos is 47·7, of Christians 13·5, and of Mussulmans only 2·6. The remainder belong to other sects. At the College at Madras, the Mussulmans are conspicuous by their absence.

[9] The contrary, as we have seen, is the case at Delhi. But this is an exception.

scattered members of which may be met with at Pekin and in the heart of Africa—a community which embraces various nationalities, all united by the memories of a great and glorious past. The Hindoos are divided and subdivided into tribes, castes, and sects, all in a permanent and traditional state of mutual hostility. The doctrines of the Mahometans are comprised in two words: There is one God, and Mahomet is His prophet. The Olympus of the Hindoos presents a chaos of deities, minor deities, saints, idols, incarnations, transmigrations, and childish fables, all grouped around a pantheistic idea, which underlies the various Hindoo creeds. 'Don't imagine,' said a shrewd person to me, who has made these matters the subject of profound study, 'don't imagine it is we who are implanting Pantheism in the minds of the Hindoos. The Hindoo is born and dies a Pantheist, the common people unconsciously; the man who has received a certain education, fully recognising the fact.

'The Mussulmans, at least in the Punjaub and Hindustan proper, dislike us because they think we destroyed the Mogul Empire. But in this they are mistaken. Not the English, but the Mahrattas and the Sikhs, destroyed the dynasty of Timour. All that we did was to bury the corpse, and take possession of the inheritance.

As for the Hindoos, the Mahrattas dislike us because we crushed and annihilated their league, and deposed the Peishwa, who was its head and principal member. All the other Hindoo populations of Hindustan, as well as the Deccan, are either indifferent or well disposed towards us.'

Such is India, as described by those who govern it. The diversity of judgments corresponds with the diverse points of view taken by the witnesses whose evidence we have heard. It must not be forgotten that the Conservatives form the very large majority of the officials, judges, and minor functionaries, and the entire aggregate of the non-official residents, planters, and English merchants in India. But though the Liberals compose only a very small minority, they include the Viceroy, Lord Ripon, and some officials who not only occupy the highest offices, but are eminently distinguished by their intelligence and knowledge, by their capacity for administrative business, and by moral qualities which none dispute. Apart from the Conservatives, I have quoted the opinions of moderate Liberals, and of those who hold to a certain extent advanced opinions. But extreme ideas are not altogether wanting. Their chief representatives, I am told, are to be found among the body of teachers, side by side, it is true, with men of high scientific distinction, and Conserva-

tives in politics. I have personally met some of these young Radicals. In their opinion, the ideal of a sound English policy is the dismemberment of the British Empire, and above all the abandonment of India. To save England, it is necessary first to destroy her. These men, excellent young fellows, sincere, convinced, and wholly steeped in the ideas of a school which now, in England, has lost much of its importance, would not of themselves be very dangerous. They would not be so even by their contact with the notabilities of the country, from whom they get nothing beyond a smile of incredulity or disdain. But it is they who educate and train the native youth; who make the baboo; who create, in short, the material out of which are to be formed the officials of the future, the natives who are one day to govern India in concert with their English brethren, if not by themselves.

This is indeed a curious and perhaps a unique spectacle—an immense administration managed according to doctrines which are repudiated by the large majority of those who compose it. And yet such is now the case in India. It would be easy to accumulate statements in favour of one or the other of the two contending Parties. But I decline, being convinced of my incompetence, to enter into an examination of the arguments which,

on one side or the other, are urged in defence of the opposite theories. The one party desire stability, but are aware, at least the most enlightened among them, that this is asking for an impossibility; and starting as they do from the assumption that human nature inclines to evil, they regard the liberties promised to the natives as a public danger and calamity, and indulge in the darkest forebodings. Their opponents, without shutting their eyes to the dangers which they themselves have evoked, and which, as they well see, are near at hand, have faith in the irresistible force of good, and exhibit rather a disposition to optimism. This generous faith in humanity is the glory, and at the same time one of the weaknesses, of the Liberal school.

Certainly criticism has a free field, and here it is easy enough to make, if one takes no account of the position which circumstances have created for England in India.

Could the English nation, a nation of Christians and philanthropists, disposed more than any other to propagate the ideas which she believes to be useful to mankind, and imbued with a sense of the responsibility imposed upon her by the fact that she rules over 250 millions of human beings, rest content with simply improving the material condition of these populations, and shut her eyes to

their moral requirements, to the abuses, the vices, and the superstitions which she found deeply rooted in the bosom of this ancient society? Evidently, it would be impossible.

But then, what was she to do? Here the difficulties began. How have other Christian nations at other times behaved under similar circumstances? I allude to the Spanish and the Portuguese, the two great colonising nations of the sixteenth century.

At that period all other interests were subordinate to that of religion. The Christian prince believed himself to be responsible to God for the spiritual welfare of his subjects. If there were heathens among them, he was fulfilling a sacred duty in leading them, whether willingly or under compulsion, into the bosom of the Church. During the revolutions and wars of the Reformation, and up to the second half of the sixteenth century, an analogous principle was applied, both in Roman Catholic and Protestant countries, to the co-religionists of different Christian creeds. The principle was expressed by the words, *Cujus regio, ejus religio*; that is to say, the subject followed the religion of his sovereign, and if not he was obliged to leave his dominions.

This explains the policy adopted in past times by Spain and Portugal in America and India. The

governors had the heathen natives baptised. They made Christians of them, and throughout many vicissitudes these people have remained Christians to this day. And as Christianity indisputably contains a fruitful germ, and in the opinion of many persons the most fruitful germ, of civilisation, the populations so Christianised, whether in America or India, are distinguished even now from their non-Christian fellow-countrymen by a higher degree of civilisation. If we compare, for example, the Goanese with their neighbours the Mahrattas, or the Indians of the ancient Spanish colonies with the Redskins of America, we are struck by the gulf that separates the Christians from heathens of the same race.

But it is evident that this means of civilisation is denied to the ruling powers of our days; the modern State knows no national religion, does not see in the Christian faith the highest good of humanity, and is consequently bound to respect private liberty of conscience. The modern State does not have anyone baptised, but gives to all instruction and education. Public education has become the highest good, which you have a right to demand of the State, and which the State has the right to impose upon you if you do not demand it. Every citizen is bound to contribute to the maintenance of the State schools, whether he profits by them or not;

and in countries where education, so far as the primary schools are concerned, is compulsory, the father of a family is bound, whether he wishes or not, to oblige his children to attend, otherwise he incurs the penalties of the law. *Cujus regio, ejus religio.*

I am stating facts, not judging. Let me add, that in the modern State, unless by a happy inconsistency one halts half-way, the school is bound to be an undenominational one, and all religious instruction excluded. The Viceroy of India cannot by an Order in Council prescribe a general baptism, and if he could he would be much embarrassed to make a choice between the different Christian creeds, since England recognises no State religion.[1] What he can do, what he and each of his agents, from the governors of the provinces to the magistrates and collectors, do largely, impartially, and nobly, is to leave the field free and open to the missionaries of all Christian creeds. I can vouch for this fact on the faith of all the Roman Catholic bishops, vicars-apostolic, priests, and missionaries whom I have had the advantage of meeting in nearly

[1] The Church of England has preserved in the State her official, legal, and privileged position among the Christian creeds; but, in consequence of the natural and logical development of Protestantism, founded, as it is, on the free exercise of private judgment, no Protestant religious community or church whatever could exercise an authority in matters of faith and doctrine.

all parts of India. But the work of the missionaries advances slowly, and the number of new converts is lost in the mass of Hindoos and Mahometans.

The State schools in India are therefore undenominational. Religious teaching is excluded, although there are no more religious races in the world than those which inhabit the Gangetic peninsula. As it is forbidden to teach the Gospel, the instruction in the colleges is confined to philosophical generalities, and in addition to what are called the useful branches of knowledge, the pupils are made to study the English classical authors, with what success is well known.

On the other hand, could the programme of the Orientalists have been possibly accepted? Can anyone imagine English professors organising and directing the teaching of the sacred books of the Vedas and the explanation of the Koran? Could they, without finding themselves stopped on the threshold by the insurmountable barrier of absurdity, have separated the literature of these countries from the religious element which constitutes it, just as it penetrates and nurtures the daily life of every native; could they have made themselves judges between the followers of Vishnu and Siva, between the Shanites and the Shiites? The answer cannot be doubted. There was no help for it, therefore, but to do as they have done; only

there are persons who think that they might have done it in another way.

Is there any public opinion in India? It is declared that there is none. And yet people agree in saying that the natives who have been educated in the State colleges have become singularly importunate of late years, that they are beginning to adopt a high tone, and that they take especial delight in criticising the acts of the Government, who, unwisely, as it seems to me, encourage if not provoke such criticism. These baboos and their newspapers, I am told, would only become dangerous at a crisis; and by a crisis is understood a disastrous European war. But the life of nations, like that of individuals, is nothing but a series of successes and reverses. Looked at from this point of view, the baboo is not such an insignificant being as he appears to be considered.

Enlightened natives, belonging to the upper classes, putting aside the young, ambitious, and restless *literati*, acknowledge the material benefits due to the British Government. The masses are inert, and engrossed with only one occupation, that of gaining their livelihood. A distinction, however, is drawn between Mahometans and Hindoos. The former gravitate to a centre which is outside India. To the Hindoo the peninsula is his world, and as a consequence the relations

with him are more simple and easy than with the Mahometans. Both of them are either well disposed or indifferent; with two exceptions, however: the inhabitants of Delhi and the other cities of the Northern provinces, which once formed part of the Mogul Empire, and, among the Hindoos, the Mahrattas. The destruction of these two empires to the advantage of England is too recent to be already forgotten; but it will be forgotten in time. Between Mussulmans and Hindoos there is little sympathy. What the Hindoos fear more than anything else is the return of the Mussulmans to power.

The feudatory princes occasion no anxiety; the great ones, because they are persuaded that the English Government has honestly abandoned the policy of annexation; the smaller ones, because they see in the English their natural protectors against the ambitious desires of their powerful neighbours.

I hear much said of a future Indian nation which it is the mission of England to form. Meanwhile, one sees simply an agglomeration of millions of human beings separated by differences of blood, religious beliefs, castes, usages, and traditions dating back to time immemorial. Will this nation ever be formed; and if so, when? This is one of those questions which deserve the closest examination of

moralists and philosophers, but baffle all attempts at forecast and action on the part of the statesman who is called on to deal with the present and the comparatively near future. It is further assumed that when this nation is formed the time will have come to hand over to it the direction of its destinies. This language, when held in high places, high enough to be heard by everyone, seems to me to constitute a real danger. The conclusions drawn from it by the educated natives and newspapers in Bengal afford a proof of this. According to these, the Indian nation is already made, and the English have only to retire.

Materially speaking, India has never been as prosperous as she is now. The appearance of the natives, for the most part well clothed, and of their villages and well-furnished cottages, and of their well-cultivated fields, seems to prove this. In their bearing there is nothing servile; in their behaviour towards their English masters there is a certain freedom of manner, and a general air of self-respect; nothing of that abject deference which strikes and shocks new-comers in other Eastern countries. I have no means of comparing the natives of to-day with the natives of former generations, but I have been able to compare the populations who owe direct allegiance to the Empress with the subjects of the feudatory princes.

For example, when you cross the frontier of Hyderabad, the climate, the soil, the race, are the same as those you have just quitted, but the difference between the two States is remarkable, and altogether to the advantage of the Presidency of Madras or of Bombay.

The relations of the civil and military officers with the people leave nothing to be desired. If proof were needed to show how deeply rooted among the populations is English prestige, I would quote the fact that throughout the peninsula the native prefers, in civil and still more in criminal cases, to be tried by an English judge. It would be impossible, I think, to render a more flattering testimony to British rule.

In the foregoing observations, I have summed up faithfully and conscientiously the information which I have been able to derive on the spot from the most direct and the most trustworthy sources. I have not concealed any weak point of the immense Anglo-Indian administration; I have not passed over in silence any shortcoming or fault, whether great or small, which has come to my notice, and which, rightly or wrongly, can be charged against the Government of India. But no one, even if he looks with the eyes of a pessimist, which I do not, and makes a large allowance for the infirmities and weaknesses inherent in human nature, can deny

that the British India of our days presents a spectacle which is unique and without a parallel in the history of the world. What do we see? Instead of periodical if not permanent wars, profound peace firmly established throughout the whole Empire; instead of the exactions of chiefs always greedy for gold, and not shrinking from any act of cruelty to extort it, moderate taxes, much lower than those imposed by the feudatory princes; arbitrary rule replaced by even-handed justice; the tribunals, once proverbially corrupt, by upright judges whose example is already beginning to make its influence felt on native morality and notions of right; no more Pindarris, no more armed bands of thieves; perfect security in the cities as well as in the country districts, and on all the roads; the former bloodthirsty manners and customs now softened, and, save for certain restrictions imposed in the interests of public morality, a scrupulous regard for religious worship, and traditional usages and customs; materially, an unexampled bound of prosperity, and even the disastrous effects of the periodical famines which afflict certain parts of the peninsula more and more diminished by the extension of railways which facilitate the work of relief.

And what has wrought all these miracles? The wisdom and the courage of a few directing statesmen, the bravery and the discipline of an

army composed of a small number of Englishmen and a large number of natives, led by heroes; and lastly, and I will venture to say principally, the devotion, the intelligence, the courage, the perseverance, and the skill, combined with an integrity proof against all temptation, of a handful of officials and magistrates who govern and administer the Indian Empire.

PART V.

OCEANIA.

CHAPTER I.

NORFOLK ISLAND.

MAY 17 TO MAY 28.

Newcastle—Norfolk Island—Descendants of the mutineers of the 'Bounty'—Present condition of the island—Visit to the magistrate—The Bar.

Sydney, May 17.—A reception is being held on board the 'Nelson.' Commodore Erskine, commandant of the Australian station, has gathered together the cream of society. Seated on the foot-bridge, I enjoy a pretty sight. All these young people are full of spirits, walking about, dancing and flirting. The weather is splendid, and the setting sun floods with rosy tints this magnificent bay, which has never seemed to me more lovely than now.

This gay and brilliant scene has for me a melancholy side. It is the hour for bidding good-

bye to persons who have showered kindness upon me. In a few minutes I shall be off for the islands of Oceania, on board H.M.S. 'Espiegle,' commanded by Captain Bridge. Opportunities of visiting the islands of the South Pacific are extremely rare. Unless prepared to face the perils, the tedium, the annoyances, and the privations of a voyage on board a whaler or one of the vessels sent to enlist labourers, or the possessor of a yacht, a means of locomotion which is more agreeable than safe in these latitudes, one must give up the prospect of seeing one of the most interesting but most inaccessible parts of the world. I am to have the pleasure of being for six weeks the guest of the captain of the 'Espiegle.' On June 28 this vessel is to be at an appointed spot on the route of the mail steamer from Sydney to San Francisco. The directors of the Pacific Steam Mail Company, whose head-quarters are at New York, have authorised the captain of the 'City of Sydney' to take me on board in the middle of the Pacific, weather permitting. If the wind is not too strong, if the sea is not too rough, if the atmosphere is clear enough for the two vessels to be able to sight each other—in short, if the elements are as accommodating as the Commodore and the captain and the directors of the American Company, I shall be at San Francisco on July 14 or 15. If not—well, it cannot be helped.

Moreover, according to my friends here, this not very formidable risk that I am about to incur —of spending some months more in excellent company—is not the only one to which I shall be exposed; everyone warns me against the savages whose acquaintance I shall have to make. They are hostile and treacherous, they lie in ambush in the brushwood, attack, kill, and eat the crews who land. Was not Commodore Goodenough, one of Commodore Erskine's predecessors, killed in this manner only a few years ago? The spot where his remains are buried has become the favourite portion of the cemetery at Sydney. Everyone is anxious to sleep beside a hero, for in truth he was a hero. On the other hand, Captain Bridge has whispered in my ear: 'We are not going to the New Hebrides nor the Solomon Islands, the classic lands of cannibalism; we are going to visit islands in which the bad habit of eating one's fellow-creatures has been abandoned.' But I am not anxious to undeceive my friends; it is so pleasant to become an interesting personage. And is it not thoroughly interesting to go to a country where the question is, not What shall I eat? but, By whom shall I be eaten?

The captain has just come to fetch me. A few strokes of the oar, and we are on board his vessel, which is anchored a few fathoms from the 'Nelson.'

She gets under way at once, and passes close by the flag-ship, from which the Commodore's guests, breaking off the dance, send us a thousand farewells, while the sun, a globe of red fire, disappears majestically beneath the horizon of the ocean.

It was dark when, after having passed through Sydney Heads, we gained the open sea. So powerful is the electric light of the new lighthouse, the finest in the world, that even at a distance of five or six miles the eye can scarcely bear the brilliancy of its beam.

Newcastle, May 18 and 19.—This is a considerable town. Below, on the shore, are the docks, warehouses, shops, and tramways. Coal being here the great commodity, everything is black. Behind the commercial quarter, on the top of the hill, are the houses of the well-to-do citizens and a number of churches; for all creeds—Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist—have their places of worship here. To-day being Sunday, we see nothing but people with their prayer-books or hymn-books going hastily up the steep straight streets, or ascending the wooden steps. Save the sound of bells, deep silence broods on land and sea.

In the afternoon we went into the public gar-

den, which is situated on the highest part of the town, whence one enjoys an extensive view of Newcastle with the green fields in the environs, of the white hills, the harbour filled with large sailing vessels, and the slate-coloured sea. The whole population has come hither for an outing. In Europe, you would say they were respectable mechanics in Sunday clothes. But they belong in reality to all the classes of this young society. Common interests efface inequalities, and stamp a uniform and somewhat prosaic appearance on the features as well as the dresses and demeanour of the people. Men and women, leading their children by the hand, follow each other in silence or exchanging a few words uttered in a low voice at long intervals.

Sembianza avevan nè trista nè lieta.

This is the way with men whose principal incentive is the desire and the hope of making money. Saturday finds them worn out by toil, and on Sunday they seek not amusement, but rest.

To-day, Monday, the town and harbour look very different. All is stir and bustle. Newcastle possesses an abundant supply of coal, buried under sand-banks close to the sea, and exported chiefly to China. Everything here—nature as well as man—has a business-like appearance. Thanks to

the precious mineral, and thanks also to the activity and energy of the inhabitants, and to the railways which in a year or two will connect her with Sydney on the south, and with Queensland on the north, Newcastle seems to me to be called to brilliant destinies.

At noon the 'Espiegle' weighed anchor.

On May 24 we sight the isle of Lord Howe, but the state of the sea prevents us from landing. And what a lively vessel is the good 'Espiegle!' How she pitches, rolls, plunges, and then rights herself again! For six days we are running under full sail before a stiff breeze from the south-west, and with the currents also in our favour. But it is hopeless to think of walking on deck, for the least change of place involves a gymnastic feat. However, I am housed most comfortably in the captain's two cabins, which he has kindly allowed me to share with him. We dine under the protection of an imposing sixty-four-pounder placed in the centre of the fore-cabin, which it divides into a dining-room and an ante-chamber. The after-cabin, furnished with two writing-tables, a sofa, and some arm-chairs which have to be made fast with ropes, serves as a study and drawing-room. The bookshelf contains several works on the

islands of the Pacific. The officers' ward-room is very attractive on account of its coolness and the pleasant company. Most of the sailors seem to me very young, but strong, well set up, and cheerful. In the evenings, during their leisure hours, which are rare, they amuse themselves by singing in chorus; and their voices, heard a little way off, mingle pleasantly with the sound of the waves. I am struck by the tone of good breeding that prevails on board. There is not a coarse word, not an oath. Everything goes like clockwork. What a contrast to what I have seen forty years ago on board many English and other men-of-war! The bugler is my chief amusement. All orders are given by sound of bugle; it is the bugler that directs the manœuvres. So, at least, he is persuaded, and he seems to concentrate all his mental powers on his instrument. The false notes that escape from it at times in no way trouble the serenity of this grave personage.

The 'Espiegle' is a composite sloop of 1,130 tons, and carries in all 142 men.

On the morning of the 29th, we sight our first halting-place, Norfolk Island. First a dark line is seen, and then, as we come nearer, low perpendicular rocks, surmounted by a screen of trees which

are swept, beaten, and furrowed by the breakers, and streaked with innumerable white lines—the cascades formed by the streams rushing down to the sea. In the centre of the island, not far off,[1] stands the rounded top of Mount Pitt, completely clothed with vegetation. Forest and meadows alternate, but the forest predominates. And what a forest: how dense, dark, and impenetrable to the eye! And what trees! The Norfolk Island pine (*Araucaria excelsa*), with its slim tapering trunk, its horizontal and somewhat stiff-looking branches, and its majestic appearance—the monarch of the conifers! The island after which it is named is its native home; and nowhere else are whole forests of it to be found, though fine specimens can be seen in the gardens of Australia and New Zealand, and, more rarely, in India and Europe.

The town stands on the shore, if the name of town can be given to two huge buildings, each of them surrounded by a high wall—one, the former convict prison, now in ruins, and the other, the former commissariat magazine, now converted into an Anglican church—and to a few cottages and wooden huts shaded by pine-trees.

In front and to the south, three miles away, an

[1] Norfolk Island is five miles in length, and less than three miles in breadth. The forked summit of Mount Pitt is 1,050 feet above the sea.

isolated rock stands out with fantastic outline against the sky. This is Phillip Island, renowned for its colouring of light yellow, dark orange, and pink. Half-way up, a black spot indicates a group of pines suspended in a crevice. The coral reefs add to the difficulties of navigation between these two islands. The wind has suddenly dropped, and the troubled surface of the sea presents a strange contrast to the calmness of the atmosphere and the idyllic character of the landscape.

But shall we be able to land? Norfolk Island[2] is one of the most inaccessible places in the world. A leading English official told me that in the course of seven voyages made in these latitudes, he was only once able to effect a landing. Happily the red and not the blue flag is hoisted on the jetty, and signals to us that the bar is practicable for small craft.

The isolated position of Norfolk Island probably accounts for its dreary fate in having been chosen as a place of confinement[3] for transported convicts, that is to say, for the most atrocious and the most incorrigible criminals. The few travellers who visited it at that time, among others the famous Austrian botanist, Baron Charles von Hügel, have

[2] It lies at a distance of 900 miles from the Australian coast, and 400 miles from the northernmost point of New Zealand.

[3] From 1788 to 1809, and again, after a temporary abandonment, from 1825 to 1856.

painted it in the darkest colours. The Baron calls it a Hell situated in a Paradise.

When this convict settlement was abolished, now nearly thirty years ago, Norfolk Island was destined to another purpose.

In 1789, H.M.S. 'Bounty,' Lieutenant, afterwards Admiral, William Bligh, then engaged on a mission to the South Pacific, after having visited Otaheite, was making for higher latitudes, when a mutiny broke out on board. All the crew and three officers took part in it. The captain and the other officers were set adrift in a launch, with some casks of water and provisions, and abandoned to their fate. Bligh —who was a very remarkable man—in his nut-shell of a boat, driven by the trade-winds and currents, crossed the whole breadth of the Pacific, was the first to sight the Fijis, landed, after a voyage of three months, at Timor (Dutch Indies), and himself carried to England the news of the mutiny. A cry of indignation arose on all sides. A successful outbreak on board a man-of-war was a thing unheard of, and a very dangerous example. Meanwhile the mutineers returned to Otaheite, and, after providing themselves with native wives, took to sea again. For many years nothing was heard of them, and it was supposed that the sea had brought the criminals to justice, when in 1808 a navigator, cast on the shore of an isolated rock situated 25°

south latitude, discovered there an old sailor named Adams, with several women and children. All the others had perished in quarrels among themselves. The first authentic news of these islanders came from Captain Beechey, of the Royal Navy, who visited Pitcairn Island in 1825. The sailor Adams—rebel, tyrant, and homicide—was still alive, and had become a patriarch and a saint. Equality and fraternity, if not liberty, as well as peace and prosperity, were then reigning in the island, a perfect Eden, where crime was unknown. In England this glowing account caused great enthusiasm; philanthropic bodies collected subscriptions, and distributed them among the islanders. Thanks to an unceasing flow of benevolence, the population rapidly increased, so much so that in less than twenty years there was not room enough in the island for its inhabitants, nor land enough to cultivate for their subsistence. Then it was that, yielding to the pressure of public opinion, the English Government assigned to the Pitcairners Norfolk Island, and transported them thither free of expense. A remarkable man was then at the head of the small community. Mr. Nobbs, a Scotchman by birth, and risen from the ranks of the people, owed to the chances of the sea his landing on Pitcairn Island, where he became after Adams's death the principal personage. He is still

living, at a very advanced age, and until last year performed the duties of chaplain to the Melanesian Mission of the Anglican bishop of Melanesia residing at Norfolk Island.

The exodus took place in 1856. The English Government, after having removed the entire population, consisting of about two hundred persons, to their new home, established them in the island, and gave them the two large Government buildings, some flocks of sheep, some horses, and the necessary tools for cultivating the land, letting them plainly understand that thenceforth the Government support and the periodical donations of private persons would cease, and that consequently they would have to regard themselves no longer as pensioners but as colonists.

The Governor of New South Wales was appointed governor of the island, which, however, was not annexed to the Australian colonies. In virtue of a constitution granted by the English Government, Norfolk Island enjoys, under certain restrictions, absolute home rule.[1] But the charter of

[1] The Governor, who resides at Sydney, is bound to visit Norfolk Island once during the period of his governorship of New South Wales. A popular assembly, which includes every male over twenty-five years of age, meets four times every year. Their acts have to receive the approval of the Governor. The president of the assembly, who is elected annually, is also magistrate, administrator, and judge of first instance. In cases of grave crimes, which are very rare, the magistrate exercises full judicial powers.

grant contains a clause, which is curious as being contrary to all the principles of modern colonisation, especially to those of English colonial policy. By securing to the inhabitants of Norfolk Island the *exclusive* usufruct of that territory, it isolates them from the rest of the world. They had insisted on this point, and carried it. No stranger can settle in their island, which is thus made inaccessible by law as well as by nature. A solitary exception was made in favour of the Melanesian Mission station, where 150 children, gathered from various groups of Melanesia, are educated. This institution, which was formerly at Auckland, has been removed hither, the young savages born in equatorial regions being unable to bear the comparatively inclement climate of New Zealand. I am

The depositions of witnesses are sent to the Governor, who appoints a court *ad hoc*. The only breaches of the law—which, however, are tolerably frequent—are hunting during close time. The offender pays a fine of five shillings, and takes care not to be caught a second time. There are no taxes beyond a small compulsory subscription of fifteen shillings per family, yielding 58*l*. a year. This sum goes towards paying the common doctor, whose salary amounts to 150*l*. The balance is provided by the Island Fund, which is maintained by the sale of the Government lands—a very small item—and by small payments, the results of dealings with the whalers who sometimes put in here to refresh.

The principal wants of the community are confined to the maintenance of the roads, the church, and the school. These wants are supplied by means of compulsory labour, every man, without exception, being bound to give his labour for three days and a half every six months. Nothing can be more simple or patriarchal.

told that it is admirably managed by the Anglican bishop, Dr. Selwyn, who is unfortunately absent just now. The mission is placed in the centre of the island, and away from all contact with the inhabitants.

And now, what is the result of this self-imposed isolation? We are about to see it with our own eyes.

It is not without a feeling of lively curiosity that Captain Bridge and myself, piloted by the magistrate, Mr. Francis Nobbs, who came on board to fetch us, leave the 'Espiegle,' cross the bar without much difficulty, and land safe and sound amidst a crowd of the inhabitants, who are very fond of seeing strangers. We stroll along rough roads, between kitchen gardens and more or less dilapidated cottages, once the dwellings of the warders and minor officers of the convict prison, and now of the descendants of the crew of the 'Bounty.' Whenever one of these old hovels shows signs of tumbling down, the owners, rather than restore it, seek refuge in another and somewhat more substantial hut, and share it with its original occupants. This proceeding is neither very cleanly nor very healthy, but from the islanders' point of view it is convenient. Norfolk Island is the Eldorado of *laisser-aller*. The inhabitants are

rather careless of their person as well as of their dress, which is very simple but strictly European, extremely shabby but. not exactly ragged; they go about a great deal on foot or mounted on their plough horses; they are never in a hurry, and seem contented, indolent, and somewhat sleepy. *Medium tenuere beati.* The mixture of the two bloods, the English and the Polynesian, principally Otaheitan, has given a peculiar character to these islanders, whose complexion is either white or olive-coloured, and their hair either red or black, unless the two types are blended in one and the same individual. You see well-made men and not absolutely ugly women, but all their faces are disfigured by the big mouth with the fleshy and sensual lips of the savage. They look like people who have been well brought up, and speak English correctly, though somewhat drawling the vowels, a peculiarity, I am told, of Polynesian languages.

The magistrate takes us to the cottage of his father, Mr. Nobbs, the former head of the Pitcairn colony. We find this octogenarian in the parlour, seated in an arm-chair near the fire, and busy reading. He receives us with politeness, and, after exchanging a few words, returns to his book. However small may have been his sphere of action, he filled the foremost place in it, and still retains

something of his former importance. Mrs. Nobbs, his wife, has the appearance of an almost pure-bred Otaheitan. Her daughter, who seems about fifty, does the honours of the house with the ease of a lady. The little parlour is furnished with a certain elegance. Photographs hang on the walls, and in the middle stands a large round table, covered with albums and some illustrated papers of last year. Austrian chairs, which I have met with in every part of the world, complete the furniture. Comparatively speaking, the whole of this home has an indescribable air of distinction, a certain courtly appearance, about it. Everything goes by comparisons in this world.

Captain Bridge returns to his ship and leaves me to the hospitality of the magistrate, who assures us that to-morrow morning the weather will not prevent my going on board. He lends me his horse, takes up my hand-bag, and follows on foot. The doctor of the little community, an English surgeon who has been settled here for some years, joins us on his pony, and just as the sun is sinking we start for the magistrate's house, which is situated in the interior of the island. We have four miles to go; but although the roads, which are badly kept, have been broken up by the late rains, and although our horses slip at every step, and, in making for the turf, sink into the mire or

stumble on the roots of trees, the time passes quickly and pleasantly. I ply my companions with questions, and they answer them each according to his own point of view. There is nothing more instructive for the traveller than this sort of discussion between residents in the country. The road, in the main ascending, climbs over steep hills, plunges down into deep ravines, crosses pasturages, and penetrates into the forest, the trees of which are exhaling at this hour delicious perfumes. By the uncertain glimmer of the twilight we see, shining against the dark background of Norfolk pines, the golden apples of the Hesperides, the fruit of the gigantic lemon-trees planted here by the convicts nearly a century ago, but which now, owing to the carelessness of the present inhabitants, are in danger of being smothered by the ever encroaching forest. Here and there a tree-fern displays the graceful outline of its foliage against the topaz-coloured sky. Aged oaks, and great clusters of rhododendrons, guavas, and every kind of shrub, give the landscape the appearance of a park, but of such a park as only nature can form.

The doctor had left us, and it was pitch dark when we reached the gate of an enclosure. The magistrate called in a hoarse voice, 'Coo-i! coo-i!' the rallying cry of Polynesian savages. A small boy, whom I took for a stable boy, but who was one

of my host's sons, appeared immediately, opened the gate and led the horse away.

We found the family assembled in the drawing-room: Mrs. Nobbs, a handsome lady with Polynesian features, three daughters of from twelve to twenty years of age, and two young boys. The eldest son, an Anglican clergyman in Queensland, and the eldest daughter, a schoolmistress at Auckland, were absent. The ladies were neatly but very simply attired. The magistrate, who read my thoughts in my eyes, said to me, 'In our island we are our own tailors. Patterns are sometimes sent to us from Auckland; but we make our clothes ourselves.' And then he showed me his horny hands. 'But surely you, a magistrate,' I asked, 'are not bound to give compulsory labour?' 'For seven days every year,' he replied, 'I break stones, just like the first comer.'

I had seen on the shore the masters of two American whalers, about to start for the south. One of them is going to take to Auckland a son and daughter of Mr. Nobbs. 'Are you going away for long?' I asked them. 'For several years,' they answered, 'perhaps for ever.' I was surprised to see how little emotion this long and imminent separation appeared to cause in the family. But why should they trouble themselves about it to-day, as the farewell will not be till to-

morrow? It is the highest pitch of the art to live for the day. Pope Gregory XIII. used to say that, in order to live to old age, a man must learn to discard painful thoughts.

The dinner seemed to me very fair; the wine reminded me of the Cape vintages. Enormous but almost tasteless oranges were served with the dessert; I am told that the trees which yield them, and which were planted by the convicts, have deteriorated from want of proper care. The islanders are thus depriving themselves of an article of export to New Caledonia, the Frenchmen of that colony being extremely fond of oranges. My host and hostess were kind enough to give up their bedroom to me, and I enjoyed the luxury of sleeping in a bed which did not threaten to throw me out on the floor. No rolling, no pitching, no whirligigs! No roaring of the waves, but the sweet music of conifers, gently stirred by the night breeze.

May 28.—I had yesterday expressed my intention of getting up at seven o'clock. But my hosts remonstrated against such a proceeding. The sun, they said, gets up at seven o'clock, but not men!

I therefore avail myself of an hour of solitude

in the morning to put together what information I had gleaned,[5] and I shall not join the family party until the breakfast hour.

Norfolk Island, one of the numerous discoveries of Captain Cook, contains 8,600 acres, only 120 of which are cultivated. This fact is significant.

The population, not counting the 150 little savages of the Melanesian Mission, consists of 470 persons. It was 194 at the time of the Pitcairners' exodus; but for some years it has remained stationary. There are only sixty-eight married couples, representing one-fifth of the adults. There exists even among the young an instinctive aversion to marriage; the reason being that, in consequence of the strict seclusion effected by the Constitution of this community, all the inhabitants have become near relations. Hence some bad symptoms are observed. The young generation are found to exhibit a physical and intellectual deterioration, and there is a marked increase in the number of cases of idiocy. 'We must therefore,' said one of the principal islanders to me, 'renew the blood; we must abolish the absolute prohibition of immigration, and admit a certain number of strangers. But how to make the selection? And, the door once open, will it be possible to shut it against vaga-

[5] Coupled with what the captain and the surgeon of the 'Espiegle' collected, and which they kindly imparted to me.

bonds, adventurers, and the flood of Australians, who will not be long in taking possession of the island, and ousting us from it?'

These difficulties are obvious. Unquestionably the population lacks energy, and, strange to say, the whites who have the least Otaheitan blood in their veins, and those very few who have none of it at all, are the most effeminate and the most degenerate of the community. The islanders are contented with little, and Nature lavishes her treasures upon them. Why should they work? Thus nearly everything here in the shape of buildings, roads, or plantations, dates from the time of the penal settlement, and is the work of the convicts. The Pitcairners have made or preserved very little.

As I have already mentioned, only a very small portion of the island, which might produce nearly all the fruits and vegetables of the temperate and some also of the tropical zones, is cultivated. The pasturages feed but a comparatively limited number of cattle;[6] and even the animals are degenerating for want of proper care. Whale-fishing gives occupation to a small part of the male population.

Intercourse with the outer world is irregular and extremely rare. From time to time some whalers, mostly American, take charge of the

[6] 2,000 sheep, 1,350 horned cattle, and 270 horses.

mails. Occasionally, either for want of ships or on account of the dangerous state of the sea, all communication with the outer world is suspended for three, four, or five consecutive months; and then such necessary articles as flour, sugar, coffee, and tea become very scarce. With a little enterprise and energy a postal service, by means of a cutter, could be established with New Caledonia, where the Pitcairners could sell their produce at a profit and supply themselves in season with the necessaries of life. But nothing can shake off the lethargy of these islanders.

As to the state of public morality, opinions are divided; but I had neither time nor opportunity to examine that matter. However, it appears to be certain that drunkenness is almost unknown, possibly because it is difficult to obtain spirits.

What strikes the stranger, is the inborn politeness and the natural dignity of demeanour that distinguish the inhabitants; they inherited that, I am told, from their Polynesian grandmothers, and not from the sailors of the 'Bounty.' 'How can one help liking these good people?' exclaimed an officer of the 'Espiegle.' 'The man you have invited comes on board with bare feet, clothed in a shirt and trousers which have seen good service. When introduced to the ward-room, he sits down to table without either embarrassment or too

much assurance, handles his knife and fork with perfect ease, speaks our language almost like an Englishman, and behaves like a thorough gentleman!' Unfortunately, together with the good manners of their Otaheitan ancestors, they have also inherited their indolence, carelessness, and the passion for *dolce far niente*.

To sum up, certain benevolent men, under the impulse of generous feelings, wished to undertake the part of Providence towards them. They lavished kindnesses on this people, who certainly are worthy of interest. But in separating them absolutely from the rest of the world, they created for them an artificial existence. There is no competition, and consequently no emulation or incitement to work; the blood never gets renewed, and, as a final consequence, the population falls into a lethargic state which is threatening to lead them to moral and physical degeneration. This philanthropic experiment has met with ill success. I doubt whether it will be repeated.

As I step out I meet in the yard the young ladies of the house dressed like servants. One of them is making butter, another cleans the cow-house, a third draws water from the cistern; but half an hour after, they appear at break-

fast with washed faces and transformed into neat, tidy young women. When the time comes for saying good-bye, the girls run out into the fields, catch a couple of horses, and bring them in, riding them astride. These nags are to carry Mr. Nobbs and myself to the Melanesian Mission station.

On leaving these good people, who are neither peasants nor gentlemen, neither black nor white, but have a share of all that, I cast a farewell glance at their rustic abode: the little house standing under the shadow of some fine trees, with its verandah and well-stocked flower garden in front, and the fields and pasture lands all around, looking on one side upon the forest which begins a few steps from the inclosure, and on the other upon a meadow dotted with groups of Norfolk pines. The peaceful but rather sleepy-looking little nook, the thoroughly pastoral landscape, so well in keeping with the inhabitants, will not easily be effaced from my memory. The magistrate is evidently in his sphere a superior man. At any rate he is superior to his fellow-islanders. He has been to Auckland and Sydney, and has educated himself to a certain extent. All his remarks bear the stamp of good sense."

The weather has changed during the night. The wind is blowing hard, and the ominous roar-

ing of the forest, the hollow and fitful groaning of the fiercely shaken branches, succeeds the soft symphony of yesterday evening. But the magistrate reassures me; the bar will be practicable for several hours more.

So off we go to the institution for the young savages. We have reached and are now following the magnificent avenue of Norfolk pines which leads to the building. These trees also were planted by the convicts. Arrived at the gate of the mission station, we hear behind us the sound of galloping horses. It is Mr. Lowry, the first lieutenant of the 'Espiegle,' who has been sent by the captain to tell me that the wind is freshening and the sea rising; that he has been obliged to trip anchors to avoid injuring them, and that he begs me to go on board as quickly as possible. So we turn our horses' heads and ride as fast as we can.

We have reached the shore. The sea is furious, and the waves are dashing over the jetty, but this does not prevent the male Pitcairners from crowding upon it. The bar is frightful. I have crossed several of these abominable bars, including those which have the worst reputation, and, what is more, under bad conditions—East London, of undying memory, Pernambuco, Point de Galle, and many others—but I have never seen anything like this. We jump into the captain's galley,

which manages to clear the jetty without capsizing. The squall seizes it at once. The officer keeps firm hold of the rudder, the ropes of which have been replaced by an iron tiller. The five sailors, all on the alert, with their eyes fixed on the lieutenant, are a picture of physical strength, coolness, and courage. But by their looks one sees that they know well they have a difficult task before them. Mr. Lowry, who is born, who lives, and will die—let us hope as an admiral—with a cheery smile on his lips, gazing intently on the breakers, remarks to me, 'We shall do it.' In reply, I assure him of my perfect equanimity. *Æquo animo moritur sapiens.*

The task of the officer and his five men is this: to back water slowly into the trough of the wave, then, lying on their oars, to wait for the approaching billow and to give way the moment it touches the bows. This is the critical moment, for the least delay might prove fatal. If the galley ships a big sea, she founders; if by a false stroke of the oar she gets beam on to the wave, she capsizes. This manœuvre is repeated as every wave comes on. Again ring out the shouts of 'Back!' 'Lie on your oars!' and 'Give way!' and again the lieutenant says, 'We shall do it.' I have not a doubt of it. If he chooses his time well, if he gives the right order at the right moment, if his

voice, rising above the howling of the wind, and the roaring of the sea and the hoarse murmur of the surf, reaches in good time the ears of the five gallant sailors who seek to read his orders in his eyes, if they understand and carry out those orders instantaneously—for every instant is precious—if their oars, which are bending, do not break; why then certainly there is not a particle of danger. Nevertheless there are a good many 'ifs,' it must be admitted, in this line of argument. It is not the sea, however, that is now engrossing my thoughts, but something else. Those who have learned to swim in their childhood have no fear of water; they feel a confidence in it, as my swimming master used to tell me. But I call to mind—an unlucky recollection at this moment—the words of a captain, 'Whenever I hear the cry of "Man overboard!" my first thought is of the sharks which swarm in the southern latitudes.' Thus the vision of the shark now comes across my mind. But I have neither the wish nor the time to dwell upon it. So grand and yet so odd is the scene, that I forget the real or imaginary dangers we are running.

The waves are dancing a kind of giddy *cotillon*, now up, now down. One moment the lieutenant and myself are looking down on the tops of five shining hats which completely hide their wearers from our view; the next we can only see the

underneath part of five noses and five chins, and I wonder what supernatural suspension of the laws of gravitation prevents these five cheery fellows from tumbling on our heads. Now we are in the very trough of the billows, between dark moving walls strewn with diamonds, and reflecting the pale glimmers of a little bit of greyish-topaz sky. A moment after we are riding on the foaming crest of the wave, and take in at a glance a vast prospect above and around us: the sea and the sky and the reddish cliffs of Philip Island, against which stand out far away the graceful outlines of the 'Espiegle,' while near us, alas! still close by, is the jetty with the crowd of islanders. Motionless as statues, wrapt in their oil-skins, with their sou-westers drawn down to their eyebrows, and their hands resting on their knees, slightly bent the better to resist the gusts of wind, they stare at us with anxious looks.

At length the bar is cleared. The sea is tossing roughly, but it is now mere child's play. We are able to hoist sail, and in a few minutes we are under the guns of the 'Espiegle.'

And now begins the second manœuvre, more ticklish, says the lieutenant, than the first. The question for us all is how to get on board without capsizing and dashing to pieces both men and boat against the big vessel. The question for me,

in particular, is how to execute a feat of high gymnastics. The state of the sea does not allow the ladder to be lowered, and I shall therefore have to climb on deck by the steps running up the ship's side and only a few inches wide. The 'Espiègle' and the galley are performing a sort of vertical *chassé-croisé*. 'Wait,' they tell me, 'till the wave lowers the boat and lifts the vessel; choose the moment when you can jump on to one of the steps of the "Espiegle," catching hold at the same time of the rope which will be offered you, and then climb up as fast as you can, so as not to be crushed by the boat as she mounts again.' Obviously this is a complicated process. To compare small things with great, I would liken my position to that of a man on the trapeze who, after vigorously swinging his bar, springs across to the other side of the hall, where somehow or other he catches hold of another rope or of the legs of some fellow-trapezist suspended in mid-air. Good heavens! what an adventure, and what an anachronism is this for me! And yet haven't I seen the famous Mademoiselle Saqui, the star among great acrobats under the Consulate and First Empire—haven't I seen her, in the year of grace 1850, dance on the tight-rope at Algiers, in the great square, converted for the nonce into a *café chantant*? And she was then seventy-two years old. Poor old woman! In a

spangled dress with pink trimmings as faded as her cheeks, she went timidly through her steps amidst the indifference or the laughter of the crowd. It was in sooth a pitiable sight; but at this moment I judge her very differently. Nay, she appears to me surrounded by a halo of heroism. And after all, if she did not dance for fame, she danced for dear life. I am going to jump for the same reason. And, strange to say, this reminiscence of Algiers revives my courage; for nothing elevates the soul like great examples of bygone times. Twice have I missed the propitious moment. This time I will take the leap. Two robust guardian angels, disguised as sailors and, as it befits angels, miraculously suspended over the sides of the 'Espiegle,' hold out their hands to me. And more than this, the good captain, standing in the gangway, holds in his hand the end of a rope to which I have been fastened. It is the last resource. The boat sinks with the wave, and the vessel rises. The moment has come for me to jump. At this crisis, I can see, behind the captain, a head which is terror personified: hair on end, eyes wide open, and mouth agape. I can scarcely recognise my faithful Checco, whom I had left on board. Consternation, anguish, and vexation, are depicted on that honest face, but not without a mixture of secret satisfaction. What a lucky thing that he is not in his master's place!

CHAPTER II.

FIJI.

FROM MAY 28 TO JUNE 16.

Suva—Bau—Thakombau—The Princess Andiquilla—Levuka—Loma-Loma—State of things before and after the annexation.

At Sea.—For the last two days the aspect of the sky and sea has changed. The air has become warm and moist, and some passing showers bring no coolness. The trade-winds, which gently waft the 'Espiegle' along, make us feel drowsy and enervated. The struggles of the elements, always angry in the higher latitudes of the southern hemisphere, and the nightmare of Norfolk Island bar, are forgotten at the first but treacherous smile of the tropics.

On the morning of June 2 the vessel is coasting the lofty island of Kandavu,[1] the southernmost of the Fijis. A haze of cloud had hidden it from our view, when suddenly it displayed its steep slopes all clad in green—the brilliant green of the

[1] 2,700 feet above the sea.

grass and yams, and the dark green of the forest. At midday Kandavu has disappeared in our track. In the afternoon the large island of Viti-Levu, or 'Great Fiji,' is in sight. At seven o'clock in the evening the 'Espiegle,' guided by the two small lighthouses erected by the Government, one on the shore and the other on the hill, and both of them in the axis of the narrow open channel between the reefs of coral, has entered the lagoon. At eight o'clock she has cast anchor a few fathoms from Suva, the new capital of the new English colony of Fiji.

Suva, *June* 3–8.—The Fiji Islands, together with the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, New Britain, and some other groups, known by the general name of Melanesia, or the Black Archipelago, from the colour of the inhabitants, who seem to be an Ethiopian race, were the classic land of anthropophagists. Methodist missionaries have put an end to cannibalism, according to some authorities completely, according to others only partially; the latter maintain that the custom has disappeared completely in those places where the necessary material is wanting, and partially where that material can still be obtained. The principal source of supply for the market of human flesh was war, then waged incessantly among the fourteen

tribes of these islands. Since the annexation to the British Crown, peace has only once been broken; namely, last year, in the mountainous part of Viti-Levu. It is said that during this brief episode the conquerors ate on the field of battle their prisoners and the bodies of their enemies who fell in the combats. A young English officer, at the head of a handful of Fiji soldiers, penetrated into the mountains, and restored order. In my opinion those are nearest the truth who say that, apart from some isolated cases in the interior, cannibalism, though still widely prevalent in the New Hebrides and generally throughout the greater part of Melanesia, is gradually becoming more rare in the other islands, and does not exist at all in the Fijian archipelago. The Methodist missionaries attribute this fact, which seems unquestionable, to the intervention of Divine grace and to the effect of their preaching. The high English officials, the officers of the Australian squadron, who show their flag every year in these regions, ascribe it mainly to the contact of the savage with civilised man, to the *pax Britannica*, the result of annexation, to the changes gradually effected in the customs of the natives, and lastly to the operation of time, and the advent of new generations whose only knowledge of cannibalism is derived from tradition, and who have never practised it themselves.

In 1835 some Methodist missionaries arrived in New Zealand, whence they sailed to the Friendly or Tonga Islands. There they effected the conversion of the supreme chief of that archipelago. King George of Tonga, following the principle of *cujus regio, ejus religio*, had his subjects baptised. The British Government recognised his title of king, concluded a treaty of friendship with him in 1879,[2] and established a consulate in his capital. At the instance and under the direction of the missionaries, George I. granted his people a free constitution and parliament, and he was fortunate enough to find a man capable of governing his kingdom, in the Rev. Mr. Baker, one of the missionaries. King George, now ninety-two years of age, is still reigning, while Mr. Baker, the missionary and prime minister, is still governing at Tonga; and the archipelago has attained a degree of comparative prosperity and civilisation such as is not found in any other independent group of Oceania.

After 1835, two Wesleyan missionaries, bold pioneers of civilisation, penetrated to the Fiji Islands. They found there a frightful state of things; wars, massacres, and banquets of human flesh were the order of the day. But they found there also a certain organisation, a sort of customary law, fourteen kinglets, statesmen, politicians,

[2] Germany also has concluded a treaty with the King of Tonga.

and persons whose business it was to carry from tribe to tribe the news of the day. Take away the local colouring, and you will see the passions, the intrigues, the aspirations, some of the virtues and many, but not all, the vices of civilised societies. In Europe, a minister in disgrace formerly passed from his official residence to his private house in the town or country, just as now, under the parliamentary system, he passes from one bench to the other. Here he used formerly to be knocked on the head with a club and then eaten. There is a difference between these two processes. But if the means employed to bring about his fall be inquired into, a great similarity will be seen between them. These savages are very clever, very cunning, and masters in the art of lying. Politicians of the Old World who follow the dark paths of intrigue would find here matter for self-instruction.

Among the great chiefs of the Fijian archipelago, Thakombau[8] occupied the first rank, thanks to his intelligence, his energy, and the extent of his dominions. For greater personal safety, he resided in the little island of Bau. He succeeded even in getting himself proclaimed King of Fiji by a certain number of great chiefs. But

[8] Spelt, after the orthography invented by the missionaries, Cakobau, which does not correspond with the sound of the word.

an attempt of his to subjugate the other tribes became the cause of his downfall. At six years of age, he had won his spurs by clubbing to death a prisoner of war. On his succeeding Tanoa in 1852 he committed an atrocious crime, in obedience, it is true, to the dying instructions of his father, by causing to be strangled in his presence, and partly with his own hands, the five widows of the deceased king, including his own mother. During the first part of his reign, he was an abominable tyrant. It is said that Marshal Narvaez, on his deathbed, replied to his confessor, who was exhorting him to pardon his enemies, 'I have none; I have had them all shot.' Thakombau ate his enemies. Even after his conversion, he would sometimes, in his moments of forgetfulness, relate with satisfaction how he had eaten twenty thousand tongues, all of them once belonging to enemies slain during or after battle. The flesh of white men was, in his opinion, like the ripe fruit of the banana. But at length his day of grace arrived. The missionaries had endeavoured in vain to convert him; but this task was accomplished by the King of Tonga. Thakombau, menaced by a formidable coalition of Fijian chiefs, had applied to King George for assistance. The latter came at the head of an imposing force, rescued the King of the Fijis, who was then besieged in his small island, re-established

his authority, and enjoined him to embrace the faith of the whites. He obeyed, and the other chiefs followed his example. Thus it was that in 1857 Christianity was introduced into the archipelago. The second part of Thakombau's reign was, so far as he was personally concerned, an alternation of ups and downs, but for his country, a period of progress, inasmuch as the manners of the people became more and more civilised, and cannibalism gradually disappeared. The credit of this was, as we have seen, in great part due to the missionaries, who had acquired a great influence in political matters, and also to the English Consulate, then recently established at Levuka. But the wars continued, and the prestige of the king declined; so, following the advice of his white friends, he endeavoured to get rid of the dangers that surrounded him by granting his subjects a constitution similar to that which the American missionaries had introduced in the Sandwich Islands. But it appeared that the worthy Fijians were not yet ripe for these blessings. The king's position got worse and worse, and in the end became altogether untenable. One means of escape alone remained: to cede his kingdom to the British Crown, and this he did in 1874. In the latter years of his reign, his two principal advisers were his daughter, the Princess Andiquilla,

and an English resident. Mr. Thurston, like so many others, had left England when quite young, to make his fortune. He went to Australia, cruised about in the South Pacific, and acquired, what was then a very rare thing, a perfect knowledge of the languages and habits of the islanders. When an English consulate was established in the Fiji Islands, the Government attached him to it as clerk, and soon appointed him acting consul. Having afterwards become Thakombau's prime minister, he acted as his intermediary with Sir Hercules Robinson, the British High Commissioner, during the negotiations which led to the annexation. He now fills the high office of Colonial Secretary for the Fiji Islands.

From his abdication to his death in 1882, Thakombau lived a retired life, with his numerous family, at his former capital, Bau, maintaining the most friendly relations with the English authorities, and sometimes giving them useful advice. The tyrant, matricide, and ex-cannibal carried to his grave the regrets of his tribes and the kindly consideration of the new masters of his kingdom.

A short distance from the 'Espiegle' is seen the graceful outline of the 'Dart,' a British war-yacht, commanded by Captain Moor. This officer has

been engaged for five years in constructing nautical charts of this portion of the Pacific. Some big English and German sailing vessels are anchored in the harbour, or rather the lagoon, a large sheet of water separated from the ocean by coral reefs, the natural bulwark of the land, and the terror of the mariner. This submarine rampart, constructed by microscopic insects, seldom rises above the surface of the sea; it attracts the eye by the white line of breakers, and the ear by the hoarse murmur of the surf, that incessant music which varies its cadence and changes its scale according to the state of the elements. Beyond this white girdle, towards the south-west, is an island with sharp outline. In fine weather, when the wind blows from the east, it is scarcely perceptible. When the atmosphere is damp, it appears to be within arm's length.

Before us stands the town of Suva, of recent creation. The houses, quite new, and built of wood with roofs of corrugated iron, stand with their backs against low hills, clothed with dense tropical vegetation. But the graceful stem and fan-like foliage of the cocoa-nut palm are wanting, or are only visible here and there. Eastward, on a hill, and with no other dwelling near, the low buildings of the Governor's residence stand out against the sky. The whole scenery seems idyllic. There is

nothing striking, nothing that appeals to the imagination, nothing even that could be called picturesque ; and yet all is peaceful, charming, and strange, all tends to reflection, if not repose. But turn your eyes westward, and you discover a maze of domes and peaks, which, in spite of their moderate height,[4] yet in comparison with the low hills which are before you, call to mind the ranges of the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Caucasus. One odd-shaped rock is called by sailors 'The Thumb.' The name is not poetical, but it gives a good idea of the thing described, as though this inhospitable and inaccessible land were presenting its fist to sailors. When the sky, as at this moment, is laden with thick clouds, and the air is clear, this Alpine panorama is like an immense *graffito*, grey on grey, or black on black, according to the distance; but in calm weather and with an east wind it seems a wide expanse of light blue clouds seen through a prism. A fantastical picture with magical colouring! Is this reality, or are we peeping into a fairy land?

Every day, morning and evening, Captain Bridge and I go ashore. The 'Espiegle' is and will remain our hotel throughout the voyage. We had hoped to lay in some fresh provisions here,

[4] From 500 to 3,000 feet.

and more than once we amused ourselves by composing exquisite *menus* and enjoying in anticipation the good fare we were to obtain from the markets of this capital. Cruel deception! The natives live on yams, sweet potatoes, and bananas; the European residents on what they can get, and they can hardly manage to provide for their wants. It was therefore with some difficulty that the captain's cook succeeded in getting some fowls and eggs. However, at sea, as in harbour, he always does his best, and contrives to make up by his skill for the shortcomings of nature.

Last year, the little town consisted of a few huts; it now boasts of one or two churches, some fine houses, schools, and several good-looking hotels. I prefer this assemblage of dwellings to the more pretentious aspect of the rising towns of Australia. Suva shines by its simplicity. The streets are neither wide nor straight, but they are flanked by wooden pavements; and in the stores are found all the products of European industry. The only things difficult to obtain are provisions. We step into some shops kept by Australians. The business is conducted principally by means of capital supplied by Sydney. But Melbourne takes the lead; she furnishes the men, the spirit of enterprise, the 'go ahead.' I also met several Germans; they prosper here, as

in all other parts of the globe, wherever they settle. Their activity, their intelligence, their spirit of economy, and their sobriety are warmly praised; they are strangers alike to luxury and to any form of extravagance.

While the Europeans are busy in their counting houses or their shops, the natives, men and women, are lounging about the streets, gossiping and roaring with laughter. The Fijian is ordinarily of middle stature, with square shoulders, and powerful chest and limbs. His features lack regularity, and the fleshy lips of his big mouth, armed with its long, sharp teeth, give you the vague impression of a thorough cannibal. And yet he has a frank air, and is a cheerful and honest fellow. His complexion varies, according to the proportion of Polynesian blood in his veins, from black to a dirty brown or olive colour. In the latter case he is the son or grandson of a Tongan. What strikes the new-comer most is the strange head-dress of the men. They plaster their black and wiry locks with a coat of white lime, which disappears after some days with washing, leaving the stiffened hair as if carved out of light yellow bronze. The first appearance of these savages did not prepossess me in their favour; but perhaps one must get accustomed to the sight. The fact is that the residents consider them handsome.

It seems that the Fijian improves on inspection; he improves also, I am told, on acquaintance. He is honest, intelligent, and polite by nature, without being obsequious. His dress is the simplest imaginable: a girdle either of cotton or 'tappa'—a bark-cloth made from the paper-mulberry tree—round the loins, and a flower in his hair. The women, some of whom appeared to me to be pretty, wear either a long smock given them by the missionaries, or perhaps a petticoat, and a sort of pinafore covering the breast and back.

We are able to compare them with the labourers imported by European planters from the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, New Britain, and other groups of Melanesia, all more or less cannibals, subjected here to a system of abstinence, a sort of prolonged Lent, during the term of their contract. I had some difficulty in distinguishing the latter from the Fijians, but Captain Bridge, an old sailor in the Melanesian seas, can tell in a moment where they come from.

We leave the town to gain the heights, whence we can enjoy a fine view and the sea breeze. These sites here are considered particularly healthy, and exorbitant prices are paid for plots of land. The rich shopkeepers, disdaining to dwell above their shops or stores, have built here their small villas surrounded by very nicely kept gardens. The last

of these houses stands on the verge of the forest, where solitude and savage life begin.

A road running alongside of the sea leads to Government House, situated a mile east of the town. After coming to a small jetty, the Governor's landing-place, we turn to the left and enter a garden planted with trees. In a few years this will be a magnificent park. There is no head porter or orderly, and as a proof of security the big gate is wide open. A sandy road leads up by a gentle ascent to a group of wooden houses, connected by covered galleries. Here is no luxury, no architectural pretension, but a construction adapted to the warm and moist climate, with well-furnished and, above all, well-ventilated, rooms. Houses of this kind are made at Auckland and sent to Queensland, and since the last few years to New Caledonia and Fiji. In the absence of the Governor, Sir William des Vœux, we were received by his temporary deputy, Mr. Thurston, as I have said, once the confidential adviser of King Thakombau, and now Colonial Secretary. From the verandah we look into a bright haze; earth, sea, and sky are blent together. I prepare to make a rough sketch of the scene; but swarms of flies and mosquitoes prevent me from attempting the impossible.

A short distance from Government House stand the huts occupied by a small detachment of native troops. On leaving the precincts we pass by a sentinel, a splendidly made man, clad in a uniform consisting of a girdle round the waist reaching half-way down the thighs. He presents arms, and covertly eyes us with the look of an obdurate cannibal.

The question of cannibalism crops up frequently in conversation among the Europeans. People ask whether it has really disappeared here, and the answers to this question vary considerably. On this subject the whites are divided into two classes; one of them worships the Fijian, and the other detests him. There are enthusiasts who cannot persuade themselves that their beloved blacks have ever devoured each other; they boldly declare that cannibalism has never existed, and is simply a myth. The others answer that, if the practice has disappeared, the propensity still remains, and they produce facts in support of their assertion. Thus, for example, only recently a missionary went with his pupils, who were natives, on board a man-of-war. During the short voyage, the children saw a large fish swallowing a smaller one, whereupon one of the boys said, 'If fish eats

fish, and insects eat insects, why should man be forbidden to eat his kind?'

The dangers of navigation in this part of the Pacific, owing to the want of proper charts and lighting, and the multitude of coral reefs and banks, are well known. Hence the numerous shipwrecks, the privations, the misery, and the terrible scenes, of which fearful accounts reach us from time to time. The cases where the survivors have saved their lives by devouring the flesh of their fellow-sufferers are more common than we imagine.[5] More than one amongst the sea-rovers who lounge about the beach or fill the taverns and gambling-houses of Suva, Levuka, and Apia have tasted this food; and I am told that these men feel from time to time, some of them at regular intervals, a craving to return to it. If man, I heard it said, is the most perfect animal in creation, his flesh ought to be the most savoury.

This afternoon, as we were rowing ashore, we heard quite close to our boat a singular noise. It was a shark, about six feet in length, which had sprung straight up in the air, quite six feet out of the water. A small fish, the shark's bitter

[5] Everyone knows the horrors of the Polar expedition under Captain Greely, and the voyage of the 'Mignonette,' both of recent date.

enemy, dropped from its sides; it was evidently to shake it off that the monster, in a paroxysm of pain, had accomplished this extraordinary leap. Captain Bridge, who has been sailing from boyhood over all the seas in the globe, has never seen anything of the sort before. 'Let us beware,' I say, 'of breathing a word of this to our friends in Europe; they would say it was all a mere traveller's tale.'

Mr. Thurston has come on board to luncheon. He is a remarkable man in his sphere. No one knows Polynesia as he does; for in fact he has spent his life there. But by his reading he knows and judges Europe as if he had never left it. He gets the newspapers, reviews, and new publications, and, although overwhelmed with work, still finds leisure for reading.

As the sun is veiled we hasten ashore to take a walk, and direct our steps towards the new native hamlet which has replaced the former village, now transformed into the capital of the colony. The path leads along the lagoon; on the other side small ponds reflect the forest on their surface. A perfect solitude within a stone's-throw of Suva! A young woman passed us on the way;

from the corner of a small bundle, slung round her shoulders, peeped the foot of a child. Travellers are curious, and so we asked her to show us her baby. She did it willingly, but not without discarding a portion of her dress, and so quickly that we had no time to stop her. She had evidently no idea that she was doing anything indecorous; but the notions of decency are here very different from ours in Europe. A modest woman never parts with her apron, but she has no scruple in showing the rest of her person.

There is a dinner party to-day in the ward-room of the officers of the 'Espiegle.' Everyone is dressed from head to foot in white. At Levuka and Suva, in the houses of the Europeans, evening dress consists of a white shirt, trousers to match, and a kummerbund of blue or crimson round the waist. The costume looks well, and is adapted to the climate.

We are now on our way to the island of Bau, the former residence of King Thakombau, and distant only thirty-five miles.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the Governor's steam launch, which Mr. Thurston has placed at our disposal, quits her moorings, and clears the

narrow channel between Mikalavo and Mokalavo, two coral islets lying almost level with the water and covered with brushwood, out of which rise the stems of some cocoa-nut palms. Then she continues still awhile on her way through the inner lagoon, which is like a sheet of glass, and gains at last the open sea. We pass near a large steamer, wrecked a few days before on a coral reef. She had come from Calcutta with a considerable number of coolies, engaged by planters at Suva. The captain, officers, and crew, all of them drunk when the catastrophe occurred, were saved; but not one of the poor Hindoos escaped death. It is a piteous thing to see a fine large steamer lying on her side, wedged among the reefs and buffeted by the waves; and even sailors, who are most hardened to the changeful incidents of sea life, are moved at such a sight, just as the traveller in the desert is saddened when he sees the carcases of camels strewn along his way. At such moments, even the bravest cannot help thinking of what might be in store for himself. But the freshness of the breeze, the rolling of the boat, and the lovely sunshine overhead soon chase away sad thoughts. Already, on the north, the lofty island of Ovalau is in sight. On our left, and very near, stretch the low and sandy lands of Viti-Levu. Before us, amongst several islets, Bau, entirely clothed with vegetation, rises only eighty feet above the

sea; it is not more than three or four miles in circumference. The roofs of the Wesleyan chapel and Thakombau's mausoleum are scarcely visible through the foliage. On the highest part of the island are the dwelling-houses of the missionaries, and along the beach some huts of savages.

At three o'clock our little steamer drops anchor amidst a group of native canoes and some yachts built at Auckland for the princes and kinglets, who are beginning to prefer European craft to the traditional hollowed trunk of a tree. These boats have brought hither some tribal chiefs come to pay their respects to the 'Roko' of Bau, Thakombau's son, on the occasion of his return from the national council. The principal street is deserted, but, guided by the distant sound of the tom-tom, we come to a place where the whole population appears to be assembled. It is a *Meke*, a solemn dance performed by the great ladies of the tribe. We find the hero of the festival squatting with his brothers and cousins before the door of a hut. He is a young man of ordinary appearance and pale brown complexion. There is nothing to distinguish him from his companions, unless it be that he wears a shirt, while the others are content with a waist-cloth. After shaking hands with this personage, we pass on and take our places behind the spectators.

I could fancy myself in the dress circle of the Opera House at Paris. The orchestra stalls and the pit are occupied by the notables of the Archipelago. Squatting on the turf, and mixed with their attendants and subordinates, without distinction of rank, they seem absorbed in contemplating the spectacle. We can only see their backs, some hundreds of bronze or black shoulders, streaming with cocoa-nut oil. On our arrival these gentlemen condescended to turn round for a moment, to cast a glance at the intruders, thus giving us a glimpse of their faces, embellished for the occasion with patches of white, red, or black. The upper part of their bodies is naked down to the girdle, made either of gaudy-coloured calico or of bark cloth or of the fibres of a certain root. They have trimmed their yellow hair with flowers or feathers, and some of the young dandies wear black lockets, and garlands of flowers round their necks or over their shoulders. The dignified deportment of the 'rokos,' and the polite but not obsequious manners of their followers, give a stamp of nobility to the company, and make us forget that it is an assembly of savages.

It is what in Europe would be a gala performance, only here the *corps de ballet* is composed, with a few exceptions, of ladies of quality. Deep silence pervades the *parterre* of mediatised kinglets, tribal

chiefs transformed into prefects, and courtiers whom the Chamberlain's key would suit to perfection, if it could be attached to their smooth and well-oiled skins. Shouts of approval, *malies*, resound from time to time from their ranks, and we notice that these bravos always burst forth at moments when the *habitués* of the opera, the refined connoisseurs of the Terpsichorean art, would lavish their applause.

In the background, behind the dancers, is the stage scene: a grass-plot with fine trees, on the steep slope of a hill, which is crowned by the houses, invisible from here, of the mission station. An extremely steep path, partly a staircase, leads up to them. At the foot of this hill, behind the dancers, some half-dozen Europeans occupy a platform, protected by an awning against the sun. These are the missionaries and their wives. On the right the chapel, a kind of barn with Gothic windows, and on the left some native huts, form the side scenes; the turf is the stage carpet; the pearl-coloured sky is the ceiling, and the sun, now nearing the horizon, replaces the gas and electric light.

The ladies of the ballet, fifty in number, face the audience and then dance in single line, accompanying themselves with a monotonous chant. Their movements are regulated by some men who form the orchestra, and beat time with little sticks

on a bamboo. In point of fact, it is not a dance, but a series of constantly changing postures, and nothing can equal the automatic precision with which these ladies pass from one attitude to another. They advance and retire a step or two, bend, rise, turn to the right and left, raise their arms aloft, extend them horizontally, and fold them on their chests. The gestures are always decorous, never grotesque, and often graceful; the attitudes full of dignity and sometimes really classical: genuine *tableaux vivants* such as one sees represented on an Etruscan vase or a marble of the Parthenon. At such moments the *malies* ring out from all parts of the audience.

The noble *danseuses* wear the regulation smock reaching down to the knees, and over this their ancient costume: a strip of bright-coloured calico round the waist, and festoons of flowers, leaves, and vegetable fibres round the neck and entwined in the girdle. Their hair, streaming with cocoa-nut oil, is arranged with particular care, and adorned with red and yellow flowers. One lady of a certain age, placed in the middle of the row, attracts my notice by her tall stature, her finely developed figure, her imposing air, and the agreeable and intellectual expression of her countenance. She is the Princess Andiquilla, the daughter, confidante, and counselloress of the late King

Thakombau. I hear she is a politician, clever, sensible, and extremely popular among the Fijians. Some of the others, quite young women, are remarkable for the grace of their movements; and were it not for their large flat noses and thick lips, I should say they were very pretty girls.

The dance over, all the ladies take off their flowers and petticoats, throw them on the ground, and then retire. A master of the ceremonies, with a white beard and a venerable air, rises to inform the men, still squatting on the turf, that the ladies offer these gifts to the noble guests of the Roko, now assembled at the festival. The latter reply by a sort of grunt; this is their way of expressing thanks.

Now comes the men's turn. Fifty young fellows rush forward on the stage. Some form a compact group, while the others move round them in a circle. All sing, shout, and gesticulate vehemently. Each round is concluded by a clapping of hands, bending of knees, and a miraculous contortion of the back which would fill our circus clowns with envy.

The festival ends with a repast on the grass, supplied by the Roko of Bau. Fried fish, yams, and sweet potatoes are served in baskets or on large *taro* leaves.

The head of the mission, the Rev. Mr. Langham,

offered to introduce us to the Princess Andiquilla. We walked through the capital, now following narrow pathways, now passing from one inclosure to another by means of steps roughly constructed in the hedges. In the centre of each paddock, which serves as a feeding-place for pigs, stands the hut. The heavy roof of thatch, covered with dry leaves, rests on rafters supported in the centre by two or three large trunks of trees, cut square, and at the end on posts, the interstices of which are filled by a webwork of reeds and leaves, forming the outer wall. There is no fireplace and no partition in the interior, which consists of one large room. The furniture is of the simplest kind: a few mats, a petroleum lamp (a large number of these have been imported during the last few years), and nothing even resembling a bed, chairs, or table. The food as well as the clothes are hung from the roof.

In the streets, if one can talk of streets here, fresh turf takes the place of a pavement, and you are passing continually from the sunshine to the shade of aged trees; mangroves, banians, bread-fruit trees with their clean-cut leaves, the graceful Ti, the fern-tree, a few cocoa-nut palms, and others which I am fortunate enough to know by sight, but of which I am sorry to say I do not know the names. We have frequently

to force a passage through the tangled thickets of shrubs with their variegated and velvety foliage adorned with scarlet, pale pink, lilac, or sky-blue flowers. Our guide stopped before two large stones placed upright one beside the other. An immense banian, bent with age, stretches its gnarled branches over them. In the background is the charred trunk of a tree and the green curtain formed by a small steep hill covered with grass and foliage. What a rustic scene, what a delicious nook, well fitted to invite sweet reveries! It was, however, against these two stones that the heads of the unhappy victims, who were destined to be served as food at the official banquets of the venerable Thakombau, were dashed to pieces. Two men seized the poor creature, each holding one of his arms and one of his legs; the body was then swung between them, and finally hurled head-foremost against the blocks of stone. This romantic spot was the human shambles; and hence this part of the town formerly bore, and still retains, the name of the Slaughter-house.

The palace, or rather the hut, of the Princess Andiquilla is only distinguishable from those of common mortals by its somewhat superior height and by the white shell-work which adorns the end of the large ridge-pole projecting into the street; a privilege of princes and princesses of the blood.

On our arrival, several maid-servants were busily engaged, probably in honour of us, in hastily beating the dust out of the mats which were strewn on the floor. We found the princess squatting on the ground, her knees touching her teeth, and her back leaning against one of the pillars in the centre. She was in close conversation with an old *buli*, and without disturbing herself she shook our hands again and again, each time laughing loudly. But although dressed simply in her blue tunic, and notwithstanding the *négligé* appearance of her toilet and attitude, she had a noble demeanour. Were it not for her exceptional corpulence, she might still be called a handsome woman. I was particularly struck by her quick and penetrating eyes. She is a widow, and has several young children. I told her that though I had never seen her before, I recognised her during the dance by her distinguished appearance. This compliment appeared to please her greatly, and she made Mr. Langham, who kindly acted as our interpreter, repeat it again and again. At the end of our visit, she sent her son, a pretty boy of ten, up among the rafters to fetch some big oranges, which she tossed to us amid fresh peals of laughter. She evidently found us either very amusing or very ridiculous. In the intervals of our conversa-

tion, she chatted with the *buli*, who paid not the least attention to the strangers.

Thakombau's palace is a somewhat more spacious hut than the others. Since his death, it has remained, and is to remain, unoccupied. In order to remove his majesty's corpse, it was necessary to make an opening in the wall, which will never be filled up. A great chief when dead never goes out by the door; etiquette forbids it. About the mausoleum of the king there is nothing particular to be noticed.

The sun was sinking when, retracing our steps and crossing the spot where the dance had taken place, we reached by a very steep road the dwellings of the missionaries. These are situated on the highest part of the island, and get the full benefit of the sea-breeze when there is any. The spot is shaded by several fine trees, and perfumed by flower-beds. The interior is simply but comfortably furnished. The ladies were assembled in the parlour, which serves also for a dining-room, and supper was just about to be served. I imagined myself in the heart of Australia, at some planter's house where comfort abounds but no luxury is allowed. Mr. Langham possesses a fine collection of arms, and, among other objects of native manufacture, some four-pronged forks, richly carved, which were used at

the cannibal feasts. These utensils find great favour with the few whites who visit these regions, and the savages, more clever and more advanced on the paths of civilisation than we fancy them to be, take care to let the supply keep pace with the demand. But the true connoisseur scorns these counterfeits; what he wants are genuine forks, those which have really fulfilled the purpose ascribed to them.

The Rev. Mr. Langham has lived in Fiji for many years. He has played an important part in the stirring events of Thakombau's reign, as also in the negotiations preceding the annexation. There have been moments when he has wielded almost supreme power in these islands. Since Fiji has become an English colony, the influence of the missionaries has naturally declined. The great chiefs, formerly ever at war and even now only ostensibly reconciled, have ceased to come for advice and assistance to Mr. Langham, preferring to address themselves to the Governor. Nevertheless, the head of the mission at Bau still enjoys great prestige, and is now and will continue to be an historical figure in this Archipelago. You can tell the man by his penetrating but cold look, by his impassive features, and by the sternness of his countenance, which has nothing sanctimonious or unctuous about it. His outward appearance shows the cast of his mind and the

strength of his soul, which explain his long and benevolent career.

It was night when we left the mission station. The full moon, flooding land and sea with its silver light, helped us to descend the hill and return to our little steamer, which we reached at a tolerably late hour.

Levuka, Mango, Loma-Loma. From June 9 to 15.—We left Suva yesterday. The night has been abominable and the rolling terrible. In vain did I squeeze myself into my berth; the fear of being thrown out on the floor effectually dispelled all sleep. But this morning the weather is splendid. The 'Espiegle' is crossing between the islands of Ovalau and Wakaya. Gun practice is going on; the five 104-pounders are firing, and the hills of both islands give back the echoes of the report. In spite of the swell, the gunners have made very few misses, and the captain is beaming with delight.

At noon our sloop clears the girdle of coral reefs, and casts anchor before Levuka, the former capital of Fiji. The town looks east, and nestles at the foot of a mountain with several peaks, which forms the island itself. Levuka consists merely of a row of cottages along the beach, built of wood and roofed with corrugated iron.

Some small houses scattered on the hill-slopes stand out against the sombre background of exuberant vegetation; they are reached by wooden staircases or steep paths. Except the sky and the houses, everything is green, the green of the forest which clothes hills, rocks, ravines, and knolls. Nature has put only one colour on her palette, but she has with that colour painted a fascinating landscape. Look back and you see a scene of magic. In the South Pacific there is always sameness, and yet always novelty. The same leading features are incessantly repeated. One is tired of describing them, one would grow tired of hearing them described, but one is never tired of contemplating them; lands either lofty or on a level with the sea, but always green; all around, a vast sheet of calm, silent water, varying in its many colours with its depth and with the position of the sun; then the white and foaming line of the reefs, and beyond this girdle the ocean, almost black by contrast with the brilliant tints of the lagoon, which resembles a necklace of turquoises, emeralds, topazes displayed on a cushion of dark silk. And lastly, in the far distance, some islands with fantastic outlines like flakes of clouds vainly struggling to detach themselves from the horizon.

We walk along the beach. Some enormous spiders attract our notice; their cobwebs seem to bend down the branches of the shrubs. These insects are considered benefactors, and no one thinks of disturbing them. On the other hand, the sensitive plant (*mimosa pudica*?), which was imported from Europe, no one knows when or by whom, is held in horror, and vain attempts are made to extirpate it. This plant destroys the grass, to the great injury of sheep and cattle.

Our stay at Levuka has been varied by several small excursions. As for regular expeditions, you must abandon all idea of them unless prepared to walk on foot along the narrow pathways, choked with vegetation, which wind in many places between masses of rock, and often over slippery blocks of granite, where no horse could ever go. As the interior is almost unpeopled, forced marches must be made to find a miserable lodging in some savage's hut.

However, there is one delightful walk; and I recommend it to those who follow in my footsteps. To shorten the way, it will be better to take a boat to a point some miles north of the town. The landing will not be found easy; for you will have to glide over a labyrinth of coral reefs, but you will reach land at last, and scramble ashore

as best you can. As for me, seated as I was on the shoulders of one of our gallant tars, I defied the breakers and the slippery mud. After landing, make your way across some well-cultivated fields, and then through a forest of cocoa-nut palms, to a hill not far off. The narrow gorge which you will find there leads to one of the most romantic spots in the world. There is a little pool filled with water as clear as crystal, and a cascade formed by the stream that supplies it; all around rocks covered with foliage, while between the windings of the valley through which you came, over heads of thousands of palm trees, stretches the hazy line of the sea. It is the Eden of the white resident; he finds here a bath of fresh water, and shade and coolness. But the road to Paradise, as we know, is seldom easy. I should never have found my way to this spot without the assistance of my young companions. In these Indian 'trails,' you must have the experience of a native or the sure step of a sailor.

On our way back, we passed through a group of very pretty huts, buried in the foliage. These cottages were extremely neat, their inhabitants looked prosperous, and their yam fields seemed well cultivated. Near this hamlet we found a circle of stones, surrounded by fine trees, with a hearth in the middle. Bread is baked here once a week;

man used formerly to be cooked instead. Now, as then, when the fire is lit, the heads of families assemble here to drink their *kava*, and discuss public affairs.

It was a charming little excursion, but the state of the roads cured me of any inclination to penetrate further into the interior. And what, after all, is the interior of these islands? Simply, a dense forest between two shores.

The principal street of Levuka, a long row of houses facing the sea, is not wanting in animation. You meet here some whites and a number of natives, none of whom seem very busy. Some decked vessels, a few cutters, and two or three big sailing ships are rocking in the harbour; and there is a little steamer which carries the mails to Suva. I stepped into some shops which had English or German names over their fronts; and discovered also a Czech name, the owner of which was a tailor by trade. He complained of the bad state of business. I told him that a tailor is an anomaly in a country where clothes are not worn.

The natives improve on acquaintance. Once accustomed to the irregularity of their features and their shark-like mouths, you see in their countenances nothing but good-nature and cheerfulness,

with a certain air of independence which suits them very well. Some of the women are rather pretty. But youth with them is indispensable for beauty; they are matrons at sixteen, and after a few years more the sylph has become a monster of obesity.

We return to Government House, now untenanted, but always kept ready to receive Sir William and Lady des Vœux, whenever urgency of business or the need of a change of air takes the Governor and his family to the former capital. This residence was built by King Thakombau. It has been enlarged and adapted to European requirements, and every kind of precaution has been taken to keep the rooms free from damp and heat. It consists of a large single-storied house protected at the back against the setting sun by a screen of trees, and in front by a verandah opening out on to a small garden, or rather a lawn surrounded by flower-beds. There is no such thing in these islands as a summer villa—one of those refuges built among the mountains, and resembling the hill stations of India, which enable officials, or at least their families, during the intense heat, to avoid the injurious effects of the tropical climate. Here it is a choice between two towns, Levuka or Suva, and each is visited alternately, just as a sick person turns round in his bed. The change is imaginary, of

course; but nevertheless it is a change, a movement, and anything is better than immobility.

I admire these officials, and wonder how it is possible to find such men for these duties. They are not poor adventurers who, to gain a livelihood, or because other careers are closed to them, seek these posts for want of anything better, and obtain them for lack of other candidates. All these men, chiefs as well as subordinates, belong to the upper ranks of society. And yet, out of sheer horror of doing nothing, from a desire to serve their country, and animated also by that spirit of adventure peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race, they expatriate themselves in order to spend in these islands, lost in the middle of the Pacific,[6] and inhabited by savages, a long series of years, perhaps the best part of their life.

Father Bréhéret, of the Congregation of 'Marists,' Apostolic Prefect in the Fijian Archipelago, and a Vendean by birth, has been carrying on his ministry here for forty years, and has never once revisited Europe. He is the type of an ascetic; his venerable features beam with gentleness and love.

[6] Latterly a regular monthly service has been organised between Suva, New Caledonia, Auckland, and Sydney, by means of steamers carrying the mails and passengers. This is a real boon to the European residents of this Archipelago.

His garb, like the little church, the priest's house, and the school, bear the stamp of Apostolic poverty. 'He is a saint,' said a Wesleyan missionary to me, and this testimony is confirmed by the unanimous verdict of the white population.

The Rev. Mr. Webb, a Methodist missionary, was kind enough to take me to his house, situated on one of the hills at the back of the town. A steep staircase leads up to it; but once there, I was amply rewarded for the trouble of the ascent, which, moreover, is not very severe: the view over the lagoon and the sea is splendid, and there are some fine trees near the house, which is sheltered by a verandah and affords the luxuries of a breeze, shade, and arm-chairs. Inside there is no display, but unpretending comfort. Mrs. Webb receives us, surrounded by her well-washed, ruddy, and well-trained children. Some native Christians and catechumens come and go, and are received by the missionary in his study, which is filled with books and papers. The Rev. Mr. Webb, born in England, came to Australia with his parents when he was four years old, and afterwards studied theology at Newton College, Sydney. His wife is an Australian lady. I am told that most of the Methodist and Congregationalist missionaries come from the families of small tradesmen at Sydney and Melbourne. Mr. Webb is still a young man; intelli-

gence and energy are stamped upon his honest face. Like his brethren, he is a rough pioneer of civilisation. In comparing these two men, Father Bréhéret and Mr. Webb, both of them men of undeniable worth, you see the gulf that separates the Roman Catholic from the Protestant missionary. But though their roads are different, their goal is the same.

June 12.—This morning our sloop skirted Vatu Vara (Hat Island), an immense block of stone shaped like a hat. At some distance the resemblance is perfect. At ten o'clock we anchored in deep water, a few fathoms from a forest-girdled cliff. This is Mango (spelt by the missionaries Mago) Island, which is owned and worked by a company at Melbourne. The Fijians, its former inhabitants, abandoned it more than twenty years ago; the representatives of their race, about a hundred in number, who are found there now, have been imported from the Yasawas, and hired as labourers for a year. There are also some Polynesians and Indian coolies in the company's service.

What is now happening in this little island might give the former masters of the Archipelago a foretaste of the fate that awaits them. In one way or another the inhabitants are leaving. They are disappearing, and if any still exist, they are

no longer owners of the soil, but servants hired for one, two, or three years. At the end of their contract they leave, to go home as they say, but in reality no one knows whither. It is their masters who remain, and their masters are the whites. Inspired by one thought only, the wish to succeed, to make money and plenty of it and in as short a time as possible; laying out their capital, which is so easily, it may be too easily found in Australia; and taking advantage of the progress of science; intrepid, persevering, and inured to work, the whites are going ahead. How could the poor savage compete with them? The native is doomed to succumb, to die out and disappear. Not that he is persecuted or treated with cruelty. In the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, and other groups of Oceania, deeds of violence still occur tolerably often between whites and blacks; but in the Fijis, where the natives are protected with a strong arm, nothing of that kind has ever reached my ear. On the contrary, every effort is being made to civilise, to educate, and to save them. I doubt if these efforts will succeed, for the force of circumstances is stronger than the will of man.

Two agents of the company, attended by about thirty Fijians, came on board. The latter immediately set about performing a war-dance. From our seats on the quarter-deck, the captain and I

are able to enjoy at our ease this strange and fantastic scene. The cliff and the forest of the island serve as stage scenery, and the deck takes the place of the stage. The savages, now divided into companies, now ranged in line, leap about, sing in chorus, utter cries, make the air resound with sharp or hollow sounds produced by clapping their hands, and finish each of these weird rounds with a miraculous contortion of the backbone, a plunge, and a bending of the knee. Time is marked by two musicians, one of whom holds a long stick on which the other beats with a shorter one. Around the dancers are the officers stretched out on their arm-chairs. Behind them is the pit, composed of blue-jackets and marines, some looking on open-mouthed, and others with a broad grin. The bugler is in ecstasies. My faithful Checco, at a respectful distance from the blacks, whom he does not like at all, has with his usual prudence taken up his position behind the two stoutest sailors of the crew.

We went on shore—by *we* I always mean Captain Bridge and myself. It is the early afternoon, the hottest part of the day; and the sun, reflected by the large boulders strewn upon the shore over which we are painfully toiling, nigh stifles us. But one gets accustomed to everything, even to the severity of a tropical climate. Happily some horses are in

attendance. A narrow but well-kept track enables us to cross the little island with ease, now descending into deep ravines, now mounting steep hillocks; here in the shade of bread-fruit trees, banians, and cocoa-nut palms, planted in chequers, there across a sea of herbage.

The sugar-mill stands in the centre of the island. The manager took us into his house, a native hut arranged and furnished in English manner. Cottage, factory, and plantation form an oasis of civilisation in the midst of the savage world. A narrow defile, bordered by low perpendicular rocks clothed with creepers and crowned with trees, leads to the lagoon, a small basin surrounded by hills almost bending under the weight of vegetation. The sea is visible through a very narrow outlet forming a natural channel for the company's only vessel, which, laden with produce of the island, thanks to a particular construction, is able to clear the bar at high tide. There is not a trace of dwellings on the shore, and not a single boat in the harbour; nothing but the small jetty to remind one of the presence of man. Deep silence, broken at rare intervals by the hoarse note of some water-fowl, broods over this solitary spot. Just now, with the splendours of the setting sun, the scene is a Claude Lorraine, without his temples and Naïades. The future will complete the picture;

but the buildings will not be temples, and the Naiads will not be Polynesians.[7]

June 13, *Loma-Loma.*—The 'Espiègle' has entered a large lagoon, and dropped anchor before some huts shaded by gigantic trees, which completely shroud them with foliage and shadow. This is Loma-Loma, the chief place of Vanua Balavu, the principal one of the 'Exploring Islands,' now comprised under the general name of the Fijis.

Nature is here the same as everywhere in these regions, but the people are different. They are in great part Tongans, either pure-bred or of mixed blood, that is to say, Polynesians. We see some young women gathered together on the beach, all of them, I am told, either wives or daughters of great chiefs. The expression of their faces, their careless but graceful attitudes, and their careful

[7] Mango has an area of 7,005 acres. Woods and plantations of cocoa-nut palms and sugar-cane alternate with pasturages which feed about a hundred head of cattle and forty horses. The company export 120 tons of copra, 40 tons of cotton, and a small quantity of coffee. The principal product is the sugar, of which they hope to export 1,000 tons this year. All the produce is sent to Melbourne. The population consists of 40 whites and 786 Fijians, Polynesians, and coolies, all in the company's service. The ground is very rugged; the highest points rise to a height of 666 feet above the sea. I am indebted for these particulars to Mr. Borron, the manager of the factory.

attire leave no doubt as to the social position of these ladies. Their features, except the mouth, are regular; I see even two or three classical profiles, and admire their pale, light olive complexions, which harmonise so well with the lustre of their black, glossy, and flowing hair. These goddesses of the Tongan Olympus have been taking their siesta on the shore, and now, stretched out or squatting on the sand, seem absorbed in gazing at our sailors, who have a day's leave, and are eagerly engaged in fishing. A group of fine young men, extremely tall, with dignified bearing and proud mien, are standing a short way off, and also following attentively the movements of the anglers. It is a rare thing for them to see so many Europeans here, and the appearance of a man-of-war is an important event. We step towards these 'swells,' whose only dress is a girdle of bark-cloth. They stand aside to let us pass, and salute us with cold politeness, but without showing any wish to converse with the two strangers.

A few steps farther, the forest comes right down to the shore. It is a chaos of foliage, gnarled trunks, branches, and roots entangled like the folds of a serpent. Through this forest nature has perforated a tunnel which at its extremity shows the lagoon smooth as a mirror and reflecting the now milk-coloured sky. Gigantic orange-trees

gild with their fruit the dark vault of mangroves. Two young women, who had followed us, asked to see my eye-glass. One of them, putting it to her eyes, uttered a cry of astonishment and went into fits of laughter; the other, seized with terror, rejected it, and ran away.

The superiority of the Polynesian race over the Fijians is evident at a glance. One may see it in the method of building their huts, which resemble pretty rush baskets with the two narrow sides bulging out. Some of them, which have glass windows, serve as dwellings for about a dozen whites, who, together with the magistrate, Mr. Swayne, are the only European settlers on the island.[8] The great personage is an English merchant, who lives in an island facing Loma-Loma. He owns large tracts of land, which he has planted with cocoa-nut palms, the 'copra,' or dried kernel of the nut, forming the principal article of export. Three stores also belong to him. In one of his shops the agent, clad in tweed trousers and waistcoat, the ordinary dress of Europeans, received us with irreproachable politeness. He spoke the Queen's English, and his manners were those of a well-bred man. Probably he is some outcast from the ocean

[8] The population of Vanua Balavu and the two other islands which form the Exploring group, consists of 2,000 natives—Fijians and Tongans—and 26 whites, including regular visitors. One thousand tons of copra are annually produced and exported.

of life; a waif of civilisation thrown upon this distant shore.

June 15. *At Sea.*—For now nearly ten years the Fijian Archipelago, including the group of the Exploring Islands, has been under British rule. It owes to that rule undeniable benefits: a comparative degree of prosperity; domestic peace, notwithstanding tribal animosities which in spite of restraint still continue in a latent form; perfect security of life and property; indirect but effectual protection against the enticements of kidnappers; and finally, an organisation adapted as far as is possible to local traditions and usages.

In taking possession of these islands, the agents of the British Government found prevailing in the Archipelago a system of laws, customs, rights, and obligations, which dated back from time immemorial, and to which the Fijians owed the fact of having become, more than any other population of Oceania, a homogeneous people. Here the native recognised only the order of his chief and the customs of his tribe. This was the whole code of the country at the time of the British annexation. So far as rights and obligations were concerned, the individual had no existence in the law, which recognised only the community. The system of kinship is agnatic. The families, the *yalis*,

originally the descendants of brothers, subject to the patriarchal authority of a chief, and united into communities, work and prosper, or suffer in common, but generally prosper as long as they form a community, while individuals, as such, scarcely ever succeed.

The Fijian, though a born tiller of the soil, has no idea of the necessity and advantage of continuous and systematic labour. He works only to live from day to day, that is to say, when he is forced to work. Hence the necessity for empowering the chief of each tribe to fix the amount of compulsory labour.[9]

Such is the nation or people for whom a *modus vivendi* had to be found under the new rule. The islanders passed at once from a state of anarchy and permanent warfare to the position of subjects of a European Government; but as it was impossible to raise them as promptly from a state of savagery to civilisation, the existing elements had to be taken into consideration, and these were only two in number: the chief of the tribe and customary law.

We must look at the question from this point of view in order to understand and appreciate the

[9] *Memorandum upon the Establishment of District Plantations in the Colony of Fiji, for the Purpose of Enabling the Native Population to Provide their Taxes in a Manner accordant with Native Customs*, by Mr. Thurston. Undated, probably 1875.

constitution which was framed and granted by the first governor of the new colony.

The 'Rokos,' or chiefs of the great tribes, assemble once a year, when each of them reports the condition of his tribe, declares their wants, and, if necessary, recommends reforms. In addition to this, they are bound to send special reports in writing to the Governor. This native council goes by the name of the *embozé*. The *Bulis*, or chiefs of the small tribes, administer their own districts, and also meet periodically. At these assemblies, which might be termed respectively, by analogy, the National Parliament and *conseils-généraux* (of the French departments), are seen, seated side by side, men or the sons of men who formerly spent their lives in killing and eating one another. The proceedings of the *embozés*, which are regularly published in English and Fijian, throw a flood of light on the moral and intellectual condition of the natives, on their customs, and on the mental characteristics of the new Parliament-men who, clothed with a certain judicial power, combine with the administrative functions assigned to them by the English Government the authority and prestige which, as tribal chiefs, they have enjoyed from time immemorial.

It is not my intention to give in these notes a *précis* of the Fijian public law. I am assured by

persons whose impartiality is beyond doubt, that Sir Arthur Gordon's constitution works tolerably well; and if it be odd in appearance, it is precisely because it is adapted to men and circumstances equally odd. 'Besides,' they tell me, 'look at the people, what a transformation!' And several undeniable and really wonderful facts are quoted in support of this remark. I will mention only one. Formerly, to land in these islands was to risk one's life, and to penetrate into the interior was to expose oneself to an almost certain death. Let anyone read Captain (now Admiral) Erskine's most curious book,[1] and he will see what the Fijians were forty years ago. Now a small body of troops, composed exclusively of natives, protects the lives of the Governor and his family, as well as his staff and the white residents. Excepting the young officer who commands these raw recruits, there is not an English military man in these islands. And note this well: the coloured subjects of the Queen form 98 per cent. of the whole population of the Archipelago.

There are other wonders which might be recorded. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the opinions expressed by the old residents, who are best qualified to know the country, differ

[1] *A Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific*, published in 1853.

amazingly. Some of them ascribe the merit of the advantages already obtained to the Government, others to the working of the new constitution, to the missionaries, or to the influence of Europeans. But there are also those, not less entitled to speak, if long residence and continual contact with the natives confer authority, who seriously maintain that the Fijians, so far from having been savages, had attained a high degree of civilisation before the introduction of Christianity. Some call in question the very existence of cannibalism. Others formally deny that it existed, or speak of the allegation as a calumny, or do not mention it at all. According to these witnesses, the work of the missionaries, and above all, the intervention of the governors—in short, contact with the whites—is the ruin of the natives. Others, lastly, lay the blame exclusively on the governors, and especially on Sir Arthur Gordon. The governors are accused of showing too much indulgence to the natives, of being wanting in impartiality, of allowing themselves to be guided by marked predilections for the past, and of re-establishing usages and customs which might have been excellent under the old system, but which are impossible in a civilised state.

Two grievances in particular are complained of. Firstly, the partiality of the English law courts in proceedings between the natives and the whites.

In all disputes between the planters and their hired labourers, it is known beforehand, I am told, that the labourers will come off best before the judge. The native is protected, and rightly so, but this protection pushed too far becomes injustice to the white. Here is one of those cases which are constantly occurring. The labourers hired by some planter demand ruinous concessions from him, not included in the contract. He refuses. They thereupon appeal to the court, after having previously concerted the step with all the other natives in their master's service. They accuse him of some imaginary breach of his obligations towards them, and the master, not having any witnesses for the defence, loses the suit. Hence—I am still quoting what has been said and repeated to me—the well-nigh desperate position of the small planter, and the great popularity among the natives of the English governor, judges, officials, and subordinates. 'They can certainly sleep tranquilly under the guard of a few coloured soldiers,' is the common outcry. 'They might even do without them. But we who are not popular prefer the red-jackets.'

To this the defenders of the Government reply: 'The residents of Suva and Levuka have no more liking for the programme of "Fiji for the Fijians," than the Anglo-Indians have for the principle lately

proclaimed at Calcutta and Simla, "India for the Indians." Most of the whites, but not all, who came hither in the first instance, were of the worst class of adventurers, Australian bankrupts, criminals escaped from the prisons of Sydney and Melbourne, thorough jail-birds, the dregs of mankind. They were the bugbears of honest men, who even at that period were not absolutely wanting, and they made these islands the centre of a regular slave trade. It was from Levuka that the infamous "Carl" started twice to carry desolation, rape, and murder into several groups of the Pacific islands. But for our intervention, the natives would have been exterminated before now. It was mainly, if not entirely, for reasons of humanity and to protect the islanders, that this Archipelago was annexed and is regularly visited by English men-of-war. The European immigrants who have come hither since the British flag was hoisted, knew what they were doing. They knew the risks they had to run, and have no right to complain. As to the charge of partiality which is made against the courts, we repudiate it.'

The second grievance has reference to the favour alleged to be shown, and the support accorded to the great chiefs and the chiefs in general, for the purpose of maintaining their personal influence and prestige among their tribes. While in many of the

other islands of Oceania the authority of the chiefs has almost disappeared, in the Fijis it is better and more firmly established than ever. So much is this the case, that when a Roko, as occasionally happens, takes the liberty of postponing the operation of some new law, unpopular in his district or repugnant to local ideas, the Government shut their eyes rather than humiliate him before his tribe. This policy is readily intelligible. The colonial authorities are aware that it is easier to have their orders listened to and obeyed by the native chiefs, than to exercise direct government over a population reduced to mere incoherent atoms.

But this course of proceeding is particularly odious to the planters. They bring forward numerous arguments against it, but I will content myself with quoting one. They recall to mind the fact that formerly the chief's powers, however arbitrarily exercised, were not unlimited. When his exactions or his cruelties overstepped certain bounds, the heads of families declared him to have forfeited his chieftainship, and either put another member of his family in his place, or proceeded to amalgamate with another tribe. The act of deposition was usually accompanied or followed by a blow from a club, applied by a near relative of high rank to the skull of the too-imperious chief.

That somewhat summary but extremely effective mode of control no longer exists; on the contrary, the law forbids the members of the tribe to repudiate their chief. They are bound to address their complaints to the Governor, who, both from principle and preference, tends to favour the representative of authority.

But the principal cause of discontent among the white residents must be looked for elsewhere. Both the planters who require labourers, and the merchants of Suva and Levuka who require servants, and who can only obtain them with difficulty and on onerous terms, put the blame not unreasonably on the Rokos and the Bulis, who look with little favour on these contracts.

In other groups of Oceania which are still independent, the few white residents, as well as the captains and agents of the recruiting vessels which make their appearance there from time to time, are more successful in their endeavours to supply the same want of labour. I have heard this explained by the absence of a foreign power capable of protecting the chiefs, by the habits of insubordination brought back by the labourers from Queensland or other Australian colonies at the end of their contract, and lastly by the physical and moral deterioration of the Oceanic races. In societies which are in a state of decomposition,

all ties loosen before they actually break. The prestige of the chief is being naturally and gradually extinguished with the natural and gradual extinction of the tribe.[2]

The contrast between what is happening here, thanks to the policy followed by the governors, and the ruin which we see taking place in other archipelagoes, is none the less significant, and it would be difficult, in my opinion, not to do justice to the wisdom of the representatives of the British Crown.

And the population? What are the effects of all this continuous, thoughtful, I would almost say tender care, which is lavished upon the natives by their new masters? Alas! the population is decreasing; though proportionately less, it is true, than in many of the independent groups. There are fluctuations, ups and downs, but taken altogether it is decreasing. The total of 160,000 souls in 1871 has come down to 115,000 at the time of the last census (1881), while that of the whites—English, Germans, Scandinavians, and a small number of Americans—has risen, in the same interval, from two or three hundred to more than two thousand. First came the measles, introduced

[2] There are some groups of islands, however, where the authority of the tribal chiefs has not suffered, as, for instance, New Britain, New Ireland, and, as far as is known, New Guinea.

by H.M.S. 'Dido,' which in a few months dealt such havoc among the native population. Just now the hooping-cough is committing serious ravages among the children, and decimating the rising generation. Diseases of European origin are always, and especially at their first stage, fatal to the savage. I hear it said, that, notwithstanding the excellence of the sanitary measures taken by the colonial authorities, the Fijian race will not survive much longer, though this melancholy prophecy is not unchallenged. Apart from some notable exceptions, as for instance the islands of Wallis and Fotuna, the same facts are being repeated, in a more intense form, in all the groups of the Pacific, including New Zealand. Everywhere contact with the white seems disastrous to the races of Oceania. The terrible consequences of the abuse of alcoholic liquors are well known. Here it is forbidden to sell them to the natives, but with what practical result I know not. The want of hands in Queensland, where the climate, which is hot everywhere and torrid in the north, to a large extent excludes white labour, has given rise to what is called the labour trade. The cruelties that were committed at first are familiar to everyone. Regular filibusters swooped down on some island of Melanesia, made a clean sweep of everything they could find, and

carried off, by fraud or force, the young men of the tribe. This traffic is now regulated and controlled by the vigilance of the Queensland Government and the British High Commissioner in the Western Pacific. The regulations in this matter are strict, and to each recruiting vessel is attached an agent of the Queensland Government, whose duty it is to see that those rules are rigidly observed. Besides this, the English cruisers on the Australian station exercise an unremitting and earnest, if not always effectual control, on the high seas. Nevertheless, one has only to read the reports of officers entrusted with this service to feel convinced that much still remains to be done. For the last few years German men-of-war have also frequented these regions, in order to protect the German settlers.

These labour ships, then, go in search of, and engage for a year or two, the young men of the Melanesian islands, and transport them to Queensland or Fiji, on the condition, which is not always faithfully observed, of restoring them to their village at the end of their term of engagement. A few only of the savages return, and those who come back to their native island, with a few rare exceptions, have derived little benefit from their apprenticeship in a civilised country. They have adopted nothing but its vices. In consequence, the New Hebrides are already almost

depopulated, and the Solomon Islands shortly will be.

In order to preserve the natives under their administration from a similar fate, Sir Arthur Gordon and Mr. Thurston devised a practical method of checking emigration, and at the same time created a source of pecuniary profit to the Government. The Governor imposed on the natives a tax payable in natural produce.[3] With this object in view, he has established district plantations, where the men are bound to work under the inspection and responsible care of the rokos, bulis, and native magistrates. The proceeds of this labour furnish the means of defraying the tax. Hence the young men find it impossible to leave their country. If emigration hardly exists at all, the happy result is due to this fiscal measure. On the other hand, a considerable number of labourers belonging to different groups of Melanesia are seen here.

The Wesleyan missionaries are accused of an excess of zeal, which is said to contribute not a little to the decrease of the population. The toilette of the women was, with the exception of the apron, somewhat meagre. For morality's sake the missionaries oblige them to wear a long cotton chemise reaching from the neck to the knees, and often to the heels; and they exhort the

[3] This tax brings in 18,000*l.* a year.

men, though with little success, it must be owned, to cover themselves better. The result of these innovations, from a sanitary point of view, is said to be deplorable. The natives, muffled up in clothes which they seldom wash, and never take off even at night, leave their huts before daybreak, and by exposing themselves while in a state of perspiration to the cool damp morning air, contract diseases of the chest, and these diseases, which were formerly unknown, have now spread to an alarming extent. A missionary summoned to give evidence before a commission, replied naïvely in answer to a question, that the change of habits, such as wearing clothes—'consequent on the introduction of Christianity and civilisation'—were among the causes of the great mortality among the natives.[4]

The Act of Annexation was published in 1874; and in June 1875 the first governor of the new Crown colony landed at Levuka. He found himself face to face with a unique task, and one without precedent in the history of the colonies. What was this task, and how did he set about achieving it?

In cases of a complicated or mysterious kind, in those cases which form the material of *causes*

[4] *Report of a Commission Appointed to Inquire into the Working of the Western Pacific Orders in Council.* February 1884. Appendix B, 'Statement of the Rev. H. A. Robertson,' March 21, 1883.

célèbres, one asks, 'Who is the lady?' In politics, whenever I come across a new and pregnant idea which is not hackneyed and does not force itself on the multitude by the evidence of facts, I say to myself, 'Who is the man?' I do not ask, Who are the men? Ideas take birth in the brain of one man, and not of many. A man has an idea. That idea may be discussed, amended, modified, or spoiled by ministers in their offices or by Parliament, in secret committee or in public session, but neither offices nor committees nor Parliaments have ever invented or discovered it. It was born in the head, perhaps also in the heart, of a single man. Who is the man in this case?

It is Sir Arthur Gordon, the first Governor of this colony, and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific Islands.[5] He found able coadjutors to give effect to his plans, and notably in the person of Mr. Thurston, a most valuable assistant. He owed unquestionably to this official much precious information on the moral, social, and political condition of the populations of the new colony at the time of his arrival, and thanks to that information was able to elaborate his present system of government.

Sir Arthur is not what is called a popular man. The iron hand does not suit well the velvet glove.

[5] Now Governor of Ceylon.

and moreover every one of us has the failings peculiar to his good qualities. I lay stress on this point, because I heard criticisms expressed respecting his activity which were ill-considered, malicious, and often absolutely unjust. But the statesman, who is accustomed to struggle with passing excitement, remains unmoved by such attacks. He does not look to the present for an impartial appreciation of his acts. The press, that great power, fashions, as he well knows, the opinions of the day; but history fashions the opinion of centuries. The journalist writes on leaves of paper which the morrow's breeze will scatter. History records its verdicts on brass and marble.

The problem to be solved was, I repeat, unique of its kind. It was a question of controlling to a certain extent, and of protecting against the natives and against each other, the European members of the growing colony, composed, as it was, of the elements above described; and, on the other hand, of safeguarding the interests of the natives, and of putting an end to the acts of violence committed by the whites, and also to the perpetual wars between savage tribes scarcely rescued from barbarism; for with all due deference to their enthusiastic friends, those who were cannibals yesterday, if not so to-day, are barbarians. Peace, once established, had to be made secure. The wild

beast had to be tamed, and as the means placed at the disposal of the Governor by the mother-country—no longer a good foster-mother, but the jealous guardian of the public purse—were extremely limited, it was necessary to throw upon these catechumens of civilisation part of the cost of administration; which could only be done by retaining, as far as possible, instead of entirely abolishing, the old constitution; that is to say, the usages and customs, the notions and traditions, of the natives. Sir Arthur Gordon had neither English officials, nor great battalions, nor heavy ordnance to back him up. He had to govern with native materials, assisted by a few English magistrates. Those native materials could only be the chiefs, each of whom was paramount in his tribe. Those he had to win over, and the means of winning them over was not to subjugate them, as public opinion in the new colony demanded, but to strengthen their authority. And in conciliating the chiefs, he reconciled the tribes also to the new order of things, just because the former commanded the obedience of the tribes. Sir Arthur having struck out his way entered it with boldness, resolution, and energy. Sir William des Vœux, the present Governor, is closely following his predecessor's footsteps. If the results of the system conceived, inaugurated, and put into practice by the first

Governor correspond with his expectations; if the means employed prove successful, then assuredly Sir Arthur Gordon will figure in the history of Oceania as the benefactor of the Fijians.

To sum up. After long hesitation and a series of transactions, the English Government decided to accept from King Thakombau the two hundred islands (half of which are inhabited) nominally constituting his kingdom. The two contracting parties were acting under the sway of imperious necessity. Thakombau, besides being crippled by debts contracted with America, had to choose between abdication and absolute ruin, perhaps death for himself and the extermination of his family and tribe. The English Government, on the other hand, could not continue any longer the passive witnesses of the crimes which were committed in these regions, most frequently with impunity, by British subjects, under the very eyes of their agents, their consuls, and the captains of their cruisers. They could not allow the re-establishment in the Pacific of that slave trade which they had so long, so energetically, and in the end triumphantly, combated in the waters of Africa and Brazil; nor under these circumstances, resist any longer the pressure of an excited public opinion in Australia, and the not less passionate importunity of philanthropists in

England. Added to these motives of humanity were considerations of a purely worldly kind. The Fijis were represented as an earthly paradise destined to supply the Manchester warehouses with countless bales of cotton: they were, so to speak, a number of Maltas, which in time of war would secure to England the dominion of the Western Pacific; they were an impregnable maritime centre for her naval forces and her mercantile marine. Of course, these hopes have not yet been and never will be realised. The whole of this Archipelago, even if planted with nothing but cotton, would not produce enough of it to make the English cotton trade independent of American producers, and the configuration of the islands, all of them difficult of access, will always make navigation extremely dangerous for vessels of deep draught. But, in a more moderate degree, the possession of these islands offers indirectly real and considerable advantages, if only because they can reckon on the markets of Australia and New Zealand. These colonies, which have hitherto been compelled to send to Java and the Mauritius for their tea, coffee, and sugar, in short for all the colonial products they require, will gradually come to draw their supplies from this quarter in proportion as, with the extension of cultivation, the Fijis, which are far nearer than the Dutch Indies and

Mauritius, shall exhibit an equal capacity to meet the demand.

Fiji presents just now a curious, and, as it seems to me, a satisfactory spectacle. Among the natives there is general peace. The chiefs of the great tribes, transformed into officers of State, are applying themselves to their administrative and Parliamentary business, not indeed liking each other any more than in the past, but not in any way disturbing public order. In the main, there are few acts of violence. The people are cheerful, inoffensive, far from industrious, but contented with their lot. Up to the present, the home rule granted to the natives within certain limits has been productive of nothing but good results.

Among the European population, which is rapidly increasing, an almost entire transformation has been effected in the course of the last ten years. The traditional bully of former days has given way to honest and hardworking settlers, whose labour is fructified by capital furnished principally by Sydney. In more than one respect, the young colony is becoming more and more like Australia and New Zealand. The cultivation of the land is making, if not rapid, at least steady progress, and trade has taken during the last few years an unexpected bound.[6]

[6] In 1883, the revenue showed a surplus of no less than 26,000*l.*

I have repeated in these notes, conscientiously and faithfully, the information I derived from the most various and the most authoritative sources. I have also put side by side the different opinions I have heard expressed on the natives and their affairs. But beyond this I must not go. It is not for me to offer an opinion of my own. All that I will permit myself to say is that England, in taking possession of the Fiji Islands, conferred a benefit on the Islanders and made a good bargain for herself.

CHAPTER III.

SAMOA.

JUNE 17 TO 29.

Keppel and Boscawen Islands—The passage—Apia—The triumvirate of consuls—King Malietoa Laupepa—The German houses—Tutuila—Pango-Pango—Hübner Bay—The labour trade—The missionaries—The 'City of Sydney.'

Samoa. June 17 *to* 29.—On the 14th at noon we left Loma-Loma. Three days of calm or contrary winds ensue, and we are now lying-to a few miles from Nina-Tobutava (Keppel Island) and Tafari (Boscawen Island). We endeavoured to land, but the captain's galley got entangled in a labyrinth of coral reefs level with the water. Luckily a native, accompanied by a small boy, both of them crouching down in a bit of hollowed wood, came to meet us and act as pilot.

The atmosphere is thick, and the sun, veiled by a light mist, is shrouding in a golden haze the inner lagoon, which resembles an immense vermilion basin adorned with precious stones. Outside, the dark green, restless, fretful, foaming ocean, con-

trasts strangely with the metallic immobility of the lagoon. We approach some low hills[1] entirely clothed with woods; it is the island of Nina-Tobutava, separated by a narrow channel from one of these islets, which—scarcely rising above the water level, often in the form of a ring, and always covered with cocoa-nut palms—form one of the characteristic features of the Oceanic Archipelago.

A few miles northward the island of Tafari rises in a single mass, scarcely leaving room at its base for the huts of some thirty inhabitants. Notwithstanding the nearness of this enormous conical block, we are unable, from the state of the atmosphere and the position of the sun, to distinguish anything beyond a dark outline, which presents a striking resemblance to Stromboli.

On the shore, close by the spot where we landed, is seen the hut of one of the three whites who reside in this isle. They are traders, the name given to the agents employed by Australian, English, or German houses, who send out to them, at double the price charged in European markets, penknives, knives, cotton prints, tobacco, and other articles prized by the savage, and none to a greater extent than firearms. The trader who works this or that group of islands exchanges these wares, sometimes at the rate of 700 or 800 per

[1] About 350 feet high.

cent., for copra and cotton, which he sends to Apia, Suva, Levuka, or Tonga, wherever the branch house of the firm may be, whence they are forwarded to Europe, generally at an enormous profit. If the trader is sober, intelligent, and energetic, and if he is not killed, a fate to which he is especially exposed in the Melanesian Archipelago, he makes in a few years a comparatively large fortune. Living costs him next to nothing; he has brought with him to the island a small stock of preserved provisions, which he renews from time to time when necessary. He lives chiefly on yam, bananas, and poultry. His dress consists of a flannel coat and trousers, which serve instead of linen; a straw hat for fine weather, and a sou'-wester which in the rainy season covers his head, face, and neck.

But unfortunately many of these men are neither sober, active, nor energetic. The climate enervates them. They work only just enough to live, and they live from hand to mouth. Some of them there are who, stretched out on a mat in their hut, or lounging in a hammock under the shade of some cocoa-nut tree, either alone or with some native woman for a companion, spend their time in absolute idleness and finally disappear. There are also men of energy, but these have usually, to a very large extent, the bad side of that

quality. They are the latest descendants of the rowdies of former days, whose high-handed doings, especially in Melanesia, shocked the Australian public and found an echo even in European newspapers. Those doings are still being carried on, less frequently no doubt, but none the less far too often, if only half of what I heard is true. A person whose word is thoroughly trustworthy told me he had seen a trader, in order to try a gun he had just purchased, take aim at and hit a native who was gathering nuts on the top of a cocoa-nut tree. Others again—but I forbear further mention of such atrocities. Revenge is sure to follow, and the result is a series of reprisals between whites and natives.

But there are also, among the traders, some fine fellows, and, what is worth noting, the trade itself, which formerly had a very doubtful reputation, is evidently improving morally, since communication with the civilised world has become more frequent, and the native buyer has learned little by little the real value of the wares offered to him—in a word, since daylight is beginning to penetrate these hitherto obscure regions.

Firearms, as I have said, are the articles most prized by the natives, especially when they are either engaged in or preparing for war. Although the temple of Janus is never closed in the islands

of Oceañia; the inhabitants of the Melanesian race are cowards. War is with them simply a succession of ambuscades, and massacres of women and children, who are waylaid and killed in some hollow road, and then eaten. But they never venture on a pitched battle. The most that ever happens, if by some untoward chance the two armies come to close quarters, in spite of themselves, is that the most valiant of the band advances against the enemy to discharge a volley of invectives, and then runs away as fast as his legs can carry him. The Samoans, on the contrary, are born warriors, and delight in battles on the open field.

But warriors or no warriors, bravely or timidly, they are always, except at short intervals, making war. War is part of the habits of the islanders, and those habits serve the interests of the trader. Lately, the captain of an English cruiser had succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between two great chiefs. Unfortunately, the trader of the place had still a stock of guns for sale: no sooner was the cruiser at sea, than hostilities recommenced. It is true that there was no actual proof of the seller's complicity in the outbreak.

The trader who received us at the door of his hut seems a respectable sort of man—a bit of a Robinson Crusoe. His wife, a Maori from one of the 'reserves' of North Island, New Zealand,

possesses still some remnants of beauty. We were also struck by the nobility of her features, her tall figure, and the natural dignity with which she bade us welcome. She speaks English more correctly than her husband, Englishman though he is. While we were visiting his stores, the two other traders, the one an Englishman and the other a Dane, arrived, and we all started together for Hihipu, the capital of the island.

It is a beautiful spot, all covered with a magnificent carpet of green and an abundance of exotic foliage! The giant trees, with their enormous leaves, clear-cut, velvety, or glittering, stretch out their arms and lavish their shade on the pretty bee-hives of huts scattered on the grass. To allow the air to circulate in these dwellings, the natives have lifted up the matting which serves as a wall and a curtain, and the interiors are open to view. But the whole population is out of doors. There are very few men, but among them some handsome boys. Of young girls, on the contrary, there are plenty; they run away with a frightened air that seems somewhat unnatural; but the young women, far from imitating their example, come towards us laughing. There are also some middle-aged and very corpulent matrons, and some old women of indescribable shape. All these people are laughing, and seem delighted to see us. What

strikes me in this crowd of women and children, who are pressing at our heels, is the large number of fair and almost red-coloured heads of hair.

The two principal buildings are the church and the Governor's residence. The church is distinguished by its enormous roof, and Government House by its window-panes. For be it known that these islands, peaceably annexed thirty years ago by his Majesty King George of Tonga, possess a governor, a magistrate, a judge, and policemen. The latter are most assiduous in the regularity with which they bring back to the Europeans their sucking-pigs, which are stolen with equal regularity by the thieves who abound in the capital.

In one of the huts, a woman, squatting before a block of wood which serves as a loom, was hammering with a mallet on the bark of a certain tree. This is their way of making the bark-cloth which they wear round the loins. A young girl, crouching at her side, marked the bark with black, and produced in this manner a highly original design. One of these strips was unrolled upon the turf; it is 14 feet wide and 120 feet long.

But the sun approached the horizon, and it was time to leave these enchanting islands in mid ocean. Sailors avoid them, as being difficult of access, and consequently they are very seldom visited. No

English man-of-war has been here for four years. We had found it no easy matter to reach the island; but, guided by the same pilot, we gained without further incident the deep water of the lagoon, and were on board the 'Espiegle' before dark.

June 19.—In front of us tower the lofty, barren mountains of Sawaii, 6,000 feet in height. On our right, towards the east, a range of bluish-green hills stretches away as far as the eye can reach. These hills are Upolo. Sawaii, Upolo, and Tutuila are the three largest islands of the Navigators group, now better known by the indigenous name of Samoa. The natives have built their villages on the shore; the interior is uninhabited.

Our sloop, leaving the isle of Sawaii to port, skirted the northern coast of Upolo, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, after passing the hulls of two large shipwrecked vessels, cast anchor before the town of Apia.

June 20.—Apia looks well, with its white cottages interspersed with trees; the flags of the English, American, and German consulates; the church of the Roman Catholic mission on the seashore, and a background composed of mountains and an endless number of cocoa-nut palms.

Four large vessels and a schooner, all German, an English and an American vessel, to say nothing of a multitude of canoes which are plying to and fro, give an appearance of animation to the harbour.

The 'Espiegle' is surrounded by a swarm of wherries, laden with natives, men and women. The men are remarkable for the magnificent tattooing of their thighs, which look like black breeches embroidered with white. The natural colour of their skin resembles Florentine bronze, while the complexion of the women is of a light-brown hue. They belong to the regular, fine pure-bred Polynesian race.

At length we were cleared of quarantine and allowed to land. The consuls are very strict in their sanitary regulations, and rightly so. The coral reefs which traverse the lagoon at Apia, compelled the galley to fetch a long circuit before reaching the landing-place.

Dr. Canisius, the United States consul, a Westphalian by birth, and a naturalised American; Dr. Stübel, the German consul, a Saxon, belonging to the German diplomatic service; and the English consul, Mr. Churchward, a former cavalry officer, compose the triumvirate which governs Apia.

The municipality appears to be constituted after the model of the European factories in China. The king, without actually parting with the land occupied by the settlement, has left to what is called the municipality the enjoyment and administration of it in consideration of an annuity at the rate of twenty dollars a month. It is, in reality, a sort of *condominium* exercised by the consuls of the three signatory Powers to a convention of 1879—namely, England, Germany, and the United States. By another treaty concluded in the same year, the king recognises the exclusive jurisdiction of the British High Commissioner in respect of English subjects resident in this archipelago. What distinguishes the municipality of Apia from the settlements in China is the fact that here the administration, or government as it may be called, is exercised jointly by the consuls of three Powers, while in China, as for instance at Shanghai, the English, French, and American settlements are quite distinct. Let me hasten to add that the reign of the triumvirs at Apia is a success. It is perhaps, though no doubt to a very limited extent, the first example of a solution of the difficult and delicate problem of an administration managed jointly by the representatives of different States. Whether this success is due to the intrinsic merit of the municipal constitution, or to the good sense and

conciliatory spirit of the consuls, remains to be seen. The machinery is wonderfully simple and economical: a magistrate with six policemen placed under his direction and immediate supervision. Both the magistrate and his policemen are natives, and yet they experience no difficulty in making their authority respected by the whites.[2]

Once outside the very narrow limits of the municipality, you enter the kingdom of Malietoa Laupepa. The constitution of his states is purely

[2] The magistrate's salary is 15*l.* a year; his policemen are paid 20, 25, and 35 dollars a month. The revenue of the municipality amounts to 5,000 dollars a year, and is composed of the proceeds of a land-tax, licenses, pilots' fees, fines, &c. The municipality, as has been said, furnishes the king's allowance of 20 dollars a month, and pays a monthly salary of 10 dollars to a magistrate, whose duties are to assist, but without judicial powers, and rather as a witness, at the trial of causes between natives and whites.

The total population of the municipality is 383 souls, of whom 165 are whites, and 218 half-castes. The whites, including men, women, and children, are distributed as follows: Germans 75, English 41, Americans 23, Swiss and Dutch 13, French 11, Scandinavians 2.

The non-Samoan population, exclusive of the municipality, amounts to about 200 persons, of whom 75 are whites, the remainder being composed of half-castes or persons of colour. The white population consists of 23 Germans, 39 English, 4 Americans, 4 Scandinavians, and 5 French. The Germans are inspectors and *employés* in the German plantations, or else traders. Among the English there are 13 missionaries with their families. The remainder consist entirely of traders, among whom are the four Americans. The five Frenchmen are missionaries. All the English, American, and Scandinavian traders work for the two German houses. The above information was gathered on the spot.

patriarchal. The heads of families alone exercise political rights; they are either chiefs (*alii*) or commoners (*tulafale*). Among them is a small number of personages who, from their comparative wealth and a traditional prestige, are called high *aliis* and high *tulafales*. These are, or rather were, the large landowners of the country. The political rights are exercised by the chiefs and the *tulafales*, at a village or a district assembly, according as the interests of a village or a district are concerned. The authority of these assemblies, which are invested with legislative and judicial powers, is never contested either in the village or the district; while the meetings of the chiefs and *tulafales* at Molinu, the king's residence, are purely formal. Discussion takes place there, but no resolutions are framed or passed; and even if they were, they would have no binding force. Malietoa is regarded as a king only by the three Powers who recognised him as such; in the eyes of his so-called subjects he is no king at all, or a king only in a very limited sense. Save a titular viceroy and a supreme judge, both of whom reside at Molinu, there is not a shadow of organised government, no authority, no prestige, no taxes, and not a farthing in the king's coffers, except the twenty dollars which are paid to him monthly by the municipality.

As for the indigenous population of the archi-

pelago, it is necessary, in the absence of a census, to fall back on the approximate estimates of the missionaries. The native teachers, Wesleyans and Congregationalists, put the total at 34,000 souls; the Roman Catholic missionaries reckon it only at 30,000, and affirm that the population has decreased by 6,000 souls during the last thirty years.

The trade of these islands is principally in the hands of two large German houses, the 'Deutsche Handels- und Plantagen-Gesellschaft,' represented by Mr. Weber, and 'Ruge & Co.,'[3] both of Hamburg. These firms have acquired a very large extent of land,[4] and take the lead in commerce and the cultivation of the soil. They ship the produce of their plantations to Europe in German vessels, and import thence the articles intended for general use among the islanders. Most of the goods imported are of foreign, that is to say not German, manufacture. The cotton prints and firearms come from England, the tools and provisions from America or Australia, and the remainder from Germany.

[3] The trade dealings of these two large firms at Apia, and of four small German merchants, represent a sum of 112,500 dollars, as against 107,500 dollars of the merchants of all other nations. *Report of Dr. Stübel*, German Consul at Apia, December 18, 1883.

[4] Altogether, in the Samoan Islands, 6,311 acres. They employ 1,152 labourers, recruited chiefly in the archipelago of New Britain and New Ireland.

Nearly all the Europeans resident in these islands are either in the pay of the German company or of Messrs. Ruge & Co. Only a few are traders on their own account. The leading position enjoyed by these two houses is due to the amount of capital employed, the enlightened activity of their managers, and their reputation for soundness, but also, it must be confessed, to the absence of any serious competition.

I have seen and studied the German in various parts of the globe. I have come across him everywhere and found him everywhere the same. He has perhaps forgotten his own language; a not unfrequent occurrence, especially in the second generation; he has adopted some of the habits of those among whom he lives, some comforts to which he was a stranger in the Fatherland, but in all that affects cast of mind and character, he remains a German. He is generally intelligent, always frugal, sober, thrifty, patient, persevering, and courageous, but not to the extent of rashness. He does not aim at making quick gains, and is not fond of running risks. In this respect he differs from the Anglo-Saxon, who, more enterprising than he, is on the look-out for risky undertakings and generally comes out of them with success. The German goes forward rather more slowly, but more surely; he sticks to the spot where he has taken

root, and does not let himself be ousted. Lastly, the German, speaking of the common classes in particular, is better educated than the ordinary Anglo-Saxon of the same social rank, and better trained to adapt himself to the exigencies of a new position; as an agriculturist, he shares with the Scotchman the reputation of being the best colonist in the world.

In Samoa, everything so far as the white element is concerned, bears the German stamp. There are but two firms here, as I have already said, and they monopolise the working of these islands, and combine the pursuit of cultivation with that of trade. This system offers great advantages, not unmixed, perhaps, under certain circumstances, with great drawbacks. Hitherto, the plantations of Upolo have yielded no profit. If the Germans of Samoa have to fear foreign competition, here at any rate they enjoy the privileges of the *beati possidentes*. As yet the spirit of enterprise of the English and Australian capitalist finds in the other groups of the Pacific too vast a field of activity to want to attack the strong positions occupied in these islands by the two Hamburg houses.

To sum up. In comparing the English and Germans, such as I have seen them at work, I observe a great likeness between them, and among

neither of them can I see any trace of decadence. They have only to will in order to succeed; among nations, they are on an equality. But England is richer than Germany, richer in capital which she is bound, impelled, and often much puzzled to turn to account. In that respect, the struggle is unequal.[5]

[5] I have been kindly furnished with the following particulars of the state of the German plantations in Samoa in November 1883:

	Acres
Cocoa-nut palms, fruit-bearing	1,101
Cocoa-nut palms, not yet fruit-bearing	1,728
Young cocoa-nut palms and cotton plants	1,932
Cotton plants only	702
Coffee	135
Bananas, Yam, Taro	303
Pasturage	402
Total	6,303

Since November 1883, 300 acres have been cleared and planted. Attempts are now being made to plant tobacco: the experiment is being made on a large scale. The cocoa-nut plantations serve as pasturage until the trees have reached a certain height. These plantations feed about 1,000 head of cattle.

Hitherto copra is the principal product. The cotton is a superior kind of what is termed sea-island cotton. The coffee-plants are only a year or two old. The annual totals of these products are: 300 tons of copra, and 1,600 bales of cotton, the bale weighing about 260 lbs. The natives of the Samoan islands produce from 2,000 to 3,000 tons of copra. The Samoans are as a rule poor labourers. The German houses at Apia recruit their labourers chiefly from the archipelagoes of New Britain and New Ireland; the Chinese, who are the best of all, have become too expensive, and the Indian coolies can only be exported to English colonies. At Apia the wages of local labourers have risen from 25 to 60 dollars; in Fiji and Queensland they are twice as high as in

We paid a visit to the plantation of the 'Handelsgesellschaft,' called Utumapu. After having followed for awhile the strand in passing near some villages inhabited by fishermen, several of whom were afflicted with the terrible disease of elephantiasis, we turned our steps, continually ascending to the interior of the island. An hour and a half's ride brought us near the crest of the mountains which form the backbone of Upolo. Here, on a knoll, in the centre of the plantation which extends, north and south, from shore to shore, stands a pretty and well-kept cottage, inhabited by a young German, one of the inspectors of the estate. The panorama is splendid. Nothing but a sea of cocoa-nut palms, and above the trees the immense line of the ocean. The little headland yonder is Molinu, the residence of the King. The cocoa-nut trees, which, seen from above, resemble a dense forest, present, when approached, the appearance of a chess-board ruled with geometrical exactness. Each tree stands at a distance of eight feet, carefully measured, from its neighbours. A carriage road, overrun ever and again it is true by vegetation, facilitates the working

Samoa. Of late years nearly all the produce has been exported by the two German houses. The shipping returns for 1883 are as follows:

	Ships arrived	Tonnage	Imports	Exports
German	92	19,369	£58,358	£50,894
English	35	3,799	9,103	1,180
American	18	2,776	26,146	*nil*

of these tracts, which, viewed collectively, look like an immense nursery garden. Coffee trees also are being planted, with the intention, if the experiment succeeds, of making coffee the principal product of this large plantation. It is as yet an experiment, but you recognise everywhere the hand of the intelligent, methodical, and conscientious cultivator, the spirit of the German nation at work at the Antipodes.

I spent some very pleasant hours at the Roman Catholic mission station in the company of Mgr. Lamaze, the Bishop of Olympus, and Vicar-Apostolic of Central Oceania, and of four French priests, young and old, who share with him the labours of the mission. He has acquired a large piece of ground behind the church for the purpose of building a village, where he has gathered together some of his converts, giving them free enjoyment of the produce of the land which they cultivate. They rarely quit this spot, and form a separate community—a sort of *reduccion*, as it was formerly termed in South America. All the men are married, and each family has a separate hut. The results already obtained are, I am told, most satisfactory. The important thing is to keep the new Christians from contact with the natives outside, and especially the whites. On our way through this nursery garden of Christianity, we saw some happy-looking

people; the fields were well cultivated, and the huts clean and neat. Some of the men are intended to be employed as catechists.

Half-way up a hill on the estate rises a little stone church, which is visible from the sea long before reaching the harbour. Wrecked only last year by a hurricane, it has been rebuilt already, thanks to the donations of some benefactors, and the co-operation of volunteers furnished by the community. This spot is called Vaca, and here it is that the future catechists receive their instruction and are first initiated into classical studies.

On Sunday we attended high mass in the church of the mission. The young natives (especially the women) sing in excellent tune. This reminded me of the Christian settlements in China and the convents of the Roman Catholic Copts in Egypt; but, from a musical point of view, the comparison is all to the advantage of the islanders.

In the afternoon the bishop, his fathers and guests, the members of the community and some Roman Catholic notables, with the King's Chief Justice at their head, assembled on the lawn, half courtyard, half garden, which separates the church from the priest's house. The daughter of the Chief Justice had the honour of preparing 'kava.'

Kava is a beverage made from a root, which is cleaned, scraped, and munched to a pulp by young

girls, then washed again and thrown into a large wooden bowl, where it is steeped in water and the liquor afterwards strained. The final result of these far from appetising processes is a drink that tastes like rhubarb. The white residents appreciate it as much as the natives. At all gatherings of friends, as well as at public festivities and entertainments given to great personages, *kava* is regularly served. It is prepared by young girls of quality and good conduct, in the presence of the assembly. At these gatherings, the guests sit round in a ring, and two or three young girls stand in the midst, before a bowl intended to receive the chewed root. To judge from the involuntary grimaces of these youthful Hebes with their puffed-out cheeks, this chewing is hard work and requires strong jaws. As soon as the liquor is ready, the master of the house claps his hands, and this signal is taken up by all the company. Talk ceases at once, and amid deep silence the chief pronounces the name of the guest who occupies the place of honour. A young girl then steps gravely towards him, and with a graceful bow hands him the liquid in a cocoa-nut shell. The cup, whether emptied or merely put to the lips, is then refilled, and presented by the same damsel to the other guests, always in order of precedence.

The missionaries tell me that, in the course of

their tours, they gladly attend these gatherings, which put the natives into good humour, and pave the way for serious discussion.

After the *kava*, some young catechumens, with the girdle of bark-cloth, and with flowers in their hair and a wooden sword in their hand, performed war-dances with great ardour. The women took no part in them. 'They do not go to balls,' said one of the missionaries to me with a significant look, the meaning of which I failed to understand until I had been present at a *sava*.

Meanwhile, the evening breeze was beginning to bring some refreshing coolness. It had certainly been one of the most oppressive days that I remember. In this group of islands, when the atmosphere is still, the thermometer ranges from 66° to 71° Fahr. throughout the year. Nevertheless, the Europeans here live to an advanced age, while the natives rarely become very old.

On our departure, the missionaries assured me that ten years hence the Samoans would remember the names of the 'Espiegle,' of Captain Bridge, and myself. They are endowed with remarkable powers of memory and faculty of observation. They give names to the smallest features of the landscape, to every cliff, and even to the tiniest creeks. They know accurately the habits of the different animals. Altogether, they are wide awake

to a certain degree, and intelligent to a certain limit, beyond which they never advance.

The convent of Sisters, of whom two are French and five natives, stands a few paces from the mission station. For twenty-six years the Lady Superior has never left this house but once, and then only for reasons of health and for a few weeks. She it is who has created and organised everything here; who has built the little chapel, a real gem of monastic architecture; and who has diffused among many European and native families the benefits of a good and sound education. In the school of the whites I saw two little German girls of the most pronounced Teutonic type. But they do not know a word of German; they speak nothing but English and Samoan.

The sun is pitiless, and the heat indescribable, and yet we are setting out at midday for Molinu. Court duties call us thither. Mgr. Lamaze, who is kindly going to act as our interpreter, and the English and German consuls are good enough to accompany us.

The capital of the King of the Samoans, situated a little more than two miles from Apia, occupies a tongue of land between two hollows of the bay. It is, correctly speaking, a forest of cocoa-nut palms,

but I suppose there are also some houses more or less hidden among the trees, though we saw only a very few of them. There is, however, a kind of public square, where a gibbet has been erected ; it is the only monument which presents an imposing appearance. A few steps farther stands a pretty hut, inhabited by the King's Chief Justice. This personage and his daughter, who are Roman Catholics, came out to kiss the bishop's ring ; and, taking a little rest under the shade of the gallows, we had a talk with the judge, not wanting in interest, when we heard behind us the hurried steps of a man, panting for breath, who had apparently been running to overtake us. He was stopped, and we pursued our way together. He wore a shirt which had certainly not just come from the washerwoman, and some linen trousers which were in tatters. His features, like the expression of his face, were anything but distinguished. We endeavoured in vain to extract a single word from him ; to everything we said he replied with loud laughter. It was not until we were approaching the house of public assembly, towards which he turned his steps, that I learned his name. He was no less a person than the King. Thinking with what freedom I had apostrophised His Majesty, I had some qualms of conscience.

The audience took place in a large hut covered with dirty matting, all the curtains being

raised to let in the air, which was fiery. The King and the Europeans took their seats on Vienna chairs bought for solemn occasions when the consuls come not *ad audiendum verbum regium*, but to make their own voice heard by the King. Some chiefs, hastily gathered together, were squatting on the mats, with their knees nearly in their mouths, and their backs against the posts of the outer wall. There was an endless speech—as I was told a eulogium of myself. The speaker, one of the great chiefs, seemed to be asleep while delivering it. The same was the case with ourselves. Finally, not being able to endure it any longer, I rose abruptly; another breach of etiquette. My friends did the same. The King, who throughout the ceremony had done nothing but slumber or roared with a forced laugh, this time gave us a frank smile. All the company, savages and Europeans, were delighted to separate, and we hurried away as fast as possible, but not without paying a visit in his hut to the viceroy, who seems to be an able man.

Malietoa is not, I am told, an idiot. He is an ordinary kind of man, who, if he had been left to take his proper place, would still be perhaps, and perhaps not, one of the great tribal chiefs of the Samoans. But he has been made king; and king he is, as I have said, in the eyes of the signatory Powers, though not in those of the other chiefs,

who have never openly acknowledged him as sovereign. The three consuls look to him, as they are bound to do, for the safety of the numerous whites who are scattered about outside the municipality, in various parts of the islands; and for this purpose they make him responsible for the restoration of peace, which is constantly being broken by one tribe or another. They have neither the right nor the means to interfere directly in order to attain this double object; they address themselves therefore to the King, who is powerless. The situation is a false one, and in the long run untenable.

'We have seen what happened at Tonga and Fiji. England recognised as king the great Tongan chief George, whose father before him had been the master of that archipelago, and who, moreover, has a double personality in his white *alter ego*, the missionary, Mr. Baker. His recognition by England consolidated but did not create his power. In Fiji an ambitious chief, encouraged and pushed on by the white residents, attempted to subjugate the other chiefs. He failed in the attempt, and had to choose between ruin or abdication; whilst England had no alternative but to annex or to abandon her subjects who were settled in those islands to all sorts of risk.

'The analogy is evident at a glance. In Samoa

there are considerable interests to protect. The few English and German cruisers which come hither from time to time are fully able to redress private wrongs, but they cannot guarantee in a permanent manner the maintenance of public order; and the interests at stake may be compromised at any moment as long as a stable peace has not taken the place of the intestine tribal wars which recur like intermittent fevers. Such a peace presupposes the existence of a regular and strong government, which is an impossibility in the absence of a chief powerful enough to be entrusted with it. A mere mock king is not enough. Malietoa is not man enough for his position; he is altogether a *triste sire*.

We have a merry time at Apia. The presence of a man-of-war is quite an event, and imparts a little variety to the otherwise somewhat dull life of the residents. Dinners on board, dinners on shore, excursions on horseback and by boat are a great contrast to the otherwise pleasant monotony of life on board ship. For our last evening, Mr. Stübel and Mr. Churchward have arranged a special *sava* or *soirée dansante* at the house of a great neighbouring chief.

The night was dark, and the rain, driven by a

strong wind, fell at intervals. The whale-boat, steered by Captain Bridge, cutting capers on the little chopping waves of the lagoon, ran aground more than once on the coral reefs, but ultimately made its way into the creek near which stands the residence of the chief. After having partaken of *kava* in the company of the leading men of the tribe, and exchanged the customary ceremonies, we were conducted to the hut set apart for public assemblies.

Here a strange sight met our eyes. The room was filled with people. In the centre, near the three trees supporting the ridge pole of the roof which were beautifully decorated with garlands of flowers and leaves, a large fire was burning. This was the only lighting. The English and German consuls, the officers and some sailors of the 'Espiegle,' and two or three residents of Apia, formed the European audience. The coloured spectators, both men and women, belonged to the upper classes of the natives. It was only by a vigorous use of their elbows that the *corps de ballet* could make their way through the crowd.

The dress of the dancing-girls consisted of a waist-band of gaudy-coloured calico, adorned with festoons of cocoa-nut leaves or bark fibre, and a wreath of flowers in their hair. The young *première* distinguished herself from her companions by a large

wig of fair hair shaped like a Phrygian cap, and decorated with a plume of scarlet feathers which set off the light brown colour of her shoulders, neck, and arms. Her whole body was streaming with cocoa-nut oil. The dancers, sixteen in number, having advanced in front of the fire, arranged themselves in line, with their leader in the middle, squatted down on the mats, and waited, motionless as statues, for the signal to begin the dance. This was given by the *prima ballerina*, who struck up a kind of melody which was afterwards chanted in chorus throughout the dance. The movements were at first quiet, sedate, slow and solemn, then quicker and quicker, and finally of giddy velocity, but always of wonderful precision. The young ladies danced with their eyes, head, shoulders, arms, hands, and bosom; their legs alone remained immovable. The words, but not the music, of the songs were written for the occasion in honour of Captain Bridge and myself; indeed, sounds resembling our names were incessantly repeated. At the end of the ballet, loud applause proceeded from the whites; the native spectators remained unmoved.

But this was not the case when the daughter of the great chief, the master of the house, made her appearance in the room. She is a beauty, and virtuous. Alas! many of the young girls of these islands are neither one nor the other. Those among

them who are known as well-behaved women never go out except in the company of one or more female attendants. They are admitted by preference to the honour of preparing the *kava* on solemn occasions, and they may hope to marry men of quality, warriors of high rank belonging to a friendly tribe (for they never marry into their own tribe). Apart, however, from this homage paid to virtue, the young girls who have no pretensions to it do not enjoy less public consideration on that account.

Here then was a lady of rank, a virtuous one, and also an exceptional beauty. Hence all eyes were fixed upon her, and the coloured guests greeted her with murmurs of approval. I should have put her down as eighteen years old, but she was really only thirteen. Very sparingly clad, and her head covered with an enormous wig, which she judiciously managed to lose at the beginning of the ballet, thus displaying the classical outlines of her head and neck, she took her place before the fire between four men. One of these *coryphæi* struck up the song at the beginning of each dance. Again the same contortions of the upper part of the body, and the same movements of the arms and hands. This virtuous child, who had the sacred fire of the ballet-dancer, threw herself about like a little demon and yet her gestures and movements had

nothing about them to remind one of the ignoble *bal Mabille.* . At the end the five dancers rose. Now came the critical moment. At this point, it is whispered in my ear, their notions of decency begin to get confused. In fact the legs, so long condemned to inaction, seemed to delight in taking their revenge. There were leaps, capers, somersaults, and a fiendish whirl quite indescribable. O Terpsichore, hide thy face!

The captain and I thought it was now time to retire, and thus give the young officers of the ship a good example, which they didn't, however, much care to follow. I confess that I left with regret, so strange, grotesque, and original did this spectacle, at once attractive and repulsive, appear to me, and so far superior to anything of the sort seen on European stages. Look at the changing effects of the light. One moment the dancers are lit up by the bright blaze of the fire, the next they are enveloped in darkness, and you can only detect their presence by the sparkling of their eyes which pierces through the gloom. Farther off, all would be dusk, if not pitch darkness, were it not for mysterious reflections which, coming no one knows whence, wander through the room and leap from head to head, giving glimpses of black hair adorned with feathers and flowers, faces of savages and looks fixed upon the scene. Add to this the noise

of the tom-tom and the rustling of the big forest trees outside, the howling of the squalls of wind, the suffocating heat, and the scent proceeding from the fire which was fed with odoriferous wood. A weird, strange, intoxicating scene, a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous, a nightmare, a tale of Hoffmann, a vision of Dante. Coming out, I see Checco, supported as usual on such occasions by a sailor on each side. He is indignant, and says to me, '*Questo è l' inferno. Io l' ho veduto dipinto. Era tale quale.*' ('This is Hell. I have seen a picture of it; it was just like this.')

And to think that these same women, who, half naked, indulge in this sort of amusement, go on Sundays to their church, clothed in the regulation chemise, and carrying a big hymn-book in their hands! I can understand the discouragement which must darken at times the life of the missionary, condemned as he is to the task of the Danaids.

Tutuila, June 25 *to* 29.—Æolus is not spoiling us. For twenty-eight hours the rain has been pouring in torrents, with a head wind and a rough sea. But this morning all is smiling, sky, sea, and land. The 'Espiegle' skirts the lofty island of Tutuila, doubles some abrupt and wave-washed capes, enters by a narrow channel a land-locked

sheet of water winding between steep hills, and finally casts anchor in the bay of Pango-Pango. I could fancy myself in a Norwegian *fjord*, were it not for the dense forest, with its countless cocoa-nut fans, which clothes the ground from the very water's edge to the summit of the mountains.[6]

Here the bay is a lake. No visible horizon of open sea, and no sharks. Anyone can bathe without danger; and so the natives, both men and women, like so many Tritons and Naïades, indulge in this pleasure to their heart's content. As soon as they see the ship, they arrive in crowds. Every one is shouting and gesticulating; they jump from their canoes into the water, dive towards us, and try to clamber up the sides of the 'Espiegle.' But the captain, who is very strict in such matters, considers the ladies' dress too scanty. They are hailed from the deck with shouts of 'Captain Bridge not at home,' and swim away laughing, to return the next moment with no better success, but without showing the slightest annoyance. Later on in the day there are some showers, and then the male natives, always anxious about their hair, cover their heads with a huge Taro leaf, folded and tied in the form of an ancient helmet, like true Olympian deities. The women wrap the upper part of their bodies in a single leaf of enor-

[6] The loftiest of them is 2,500 feet above the sea.

mous size ; a picture of pure mythology. I should add that these islanders are only faintly coloured, a pale olive colour at the darkest. If the Olympian deities were Greeks, as it must be presumed they were, it is hardly probable that they had a fairer skin.

But where do all these people come from? They are the villagers of Pango-Pango, which lies rather more than a mile eastward. A few poor huts are scarcely visible through the trees. All at once, our visitors, as if terror-stricken, some in boats and others swimming, take to flight in the direction of their village. At the same moment, some canoes, laden with men and women, are seen coming from a group of huts on the beach, towards the north, equidistant from Pango-Pango and our anchorage. It is the village of Fango-Tongo. This time, the men are allowed on board. They offer us some carved wooden clubs, bark-cloth, and other curiosities, exclaiming, 'Shot, shot' (i.e. 'shirt'). They are anxious to exchange their goods for shirts, which are evidently very rare, for I have not seen a single man wearing one. As for the money which is offered them, they contemptuously refuse it.

Last November, the inhabitants of Pango-Pango and Fango-Tongo were at war with each other. The great chief of Pango-Pango, by name Maunga,

having died, two candidates, the one Maunga-Mauuma, an adherent of the deceased, and the other Maunga-Lei, belonging to the opposition, aspired to the title of Maunga simple, and to the supreme power in the tribe of Pango-Pango. As to who was right, I shall do as did the English officer who, on being sent to quell the disturbance, stated in his report that he found it difficult to form any opinion as to the soundness of either candidate's claim. Facts, which are simpler than questions of right, give an idea of the origin of these wars and of the manner in which they are conducted. Maunga-Mauuma attacked and burned a part of Pango-Pango, killed some warriors, and cut down a certain number of cocoa-nut palms, whereupon Maunga-Lei went with his people to the village of Fango-Tongo, and there did precisely the same thing. A dozen warriors were killed on the spot. A Norwegian trader and his wife, a native, who were living there, only escaped death by swimming away. They found shelter with an English trader, who had married an Otaheitan and was occupying a hut at the end of a little promontory. With the exception of a Roman Catholic missionary, living at Leone on the southern coast, these two men are probably the only white settlers in the island. Both of them are traders for the Hamburg Company.

In the Samoan archipelago the most contagious epidemic is war. King Malietoa, whose acquaintance we made at his residence near Apia, took fright; and at his request, and, I think, at the request also of the three consuls, Captain Auckland, of H.M.S. 'Miranda,' came hither, took the two hostile chiefs on board, and conveyed them to the King, who still keeps them prisoners, and thus restored an 'unstable and uncertain peace.'

All this creates but little emotion in me. I entertain no wishes on behalf of either of the two rivals, and their captivity fails to awaken my sympathy. I have not even a tear to bestow upon the ten or twelve poor fellows who fell on the field of honour. What seems interesting to me is the origin of the quarrel, and the appeal made to foreign intervention.

Questions of succession between tribal chiefs recur in the natural order of things. No single chief being strong enough to enforce a friendly settlement on the contending parties, these quarrels are necessarily adjusted by arms. In such cases, the European residents, if there are any on the spot, are exposed to the greatest danger. If there is a man-of-war in the neighbourhood, no matter of what flag, generally English, sometimes French or German, very rarely American, it is either summoned, or goes at the instance of the commanding officer, who

cannot look on with folded arms at scenes of pillage and massacre. He proceeds to the spot forthwith, and nothing is easier than to restore peace for the moment. As for the question of right, and who caused the disturbance, the officer knows nothing about it. Even suppose that he knows the usages and customs of the natives (which he does not), he would have no authority or power to judge between independent tribes. Any judgment he might give would have no force either in the eyes of the interested parties, or, from his want of jurisdiction, before any European court. He compels the combatants, therefore, to lay down their arms, and they lay them down accordingly, but only to take them up again directly the ship has left. Such, was the history of the fourteen tribes of Fiji before the annexation; and this is what is now constantly occurring in Samoa and in the other groups, excepting always Tonga, where the real king is a white man, the Rev. Mr. Baker.

If the present truce continues, the reason is that both sides prefer to wait for the return of the two chiefs, still held as State prisoners by King Malietoa, who in this affair, I suppose, lends his name to the triumvirs of Apia.

We stroll along the streets of Pango-Pango, or rather among the huts scattered on the grass

and shaded by trees of every kind. The heat is overpowering. All the walls of the huts, that is to say the mats, are lifted up. We see some women and children stretched upon the ground; of men, there are few or none. What they are doing I cannot say, all I know is they are not at work. And why should they work? Haven't they their cocoa-nuts, their yams, their taros, their bananas? These suffice for all their wants. We step into the house of public assembly, which is empty, and then into the Methodist church, which is also empty, save for a few children who are playing there. A photographer, one of the sailors, whom the captain has brought with us, takes some portraits. We make groups of the women, who are much amused; but the young girls run away, I don't know why; it cannot possibly be from timidity.

To-day the captain has received an illustrious visitor. The sister of Maunga-Lei, who in her brother's absence is ruling at Pango-Pango, has come on board. She is a middle-aged woman, extremely fat, with coarse features, bright and expressive eyes, and the bearing of a lady who is conscious of her exalted position. On board she is called the Duchess of Gerolstein. Her three maids of honour, all of them chiefs' daughters,

seemed to us less remarkable for their beauty than for the grace of their movements and the respectful familiarity of their behaviour to their mistress. The men of her suite remained on deck, but the noble visitor and her companions were admitted to the saloon. They sat down at first in European fashion, but on the captain's invitation hastened to exchange this uncomfortable posture for the usual attitude of these islanders. The 'grand style' is to squat on both legs, while giving one of them a vibratory motion. Refreshments were served them, which they appeared to appreciate. The Duchess, who knows a few words of English, was in high spirits; laughter and whispering was going on uninterruptedly, when all at once exclamations and confused cries, mixed with the noise of the tom-tom, reached our ears. These came from the people of Fango-Tongo, the friends of Maunga-Mauuma and the minor chiefs of his tribe, who had just arrived. They, too, had come to pay a visit to the 'Espiegle.' The Duchess and her ladies grew suddenly pale, but it seemed the paleness of anger rather than that of fear. It was too late to prevent the importunate visitors from coming on board, and here were the two hostile factions face to face. One of the new arrivals, a young man of a villanous countenance, took advantage of the confusion to steal the club of a warrior

of Pango-Pango, and, to conceal the theft, sat down on it. But the Duchess with her eagle eye detected him, and denounced the culprit to the captain, who turned him off the ship with wonderful promptness. A parting kick, administered by a sailor, made the fugitive disappear as through a trap-door.

The deck was now full of half-naked men, with flowers and feathers in their hair, and clubs and cudgels in their hands, but perfectly quiet. The sailors formed line, and the sister of the great chief Maunga-Lei, followed by her ladies and adherents, was able to retire with all the honours due to her social position; while this time the men of the two factions exchanged angry looks, and words which were evidently not compliments. A few moments afterwards, the people of Fango-Tongo also withdrew. It was a fine sight to see those two large State canoes, each followed by a swarm of little wherries, and rowing slowly towards its village. The Duchess, surrounded by her ladies, stood upright on a sort of quarter-deck. A multitude of warriors, whose well-oiled bodies glistened in the sun, filled the boat from stem to stern. In front, a man armed with an enormous club stood on a raised platform uttering yells and leaping grotesquely, and seeming as if every moment he would tumble into the water. All of them were singing a solemn and melancholy tune in chorus, with manly and almost harmonious voices.

The men of the opposite faction had also their jack-pudding in the bows of the grand State canoe. But they were not singing. The incident which had just occurred on board, not the theft, but the discovery of the theft and the prompt chastisement of one of their tribe, seemed to have disturbed their equanimity.

In the afternoon we went to Fango-Tongo. We found the notables assembled in the public assembly house, where two young girls were vigorously engaged in munching the *kava*. We were not invited to take part in the feast. I saw among the company the thief of the morning. He was holding a short pipe between his teeth, and cast insolent looks at us. But there the matter ended.

Neither here nor at Pango-Pango are there any established missionaries, either Wesleyans or others. The cure of souls is left to native teachers. The teacher of this village, scarcely fifty years of age but looking prematurely old, took us into his cottage. It was a hut like all the rest; but a glass window and some hymn-books reminded one of Europe. Two young girls were lying on the mat. Some cocoa-nut milk was handed us; and oppressed as we were by fatigue and the heat, we found it a very welcome beverage.

Continuing our walk, we saw, seated at his hut-door, a European, who beckoned to us to enter.

This was the Norwegian of whom I spoke above, who had been a sailor and is now a trader. He related the events of the recent war, and informed us that both factions had given him large orders for breech-loaders, a sure sign that the war would recommence as soon as the hostile chiefs returned. The ruins of burnt huts, the felled cocoa-nut palms, and the charred stumps of trees which surrounded his dwelling, supplied a sad commentary to his tale.

The male population, gathered on an open space near the sea, were indulging in the pleasures of lawn-tennis! This is their way of becoming civilised. But all roads lead to Rome.

June 28.—The time for our departure has come. Yesterday morning the 'Espiegle,' surrounded by a host of canoes, all filled with Tritons and Naïades, weighed anchor. At the last moment, the Duchess came on board. She was very scantily dressed, and seemed sad and thoughtful. On the captain's exhorting her to keep the peace, she shook her head and answered, 'Impossible; bad people, not good; bad feelings.'

Our vessel glided gently between rocks, hidden under foliage, which form the various little headlands of the fjord, and after having gained the open sea,

anchored at noon in a bay on the western shore of Tutuila, close to a cliff perpetually lashed by gigantic waves. This point is called West Cape, and my name has been kindly given to the bay which was yesterday for the first time explored, sounded, and marked in the chart by the officers of the 'Espiegle.' This bay, which is more easily accessible for large vessels than most of the shores of these islands, is intended to become the central point of future communication by steam between Sydney and San Francisco, and Apia, Fiji, and various other groups of the Western Pacific.

The little village on the seashore, called by the natives Poloa, contains only, in addition to a church in which a native teacher officiates, a small number of poor and squalid huts. The natives, who came yesterday in their canoes to offer fruit and some rudely carved clubs, seemed to us of particularly savage appearance. They have not shown themselves to-day, the Sunday's rest being very strictly observed in the Wesleyan or Congregationalist communities.

While Lieutenant Ommaney and some other officers are engaged, under the captain's directions, in taking soundings, I avail myself of these two days of rest, probably my last on board the

'Espiegle,' to cast a retrospective glance at the six weeks spent in cruising among the archipelagoes, and to sum up the varied information I have been able to derive from good sources respecting the state of things in this little-known portion of the world.[7]

The term 'Western Pacific,' which is constantly used in the English official correspondence, has never yet been defined in a precise and authentic manner, but is understood to comprise all the groups of Oceania lying between the two tropics and between the 140th meridian of east and the 170th meridian of west longitude. Three different races share this vast region; the Papuan, the Melanesian, and the Polynesian.

In point of civilisation, three distinct divisions, excluding the Fijis, which have become an English colony, are recognised. The first comprehends the New Hebrides, Santa Cruz, the Solomon Islands, New Caledonia, New Britain, New Ireland, &c., whose inhabitants belong to the Melanesian race.

[7] My sources are, first, the information I have gathered during my voyage, and in the next place the official English and German correspondence communicated to the English Parliament and the German Reichstag. The most important authority is the *Report of a Commission Appointed to Inquire into the Working of the Western Pacific Orders in Council.* Dated London, October 16, 1883. Signed, Arthur Gordon, A. H. Hoskins, and J. C. Wilson, and presented to Parliament in 1884.

These are savages, and for the most part heathens and cannibals.

In other groups, mainly in those of Tonga and Samoa, the populations are Christian and in name half-civilised. In Tonga there is a king and a nominally constitutional form of government, the supreme and absolute power being practically vested in the Wesleyan missionary, Mr. Baker. Wallis Island, like that of Fotuna, is inhabited by an exclusively Roman Catholic population, and governed by a queen, who regards a brief of Pope Pius IX. as the most precious jewel of her crown. Some Roman Catholic missionaries direct her conscience and govern her country. In Samoa a phantom king exists in the presence of a European community, and indirectly under the imperfect and limited influence of the English, German, and American consuls.

Finally, there is a third class of islands, the populations of which have made some progress on the road to civilisation, respect the authority of their chiefs, and remain attached to their usages and customs, but possess no organised government.

New Guinea is still an almost unexplored land. It is known, however, that the natives, although divided into several tribes varying very much in appearance and customs, form agricultural

communities, live in large well-built villages, cultivate the land, and are extremely jealous of their proprietary rights.[8]

After the voyages of Captain Cook, Captain Bligh, and others had opened these seas to navigators at the close of the last century, adventurers poured in in large numbers, and soon the British Government found themselves compelled to interfere in order to prevent and repress, as far as possible, the crimes and offences committed by British subjects. Several Acts of Parliament, the first of which was 57 George III. c. 53, were passed with this object. The most recent one now in force is the Pacific Islanders Amendment Act 1875, which vests in a High Commissioner the jurisdiction over all British subjects sailing, trading, or residing in the regions and islands of the Western Pacific. It is enacted that every Englishman who carries away the islanders by force or deception shall be brought before the High Commissioner's court. The Order in Council, issued in 1877 in conformity with this statute, was to continue in force for seven years.[9]

[8] According to the report of Mr. Chester, the Resident Magistrate of the Queensland Government at Thursday Island, dated August 30, 1878, and quoted in the *Report of the Western Pacific Commission*, and also the verbal information which that magistrate gave me on my visit to Thursday Island.

[9] The area to which this legislation extends is vaguely defined. The Order in Council names, it is true, the Friendly Islands, the

What, it has been asked, have been the results obtained by this new organisation? Unhappily, the hopes to which it gave birth have not been completely realised. The reason is obvious. The High Commissioner and his court are only competent to take cognisance of offences and crimes committed by Englishmen among themselves or to the injury of the natives. Their jurisdiction does not extend to offences or crimes committed by non-British subjects, whether natives or whites. To all the demands of the High Commissioner, the Imperial Government, relying on the advice of the Crown lawyers, reply and are bound to reply with a *non possumus*.

This has given rise to great irritation among the English and Australian traders and planters who have settled in these islands. A jurisdiction to which they themselves were subject, but which assured impunity to their German, American, and Scandinavian fellow-traders, friends, and rivals, was to them incomprehensible. In Australia inter-

Navigators', Union, Phœnix, Ellice, Gilbert, Marshall, Caroline, Solomon, Santa Cruz, Rotumah, New Guinea, to the east of the 143rd meridian of east longitude, New Britain and New Ireland, and the Louisiade archipelago, altogether an area stretching at least 3,500 miles from east to west, and 2,500 miles from north to south. But it adds also: 'All other islands in the Western Pacific Ocean not being within the limits of the colonies of Fiji, Queensland, or New South Wales, and not being within the jurisdiction of any civilised power.'

national conferences and public meetings were held to condemn the new policy of the mother-country.

Previously to the institution of the High Commissioner's court, the task of acting as police in these regions, of maintaining some sort of order, of checking the English subjects and the natives, and of redressing, when occasion arose, the wrongs of either party, was left to the commanders of the English cruisers, who, as was universally allowed, performed their duties generally with tact and discretion. They could not inflict punishment on the coloured populations, except in cases qualified as 'acts of war;' but while giving a more or less wide interpretation to that elastic term, they succeeded in doing much good and preventing much harm. The appearance of a man-of-war never failed to produce a salutary effect on both the white residents and the natives of the locality. When a white, being a British subject, had committed some serious crime, or became generally obnoxious as an habitual disturber of public order, he was either taken to Australia for trial, or more often deported to some other island remote from the scene of his misdeeds. These proceedings were somewhat summary, and though warranted by official instructions, somewhat arbitrary, but they had a strong deterrent effect, the

more so as the traders offered no resistance. It is true that the offending British subjects frequently escaped being dealt with by the commander of the cruiser, by declaring that they were American citizens.

The institution of the High Commissioner, armed with legislative and executive powers, and assisted by a court, virtually put an end to the judicial intervention of naval officers, or rather made such intervention, where still found necessary, an awkward, delicate, and embarrassing matter, in respect of the personal and official relations between the Commodore of the Australian squadron and the High Commissioner. The latter is, moreover, more powerful in appearance than in reality. His regulations and ordinances have, it is true, the force of law, but the highest penalties which can be imposed for breach of them are a fine of 10*l.* or three months' imprisonment! Since the institution of the High Commission, no British subject can be reached except by means of a regular legal process, whatever his crime may be, or however desirable his speedy arrest may appear in the interests of the maintenance or re-establishment of public order in the locality. Where distances are so great and means of communication so limited, this procedure often renders his prosecution abortive. In fine, so far as English subjects are concerned,

the great legal powers of the High Commission are everywhere, and especially in the less visited groups, rendered inoperative by the want of an executive to enforce them, while, on the other hand, the assumed jurisdiction exercised by the navy has been, as I have said, to a certain extent extinguished.

As regards the natives who are not British subjects, the High Commission Court has no power to deal with them, but it can restrain naval officers (being British subjects) from taking any action beyond their strict legal powers. The navy is thus restricted to 'acts of war' as the sole means open to it to punish outrages or other less serious offences committed by natives against British subjects. In other words, the High Commission, powerless itself to intervene effectually, paralyses the action of the navy in respect of both the whites and the natives.[1]

The conclusion arrived at by the Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Government, of which Sir Arthur Gordon was the principal member, is this: 'that the present arrangements for the control of British subjects and the administration of justice among the islands of the Western Pacific, as well as the suppression of outrages committed by

[1] I have quoted here, almost *verbatim*, the *Report of the Commission on the Orders in Council.*

natives of those islands, are highly unsatisfactory.' The Commission then proceeds to propose certain changes, the practical value of which everyone will admit, but the perfect efficacy of which is open to doubt. What strikes me in the Report is that it touches only lightly and with evident repugnance on the international side of the question. I will return to this point, on which, in my opinion, everything hinges.

I have already alluded to the labour trade, and it is well known that on board every ship employed in recruiting labourers there is an accredited agent of the Queensland Government, or of the High Commissioner, whose duty it is to see to the strict observance of existing regulations. The immense territory of Queensland,[2] scarcely yet reclaimed by the pioneers of cultivation, and Fiji, in smaller proportions, require labour, and for reasons of climate can only employ men of colour. The islands therefore are resorted to for the recruitment of labour. In the terms of the law, the voluntary consent of the individual engaging himself is indispensable, but in reality, with the exception of some tribes in certain islands, the labourer is simply purchased for a period of three

[2] The number of labourers employed in Queensland amounts to 6,000, and in Fiji to 400. *Report of M. d'Ortzen, Secretary of the German Consulate at Apia*, February 1883.

or five years. The purchaser undertakes to send him back to his home when his engagement is ended, but he does not always fulfil this undertaking. The sale is effected in a disguised form. Sometimes presents are made to a local chief, sometimes to the friends, townspeople, or relatives of those whose services it is sought to secure; but in all cases it is understood that the recipients are to order or persuade the native to enter into the engagement; to bring him, in short, either by his consent or by force. Another method, often practised, consists of misrepresentation and cajolery, specious promises being made without either the intention or the means to fulfil them. In these ways it happens that young natives, attracted by brilliant offers, leave their homes, in defiance of the chief of their tribe or village or family. Now, since individuality, as we understand it, is almost unknown in these seas, the whole life of the individual being merged in that of the community to which he belongs, such an act of insubordination constitutes one of the most odious crimes that a native can commit. It is notorious—for the fact cannot be concealed—that the real culprit is the recruiter. Hence the vengeance is wrought, not on the person of the offender, who has escaped from reprisals by making off hastily with his recruits, but on the first white who comes. The conduct of

these islanders, looked at from their point of view, is perfectly logical, just because the individual with them is nothing, and the community everything. They therefore fix the responsibility on the community of the whites, that is to say, on those who have white skins in common. But the recruiters, in thus carrying off the native in defiance of the chief of the tribe or community, are committing no breach of the Acts of 1872 and 1875, for those Acts simply require that the native shall give *his own* consent. They have remained, therefore, within the letter of the English law, but have violated one of the most sacred laws or customs of the islanders, and have occasioned in most cases the murder, by way of reprisal, of one or more whites.

The foregoing remarks are officially substantiated by the report of the Commission of Inquiry, which I have frequently quoted. I should add, that all the whites whom I came across on my travels have confirmed, some of them (though very few) with indignation, and others with a smile, the fact that most of the labourers are delivered over to the recruiting agents by the chiefs, in consideration of a price agreed on beforehand. In the Solomon Islands, there is reason to believe that the chiefs, in return for a handsome present, send their slaves or the members of their tribe to the sea-shore,

where they are seized by the recruiting agent and transported on board.

It has been said that those who procure these labourers are bound by the law to send them home when their time is expired. Now it constantly happens that culpable carelessness is shown in fulfilling this obligation. If the men are landed in some island which is not their own, they are frequently, not to say habitually, put to death by the savages. So states the report of Sir Arthur Gordon and his colleagues.

People in Australia are wont to pass lightly over all these irregularities; they would prefer to ignore them altogether. But it is none the less certain that during the 'labour season,' which lasts from May to September, when the recruiting agents —or 'blackbird-catchers,' as they are often facetiously styled—arrive to conduct their operations, these islands are frequently the scene of deeds of violence, which are concealed as much as possible from the public ken. In Queensland the need of labourers is so pressing that the authorities appear obliged—and are always accused, perhaps wrongly, of so doing—to shut their eyes to the breaches of the law committed by the captains of the recruiting vessels, and to the tacit connivance of the Government agent, whose duty it is to supervise the skipper. As for the natives of Melanesia, they

take care to lie in wait for, attack, and, whenever they can, kill the crews which the skipper sends on shore.

'To kill a white man,' says Captain Moor,[3] 'is a great exploit in the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands. After the crime, those who have committed it, go to their village beating the tom-tom, and announce that they have killed a white; and the news is immediately spread throughout the island.'

All the captains of the recruiting vessels and all the agents of the Queensland Government are furnished with a printed letter defining their rights and duties. 'These instructions,' continues Captain Moor, 'are evidently still a dead letter. Whenever the officer of a cruiser demands their production, the captains either laugh at the demand as an official joke, or show an old copy, from which they have carefully erased the principal clauses, namely (1) that the labourer shall engage himself of his own free-will, and (2) that there shall be no trading with those who provide the recruits. When called upon for explanations, they reply, "If I were to comply with that order, I should take back my vessel empty." And so in fact they would. But I venture to maintain, that if these labourers cannot be engaged in a manner conformable to law,

[3] *Report of Captain Moor, of H.M.S. 'Dart,' to Commodore Erskine.* Sydney, November 7, 1883. (Blue Books.)

the system of recruiting is incompatible with the honour of the British flag.'

The position of the Government agents, if they are honest men, is extremely awkward. On the one hand, the agent is bound by orders from the authorities at Brisbane, which he cannot possibly carry out; though it is true the Government do not scrutinise his conduct too rigorously, provided labourers are forthcoming in requisite numbers. On the other hand, he is at the mercy of the captain of the vessel to which he is attached. 'It is not he,' says Captain Moor, 'but the master of the ship, who chooses the scene of his operations. The agent knows perhaps that the locality is dangerous, and that firearms will have to be employed there. Nevertheless, as his instructions direct him to promote the captain's operations, he contents himself with preventing irregularities. If untoward incidents occur, the inclination is to pass them over in silence, the captain claiming the merit of having withdrawn his boats gallantly from the shore, and accomplished a difficult task. But few of them can deny that at least twice during a voyage they have to make an entry of this kind in their log-book, "Natives behind trees: boats fired on. Fire returned. Result of our fire unknown. Joe, or Jim, or some other native among the crew killed; buried in deep water." I content myself

with quoting only a few cases in which shots have been fired; but I know many others. The natives fire on every boat sent ashore, chiefly in order to get possession of the guns and other articles intended for paying for the recruits.'

The gun plays a great part in these proceedings, and is beginning to change the face of things in the Western Pacific. Captain Bridge reports[4] that 'in the New Hebrides the inhabitants possess firearms of every kind, and that the arms have been imported by trading vessels. Guns are the usual "present" offered to the "friends" of a recruit. The labourers who return home from Queensland nearly always bring with them some excellent sporting guns. Gunpowder has become a medium of exchange, and serves as current coin. The habit adopted by the savages of providing themselves with firearms, and the importation in large quantities of weapons of precision among them, are producing disastrous results. The difficulty of punishing crimes committed by the savages has become much greater than it used to be; every enterprise of the kind—and they always take place on dangerous and unknown ground—necessitates serious preparations and involves heavy loss. In order to chastise a few savages who have fired

[4] On board H.M.S. 'Espiegle,' Hanover Harbour, New Hebrides, April 27, 1883 (Blue Books).

upon white men, it is now necessary to organise a small campaign. As the intertribal wars still continue, arms of precision are the most coveted articles among the natives; and in order to obtain them, the chiefs offer to the recruiter the men and women of their tribe. Lastly, the wars between the islanders have become more murderous than ever.'

Let us listen also to a witness who is not an Englishman, but whose evidence confirms what has just been said.

Commandant Karcher, the captain of a German corvette, writes thus in a report to the Head of the Admiralty, Berlin:[5] 'A source of perpetual danger to the life of the white settlers on these islands consists in the fact that the natives are ignorant of the distinction between various nationalities, and, according to their customs, they seek to avenge a wrong inflicted by a white man, on the first white man who comes. According to common report, the chief danger is provoked by the behaviour of the labour-recruiting vessels. Implicit reliance connot, of course, be placed upon the information gained from the settlers, who are doubtless apt to make exaggerated statements; if, however, only a part of what the Consul there told me is true,

[5] Dated Batavia, July 6, 1883. *Report of the Western Pacific Commission*, Appendix A.

and what has been recounted to me by others, then the labour-recruiting is simply slave-dealing. According to these accounts, the captains not only buy the people from the chiefs for firearms, and even breech-loading firearms, and ammunition, but entice the people who come alongside in their canoes to barter on board, and then detain them, or they even steal the crew of a canoe which they meet with at sea.' The German captain adds, in words almost identical with those of Captain Moor, 'If the labour-recruiting agents carried out their instructions, namely, that the labourers should come of their own accord, and have the nature of the engagement explained to them, most vessels would bring back no labourers. The agents, therefore, in most instances shut their eyes, and content themselves with the captain's assurance that the proper course has been followed. . . . The interpreters serve merely as decoys. It is only natural that in such a state of things small fights occasionally take place.'

Such, according to the most authentic and most authoritative testimony, which agrees with my own personal observation, is the state of things in what is termed the Western Pacific.

Which are the European nations most interested in maintaining public order in these remote regions, and consequently those most strictly bound to maintain it?

First of all, England, including also her Australian colonies: Queensland, compelled by vital interests to procure labour, and unable to find it among the aborigines of the Australian continent, representing, as they do, the lowest type of all the savage races of the globe; New South Wales, who advances funds to the traders in the archipelagoes; and Victoria, who finds the men, namely the planters, and, above all, the merchants.

In the second place, Germany; then, in a much smaller degree, the United States; and lastly France. The relations with Mexico and the South American republics amount to nothing, so these countries are not concerned in the question.

England.—The number of Englishmen who are working these islands is perhaps smaller than that of Australians, but from England comes the capital, either directly or through the agency of the Australian banks. She possesses the great Fijian archipelago, and it is she also who, through her High Commissioner, assisted by two deputy-commissioners, and with the co-operation of the Australian naval squadron, endeavours to maintain order in these waters and in the islands of the archipelagoes. And here let me state, what no one of those who have studied the question on the spot would venture to dispute, that the British Government, served, as it is, with zeal and intelligence, is

discharging this highly expensive task with an assiduity, energy, and perseverance worthy of better results.

The most important element in the question, but one which is restless, stirring, and aggressive, is supplied by the Australian colonies. The Queensland Government, impelled by the need of procuring labour, annexed New Guinea two years ago on its own authority. When the English Government, actuated by weighty reasons, declared this annexation to be null and void, public opinion in the colonies fired up in favour of a policy of annexation, which at the present moment is passionately espoused. The most ambitious advocates of this opinion aspire to nothing short of making the Pacific an Australian lake. The first, and, as seems to me, hardly serious motive, or I would rather say pretext, for this agitation, was furnished by the since abandoned project of the French Government, to extend on a large scale their penal settlement in New Caledonia.[6]

[6] 'The following table, which in some degree, though imperfectly, shows the increase in the number of British ships trading in the Western Pacific, merits the most serious consideration.

Colony	Year	No. of Vessels	Tonnage
Queensland . . .	1865	2	123
„ . . .	1875	51	8,803
New South Wales. .	1880	138	48,965
New Zealand . .	1865	24	2,886
„ . .	1875	132	50,444

The exports from New South Wales alone to the Western Pacific

German interests are mainly represented by three Hamburg houses, the most important of which is the German Trading and Plantation Company. Their dealings embrace the groups of Samoa, Tonga, the Gilbert, Marshall, and Caroline Islands, nearly all the islands of Melanesia, such as the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, New Britain and New Ireland with York Island. At Upolo and Sawaii (Samoa), as well as in several other islands, they possess large plantations. They alone maintain direct communication with Europe (Hamburg) by means of fast sailing vessels, either owned or freighted by themselves, and sailing under the German flag. They employ more than a hundred traders as their agents, for the most part Germans. But the goods and provisions which are imported come, as a rule, from England or America. The importance of the German firms which take the lead at Samoa in the New Britain group, in York Island, and in the Carolines is generally acknowledged, as is abundantly shown in the English Blue Books.

In the United States public opinion has long ceased to encourage foreign enterprises. Jealous of her exclusive preponderance on the American

Islands, during the years 1875–80, amounted in value to 1,603,589*l.*, and that of the imports from the islands during the same period, to 1,158,613*l.*'—*Report of Western Pacific Commission*, p. 11.

continent, that Republic shows a marked disinclination to distant expeditions and the acquisition of new territories—to anything, in short, that might hinder the development of her natural resources, which constitutes the essence of her national prosperity. Vessels flying the American flag, and especially whalers, the latter in consequence of the recent competition of mineral oils, are becoming more and more rare in the South Seas.

France is there by virtue of her title as a first-rate naval Power. The large island of New Caledonia, her only possession in the Western Pacific, is a great penal settlement. She is represented by missionaries, officers, sailors, *employés*, and deported convicts, but scarcely, if at all, by colonists. The archipelagoes of the eastern part of the Pacific subject either to her direct dominion or to her protectorate are more important to her, and her men-of-war are seen in all the waters of that vast ocean.

Casting a general survey over the state of things which I have just described in detail, it will be evident at once that the need of labour forms the principal element in what will become, at no distant date, the 'Pacific question.'

Yes, labour; for labour must be had. Hands are taken where they can be found, and, since the takers are not very scrupulous about the means,

they are taking so many that soon they will not find any more. It is not the islands that are coveted, but the islanders. Enormous totals have been shown me of the mortality of coloured labourers in Queensland; I refrain from giving them in these notes, because I trust they are exaggerated. But the fact is that it is becoming more and more difficult to procure men; that the New Hebrides, in consequence of this constant drain, have almost ceased to supply them; that the Solomon Islands also are beginning to be depopulated; and that everywhere, with some insignificant exceptions, the population is visibly decreasing. And yet, while in many of the archipelagoes, since the arrival of missionaries, and the frequent appearance of English cruisers, the manners of the natives have become softened, intestine wars occasionally stopped, cut short, or prevented, and cannibalism has disappeared from the Fiji and other islands, these undeniable improvements have not prevented the number of the inhabitants from constantly diminishing. One of the principal causes of this diminution, as everyone agrees in saying, is the recruiting of labourers. The young natives leave their homes, and few of them return. The goose with the golden eggs is killed.

I exclude from these remarks the philanthropic side of the question, or rather considerations of

Christian charity, which nevertheless well deserve to be taken into account, and which, I am glad to say, largely influence the intervention of the English Government. I am looking at the question solely in regard to the material interests, both European and Australian, which are involved in this part of Oceania.

These interests are very considerable. Trade and cultivation are carried on, though cultivation is still in an experimental stage. The German firms, which have acquired very large tracts of land, have hitherto derived no gain from them. The small English and Australian farmers complain of the unprofitable character of their holdings. There are a few large landowners who prosper. I did not see any *nouveaux riches* in Oceania. But whether they are prospering, or only hoping to prosper, they are all in want of labourers, and the difficulty of procuring them is increasing from day to day. The German firms complain of English and Australian competition in the labour trade, and *vice versâ*. The fact is, that if the coloured labourer fails, the plantations will have to be abandoned.[7] In default of islanders, there will be the Chinese to fall back upon, but the Chinese costs more, and ends by ousting the white. A

[7] The German houses, anticipating the difficulty of procuring labourers by the ordinary means, and for a term of a few years, are contemplating the foundation of labour colonies.

thousand examples in different parts of the world prove this. The preservation of the Melanesian race is therefore a question of life or death for the white cultivator in Oceania.

As for trade, it is clear that the days of large profits of 700 and 800 per cent. on the capital invested will soon be a thing of the past. The islanders are rapidly learning to appreciate at their proper value the articles offered them in exchange for their natural produce. And what they want above all things are guns and ammunition; what they give in return are men. A double means of self-destruction. But, as I have said, the destruction of the blacks is the ruin of the whites.

It seems to me that they are moving in a vicious circle, the only escape from which will be to find means of protecting the man of colour against the white and against himself. England has attempted to do this, but, as we have seen, without altogether satisfactory results.

The Commission of Inquiry, from which I have frequently quoted, declares the insufficiency of the measures decreed for that purpose by the Orders in Council. The reason is that, unless by exceeding the limits of international law, the action of the High Commission can only extend to British subjects, white or black, and not to those of other nations, and moreover, as regards natives who are

not British subjects, can only be exercised in cases capable of being qualified as 'acts of war.' This restriction is fatal to all the efforts made by the British Government. I doubt whether the amendments proposed to be effected in the Order in Council are sufficient to improve the present state of things. The only remedy that I can see would be to come to some international arrangement, the terms of which should apply to all mankind living or moving in the archipelagoes or regions of the Western Pacific. Such a convention, recognised by Europe and the States of the American continent, should be concluded between the Powers who are most interested in maintaining public tranquillity and protecting the natives. It would be for those Powers to see to its strict observance; and those Powers appear to me to be, in the order of their respective interests involved, the British Empire, Germany, the United States, and France.[8]

The Pacific has ceased to be a fabulous sea, visited at long intervals by bold and adventurous navigators. The age of discovery is well-nigh closed for ever. That ocean has now become a field of activity open to the spirit of enterprise of

[8] I need scarcely remind the reader that when writing these pages, that is to say during my travels, Germany had not yet inaugurated her present colonial policy. The negotiations since commenced between the Cabinets of London and Berlin tend towards the object which I have indicated.

all nations. The time has come to make it participate in the benefits and the restraints of the laws that govern the civilised world.

In the history of the islands of Oceania, which has still to be written, the missionaries fill an important page.

To the Wesleyans or Methodists belongs the honour of having been the first comers in these regions. Bound by the constitution of their Church, which admits neither centre, head, nor hierarchy, the missionaries of the sect founded by John Wesley are subject, to a certain extent, to the influence of the Wesleyan Methodist Society of Australia at Sydney, whose field of operations embraces New Zealand, the Fijis, Rotumah, the Tonga Islands, part of Samoa and New Britain and New Ireland.[9] That society supplies the funds, exercises a certain control over the missionaries, and requires and receives from them regular reports, which are published at the Society's ex-

[9] Besides the Australian Wesleyan Methodist Society at Sydney, there are the Wesleyan Mission Society in London for the European continent, India, and China, and the Methodist Episcopal Missionaries Society in the United States, where the Wesleyans occupy numerically the foremost place among the various Christian communities.

pense and keep its members informed of the progress of the work.[1]

In Fiji, besides the Roman Catholics, there are only Wesleyan missionaries. This is not the case in the other groups of Oceania, where missionaries of various Protestant communities are found, especially Congregationalist and Presbyterian ministers. Norfolk Island forms an important part of the vast diocese of the Anglican Bishop of Melanesia.

In my wanderings in heathen countries I have often heard doubts expressed by Protestant residents as to the efficacy of their missionaries' labours. 'Have they really,' it is asked, 'succeeded in planting in the breasts of these populations the

[1] In the Fijian Archipelago the Wesleyans or Methodists have 906 churches, 11 European or Australian ministers, 51 native ministers—placed in groups of eight or twelve under the direction of a white minister—63 catechists, 1,080 teachers, and 2,254 schoolmasters. The catechists, teachers, and schoolmasters are all natives. Of all the white Wesleyans, English and Australian, residing in the Fijis, only 29 are communicants. The number of native converts is 26,000. This total does not include the catechumens (the number of whom I do not find stated, but which is very considerable), since the missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, do not baptise until a certain time has expired, and they have obtained some moral guarantee as to the new convert's state of mind.

In the Fijis, the Rev. Mr. Langham at Bau, not as a head (for there is none), but owing to his personal authority and his long services, holds the first place among the missionaries. The Methodist missionary must be a married man, and if he lose his first wife, remarries after a short period.

germ, not only of a certain civilisation, but also of the Christian faith? Will they even make true Christians of them?' Opinions on this subject are divided. But I hasten to add that the same uncertainties beset the labours of the Roman Catholic priests, who, with certain reservations to which I will recur, are the first to admit them.

To gain the same goal, the priests of the Roman Catholic Church and the disciples of Wesley, as in fact all the Protestant missionaries, follow different, nay opposite, roads.

The Protestant missionary teaches the savage the doctrines and precepts of the Christian religion, puts him under the supervision of a native teacher, and makes him learn a trade which will enable him to satisfy the wants, new to him, of the civilised and Christian society of which he is henceforth to be a member.

The Roman Catholic begins by working on the heart, and, if possible, by remoulding the inclination. He endeavours to make the heathen enter first the pale of the Church, and then the pale of civilisation. For this purpose, if circumstances permit, he isolates his flock. He regards contact with the heathen and the whites as a danger to which he is anxious not to expose his convert until he has armed him with the necessary weapons of defence. These weapons are the faith which has to

take entire hold of his convictions, and the practice of Christian religion, which is to form part of his habits. There lies, if I mistake not, the fundamental difference between the two methods.

The Roman Catholic missionaries do not consider that the gradual refinement of manners, the progressive cultivation of the mind, work, the legitimate pleasures which may result from it, and even the uninterrupted contact with civilised mankind, will lead the neophyte to the Christian faith; they are on the contrary convinced that in order to rescue the savage from barbarism, his superstitions must first be replaced by some definite belief firmly implanted in his soul. To achieve this end, they think they cannot do better than form Christian communities—*chrétientés* as they are called in China; *reducciones*, according to the old Spanish term—and draft the pupils into these communities as they leave the mission school. It is indispensable that societies of this kind should be closed against all intruders, whether whites or men of colour. The millions of Christian Indians in North and South America, and the hundreds of thousands in Southern India, who, while remaining Indians, have become and remained for three centuries real Christians, and from a moral point of view really civilised, owe that blessing to this system. 'Generations are required,' say the priests,

'for Christian morality to penetrate the blood. The seed just beginning to germinate, the young plants, must be protected against tares and the inclemency of the seasons.'

In the large Protestant institutions, like that of Lovedale in Cape Colony, and the excellent mission at Norfolk Island, directed by the Anglican Bishop of Melanesia, the pupils are carefully preserved from all contact with outside. But when once their education is finished, they return to their country and their families; and hence the numerous backslidings which so distress the missionaries. It is no unfrequent thing to see young people relapse into barbarism who at school had given the brightest hopes, and it has been observed that the relapsed usually sink below the level of their former condition as savages. I could quote many facts of indisputable authority in support of this remark; but I will content myself with the evidence of Captain Moor of the British Navy[2] 'Some of the former pupils,' he says, 'of the Melanesian Mission on Norfolk Island, where an excellent education is given, have committed fearful atrocities on returning to their islands. For instance, the son of a chief living on the east coast of San Cristoval, who was a pupil for ten

[2] *Report to Commodore Erskine.* Dated Sydney, November 7, 1883. (*Blue books.*)

years at Norfolk Island, where he had learned to read and write, to draw in water colours, and to play a little on the piano, began by leaving off his clothes. Being looked on in his country as an 'old woman' because he had not yet killed anyone, he sought an opportunity to prove his courage. And this is how he found one. The mother or grandmother of a friend, Bo the chief of Hiara, had just died, and a compensation was required. Consequently, the village of Kahua was attacked, and many of its inhabitants put to death. A woman was attempting to fly with her child. Here was the chance for young Rahanomai. 'Don't kill her!' cried his father; 'she will work in our yam fields.' But the young man knocked her down, and smashed her head with a stone, and then killed the child in the same manner. The next year happily he was eaten by a shark, and his father is now on the look-out for a compensation.'

The Roman Catholic missionaries have to suffer the same disappointments, wherever it is impossible for them to form communities composed exclusively of families of their own creed. A Marist priest said to me, 'I cannot isolate my natives; I therefore can only get imperfect results.' The most striking examples of the advantages of the system of these '*Chrétientés*' are offered by the extremely flourish-

ing condition of Wallis Island, in the middle of the ocean, some hundreds of miles from Fiji and Samoa, and by the little island of Fotuna, whose inhabitants are nearly all Roman Catholics. Here the isolation is the work of Nature, and these are also the only two places in Oceania where the population is slightly increasing. The community of Mgr. Lamaze, near Apia, though less completely closed against influences from without, exhibits most satisfactory results, being under the immediate and constant supervision of the bishop and the priests.

The field of Roman Catholic missionaries embraces the Fijis, Central Oceania (the Tonga group, and the isles of Wallis and Rotumah), and the Vicariat-Apostolic of Samoa.[3]

The Roman Catholic missions date from 1837. They are extremely poor, and enjoy no support beyond what is furnished by the Propaganda Fide

[3] At Fiji there are 11 Marist priests and 5 sisters of the third order, all French. The number of native Roman Catholics, baptised and catechumens, is about 9,000.

The two vicariats of Central Oceania (Tonga) and Samoa are under the direction of Mgr. Lamaze, the Bishop of Olympus, who is assisted by 32 priests and 6 sisters of the third order, all French. The number of Roman Catholics and catechumens amounts in the Tonga group to 2,000, in Wallis Island to 4,000, in Fotuna to 1,600, and in Samoa to 5,000.

The population of Rotumah Island consists of Protestants and Roman Catholics. Some quarrels which had arisen between them, on grounds unconnected with religion, determined Sir Arthur Gordon to annex this island to the colony of Fiji.

at Rome and the Propagation de la Foi at Lyons. The converts are never called on to contribute.

The Roman Catholic missionaries do not reckon, as I have said, on thoroughly satisfactory results until they are able to isolate their flocks, and they are of opinion that the rival labours of Protestants and Roman Catholics suffer equally when placed in close proximity to each other. They maintain the best personal relations with the Wesleyan and other missionaries, but they complain of the native teachers for frequently showing a disposition to use force in order to bring the members of the Roman Catholic community under their authority. They warmly praise the impartiality of the English authorities where such exist, but regret that the French nationality of most of the priests sometimes gives occasion to erroneous impressions. 'We are,' they say, 'while remaining good Frenchmen, the servants of the Church, and not the agents of this or that nation.' I have heard the same grievances expressed in China and elsewhere.

In Fiji, the Wesleyan missionaries, thanks to the dominant position they occupied in the reign of the late King Thakombau, and the influence which they still possess, although considerably reduced through the annexation, are to a conspicuous degree public characters. Although generally respected, they are not wanting in de-

tractors. They are accused of acting as traders. I am assured that this assertion is unfounded. They increase their income, it is true, by means of a tax paid by the natives on natural produce which is put up for public sale; but the sums thus realised are partly employed for the benefit of their converts.

They are also found fault with for exceeding the sphere of their proper duties, for throwing too much of their work on the native teachers, who are frequently unworthy of their trust, of seldom visiting the various communities, and of making their visits too brief.

To sum up. The missionaries of the two creeds have the same object in view, but their ways of setting to work and the methods they employ are different. The Protestant missionary, when he comes to a savage country, brings with him his family, to a certain extent the comforts of life, and a portion of the native air which he breathed in his youth. Most frequently he leaves a humble sphere, which all at once he changes for a more or less prominent and conspicuous position among the European residents, if there are any in the place where he exercises his ministry, and to these he gives his preference. In a very short time he becomes an important personage, whom the representatives of the Crown have

to take into account. He is pursuing a fine career, the aim of which is to promote humanity and civilisation.

The Roman Catholic priest who devotes himself to missionary work follows a vocation. In leaving Europe, he knows that probably he will never go back. He separates himself for ever from his family and his friends. He combines in himself two characters. He is an ascetic who repudiates the pleasures of the world, and an explorer who thirsts for the vast horizons of the Unknown. He arrives alone and poor. He seeks for souls, in the hope of winning them to the faith, in the interior of the country which is assigned to him as his field of labour. He adapts himself to the ideas, and as much as possible to the usages and diet, of the natives, dresses sometimes (in China) after the fashion of the country, and returns only temporarily, and when absolutely necessary, to civilised places. He finds there the English and Protestant atmosphere which prevails over a large portion of the globe. Born a Frenchman, or Italian, or German, or Belgian, but rarely an Englishman,[4] he is and remains a stranger to such surroundings. He has nothing to expect of men, and he expects

[4] I am speaking here of the missionary, and not of the diocesan clergy, who, in the British colonies, are composed almost exclusively of Irish priests.

nothing, except perhaps the consideration of those who see him at his work.

But apart from the purely religious side of their labours, both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant missionary are philanthropists in the best acceptation of the word. They serve, each in his own way, the noblest of causes. If they discharge the task which they have voluntarily undertaken, they will have deserved well of mankind.

June 28 (29).—Captain Bridge and I were sitting at our last dinner, when the 'City of Sydney' was announced. There she is in sight, showing the signals agreed on at Sydney; she has doubled West Cape, and stops half a mile from the 'Espiegle.' This is the crisis of my navigation in the Pacific. In the officers' ward-room, the questions had frequently been discussed, whether we should succeed in meeting the American steamer, a matter which depended on the state of the atmosphere; and whether it would be possible to put me on board, which depended on the state of the sea. The atmosphere was clear, but the sea rough. After a rapid exchange of leave-takings—a very unpleasant moment to me—we were put into the captain's galley, which was lowered with the neces-

sary precautions. Mr. Lowry, the first lieutenant, again was at the tiller.

It is pitch dark, and the new moon is hidden behind thick clouds. Before us, black against black, and rolling heavily in the billows, the American Leviathan looks at us angrily with its eyes of red and blue fire—the signals hung on the mizen-mast. The pale yellow light thrown by the cabin lamps through the hatches serves only to intensify the surrounding darkness. It is not without secret terror that I approach this monster of the deep. As we draw alongside, we learn that the state of the sea does not permit of the gangway being lowered, and that I must clamber up by a rope-ladder, a task as much beyond my physical strength as my gymnastic talents. After a short parleying between Mr. Lowry and an officer of the American steamer, a small plank is thrown to us; each end of which our sailors fasten to a rope. On this fragile-looking seat I was launched into space and hoisted on board. The swell of the sea and the rolling of the vessel gave my little plank the oscillating movement of a pendulum. I saw beneath my feet, now the foaming waves, now the galley of the 'Espiegle.' Two or three times I was thrown pretty roughly against the sides of the steamer. And good Mr. Lowry, standing upright in the galley, and making a speaking-trumpet of

his two hands, shouted out at the top of his voice, 'For heaven's sake, don't let go the rope!' To which I answer, 'I certainly shall not.' At length I gained the top of the netting. Two strong arms grasped me round, and deposited me safe and sound on deck. The passengers had gathered together there to see this high acrobatic performance. I was met on all sides with congratulations and well-wishing inquiries. 'Baron, how are you?—Not hurt, I guess, Baron?—I suspect it is all right, Baron?—No bruises, Baron, I calculate?' Evidently, and without any mistake about it, I have passed at a bound from the depths of Oceania into America.

A big white package followed just after me, making the same aërial ascent and describing the same curves. In the darkness I took it to be a bale of cotton. But the heavy sighs which came forth from it undeceived me. No sooner had my faithful and devoted servant and my last portmanteau been hoisted on board, than the two ships lowered signals. My good friend Lieutenant Lowry, in haste to rejoin his ship, hurriedly grasped my hand. The 'City of Sydney' stood away towards the north, and the 'Espiegle,' turning southward, disappeared in the darkness, carrying with her my regrets and my gratitude, but not many pleasant recollections which will remain graven in my memory.

PART VI.

NORTH AMERICA

CHAPTER I.

THE PASSAGE.

FROM TUTUILA TO SAN FRANCISCO. JUNE 29 TO JULY 14.

American steamers—The Sandwich Islands—The Constitution—The Court—The native population—Honolulu—View of the town—The Chinese—The Royal Family.

THE traveller stepping on board one of the large American steamers feels as one who, being accustomed to a modest dwelling, passes suddenly into a large mansion. The immense deck, a single space, unbroken by any division, and offering room enough for a good walk, the dining-saloon which occupies the entire breadth of the vessel, the roomy cabins, the numerous attendants, and the plentiful meals, varied according to American tastes, everything in short tends to strike the passenger as a pleasant novelty. You feel that you have to do with people who are open-handed and who give you

plenty of elbow-room. And all is seasoned with that American humour which makes people laugh without hurting their feelings. 'Captain,' I said one day, 'everything is perfect on your ship except the knives, which do not cut.' 'A necessary precaution; an express order,' he replied. 'The gentlemen in cutting their chicken, which is not always tender, might cut their throats when the ship lurches.' I quote this joke as a specimen of what is called American humour, such as is met with in all classes of that young nation. Its point consists in its readiness and in the gigantic exaggeration conveyed in a word or two, the whole coupled with an imperturbably good humour. Mark Twain owes his success to this.

We have on board some Americans resident in the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, which we are now approaching. The tales they tell me, and the details from the 'Almanach de Gotha' of those islands (for they possess one), seemed to me to be not devoid of interest.

That archipelago[1] owes its civilisation—civilisation, that is to say, after the Hawaiian fashion—to American missionaries and colonists. As far as I

[1] Composed of four principal islands: Hawaii, Maui, Oahu with its capital Honolulu, and Kauai.

know, it is the only instance of a territory inhabited by savages owing its colonisation to citizens of the United States.

The population of these islands consisted in round numbers, according to the census of 1879, of 44,000 Hawaiians, 1,200 or 1,500 Americans, and 3,400 half-bloods. The small number of the latter is accounted for by the curious fact, which is noticeable also in Japan, that the marriages between whites and natives are frequently sterile. There are about 6,000 Chinese, and rather more than 2,000 Europeans, English, Irish, Portuguese, Germans, and a few French.

It may be noted that the total of all the non-Chinese foreigners is less than half that of the Chinese.

Before the introduction of Christianity, the family was unknown among the natives. Hence this singular and also significant fact that the Hawaiian language has no terms to designate father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister. Free love seems to have formed the fundamental law of this society. There were chiefs, but there were no tribes. A similar state of things might, conceivably, be met with among entirely savage populations. But the family exists even among the aborigines of Australia, who are considered the most degenerate race of humankind. But when

the Sandwich Islands were discovered, traces of a certain civilisation were still found to exist; at any rate the inhabitants had not yet sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. The horrible tales recorded of the customs of the Kanaks at that period, which I pass over in silence, are all the more extraordinary on that account. The missionaries affirm with sorrow that sixty years of religious instruction and Christian education have failed to effect any radical transformation of these islanders.

In fact it appears that they have remained more or less the same. Morally, I mean; for politically they have made gigantic strides. They owe their institutions and the organisation of their government to certain Americans, who, having gone thither to buy land and settle, although republicans themselves, gave the country a constitution modelled on the French charter of 1830, or something similar to it.

The 'Court Almanac' informs us that his Majesty King Kalakaua governs his country in concert with a Parliament, composed of a House of Nobles and a House of Commons. The House of Nobles consists of the Premier, who is also Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of the Ministers of the Interior, of Finance, and of Justice. Only one Kanak is found on this list; all the other members

of the Cabinet are Americans, of whom one appears to be of Czech origin. The King possesses also a Privy Council, comprising thirty-four members, of whom six or seven are natives. The Chief Justice, his assistants, and the judges of circuit, are all Americans; there are no natives except among the district judges.

Mr. John Owen Domenic, the husband of a princess who is heiress-presumptive to the throne, is the governor of the two principal islands. The governors of the two other islands are Kanaks.

There is an Hawaiian army.

The diplomatic body is very numerous, without counting the sixty honorary consuls scattered in all parts of the globe. An ambassador extraordinary represented Kalakaua I. at the coronation of the Emperor of Russia.

Besides the four Ministries there are also the Department of Health, the Commissioners of Roads and Highways, the Department of Public Instruction, and other offices which I forbear to enumerate, as well as a Chamber of Commerce and some dozen Masonic lodges. Except the offices of district judges in the interior of the islands, nearly all the salaried posts are in the hands of the whites, that is to say Americans. The missionaries of the various creeds are extremely numerous, and formerly exercised considerable influence. The Con-

gregationalists, the Episcopal Church, and other religious communities possess places of worship, among which are two Roman Catholic churches, one of them Chinese, and two Kanak (Congregationalist?) churches.

Eleven newspapers, three of which in the Hawaiian language, are published at Honolulu.

Happy, thrice happy Kanaks! Happy to have been endowed by the Americans with all the treasures of the most advanced civilisation. They have been able to enter at one bound into this, to them, new world. A hundred years ago they ate the mariners who landed on their islands. Sixty years ago they still ate each other, and now they possess a King, with a Civil List—a King who reigns but does not govern, who is surrounded by chamberlains in embroidered costumes, who has soldiers dressed in European uniform, and himself wears a Prussian helmet, who was crowned last year with a ceremony copied from that of the coronation at Moscow, who has responsible ministers, who unites around his person the high dignitaries of his country, and who delivers a speech from the throne on the opening of Parliament. Happy Kanaks! What more could you desire? And yet you were not satisfied. You enjoyed every possible liberty but one: you were not allowed to make yourselves drunk with brandy.

The King, acting under the evil advice of the missionaries, had prohibited the sale of alcoholic liquors to the natives. The Kanak's innate love of liberty rebelled against this violation of the rights of man. He protested with the energy that distinguishes him, and last year the Legislature repealed the obnoxious law. But I very much fear this parliamentary success will only hasten the accomplishment of the poor Kanak's destiny.

Evidently the machinery of government is perfectly organised. The number of statesmen who start up in these islands and then vanish is fabulous. Ministerial crises come in uninterrupted succession. Everyone, stirred by a noble emulation, disputes the portfolios, snatches them, and keeps them as long as he can, but never long. The material from which the ministers are made is imported from the United States, and is inexhaustible. Is it the same with the governed? Alas, no. There is a dark spot in this brilliant prospect of the Kanak; the governable material is evaporating. The sickly constitution of the natives, together with other causes, accounts for the melancholy fact that the births show an ever-growing deficit in comparison with the deaths. Already the disastrous effects of the abolition of regulations on the sale of alcoholic liquors are apparent. Debauchery, vice, and

crime are also on the increase, and fevers and leprosy, the scourges of these islands, are continuing to claim their victims.[2]

As the planters, who are nearly all Americans, stood in need of labour, efforts were made to procure it in the islands of the South Pacific. The attempts, however, led to no result, and at this moment an English company is successfully engaged in importing Portuguese from the Azores and Madeira.[3] These Lusitanian immigrants are good cultivators, but indifferent servants; and it is doubtful whether they can compete with the Chinese. The Government does not like the latter, but cannot do without them. 2,000 of them recently arrived at one time. Some alarm was taken at this invasion, but there the matter dropped. Chinese women also are coming in large numbers. Besides, marriages of Chinese with Kanak women are frequent. 'Who will be able,' said some one to me, 'to maintain in the long run

[2] The births and deaths from January 1, 1879, to June 30, 1883, are as follows:

	Births	Deaths
1879	2,331	3,292
1880–1881	4,709	5,262
1882, and the first six months of 1883	2,470	2,861
Total	9,510	11,415

Hawaiian Annual Almanac, 1884.

[3] Last year 3,820 Portuguese were carried thither on board English vessels. This immigration still continues.

the struggle with the yellow race? It is plain that the cultivator who works his lands half as cheaply again as his neighbour will end by ousting him. The latter, under these circumstances, will be obliged to sell, and will eagerly accept the terms offered by his rival. That will be, if it is not already, the case with the American landowners. They will end by selling their lands to the Chinese; the Portuguese will either amalgamate with the yellow race or disappear, and the Sandwich Islands will become a Chinese territory.'

The 'City of Sydney' is approaching the island of Oahu. Hills of moderate height, almost destitute of trees, rise gradually towards some high round-shaped mountains, covered with burnt-up grass. Eastward is a rock rising up out of the sea; it is an extinct volcano. The town of Honolulu stretches along the shore.

I take a drive with one of our passengers through the capital in a hired carriage. The coachman, a young man, is the son of an Italian father and Kanak mother. He speaks English a ttle and Portuguese fluently, but does not know word of Italian.

We are off on our tour of inspection. Some miserable wooden sheds, the dwellings of the natives; some pretentious-looking houses, in the fashion of San Francisco, and always surrounded

by gardens, the habitations of the whites—that is to say, of Americans or Germans—and, farther on, the King's palace, and in front the House of Parliament, each built in American style. Between them stands the half-gilt statue of the first king, Kamehameha I. Behind the royal palace are the barracks—a sort of mediæval castle, in the Elizabethan style. Near the harbour are some streets of decidedly American appearance; brick façades added to the houses in order to conceal the roofs. This is the business quarter. The Post Office and a Bank attract the eye by their pretentious architecture. The day being Sunday, the shops are shut; but, at the risk of paying a fine, some shopkeepers, among them a German photographer, have kept open, in the hope of tempting the passengers of the 'City of Sydney.'

The only quarter that looks prosperous and busy is the Chinese town, which is of large extent, and, notwithstanding the enforced Sunday rest, full of animation.

All around are seen small gardens, but the trees do not bear comparison with the giants of the South Pacific islands; and the palm-tree, the characteristic feature of tropical scenery, is hardly found at all. There are two large avenues, one of which leads up to the mountains, while the other follows the shore a little distance from the sea.

This is the ordinary promenade of the whites, but now it is deserted, as coachmen are strictly forbidden to put-to their horses on Sundays, though ours indeed laughs at the order, his fine being included in the sum we shall have to pay him for the drive. It reminded me of the attendants attached to one of the great temples at Pekin, who insisted on being first paid for the caning which they knew would be given them for having admitted barbarians into the sanctuary.

The churches are very numerous. On the façade of one of them is seen an inscription in Chinese characters. The church belongs to the Chinese Roman Catholics, of whom there are a good many. In the streets we see but few Kanaks and few pure whites, the latter mostly Americans and Germans, but a number of dark-coloured Italians, and since last year many Portuguese. They come from the Azores, which are beginning to bedepopulated; as there has been a regular exodus to these parts. But Chinese are met at every step. We saw a number of kitchen gardens, each wonderfully well kept; they all belong to Chinamen. A pretty cottage attracts my notice. It is in imitation of one of those *châlets* of Ischl which are simply the idealised cabin of the Salzburg peasant. A wealthy Chinaman has had it built.

The Kanaks must have been a handsome race,

but those I saw looked untidy and unhealthy. All of them wear European dress, which suits them very badly. The women especially are anything but an ornament to their sex.

In these islands also the difficulty of procuring servants is a bane of domestic life. The natives will not work; they content themselves with bestowing just sufficient labour on their small fields to enable them to obtain the bare necessaries of life; and spend the rest of their time in idleness. All the domestic servants are Chinese, and they perform their duties in that capacity to perfection; but they know they are indispensable, they never stick to their master, and they impose their own terms upon him. In the evening, after dinner is over, they go away and do not return till the next morning; it is impossible to keep them in the house at night. They do not know English, and disdain to learn it. The Englishman, on the other hand, who in Africa speaks the Kaffir language, and in India Hindustani or Tamil, feels himself incapable of mastering Chinese. There is an excellent hotel here, but as all the waiters belong to the yellow race, the traveller, to make his orders understood, is reduced to gestures and the language of the eyes. You have only to look at the Chinese whom you meet in the streets of Honolulu to see that they already feel themselves to be the masters.

Passengers on the big Pacific steamers usually take advantage of the few hours' stay at Honolulu to pay their respects to the King and the princesses. There are no princes in this dynasty, which, like the Hawaiian people, is doomed to early extinction. But the Sunday deprived me of the honour of such a visit. I was unable to see Kalekaua I. and his queen, or the Dowager Queen Emma, or her Royal Highness the Princess Lilinokalani—the heiress-presumptive and the wife, as I have said, of the Honourable John Owen Domenic the future Prince Consort of the Hawaiian kingdom—or the Princess Likelike, the wife of the Honourable Archibald Scott Cleghorn, or their daughter the Princess Victoria Kawekiu Kaiulani Lunahilu Kalanimuahilapalapa.

CHAPTER II.

SAN FRANCISCO.

JULY 14 TO 28.

The Californian nation—Progress and changes—Iron buildings—Cliffhouse—The Presidio—The Chinese—Immigrants—The three transcontinental lines.

THERE is something indescribably strange in stepping on shore after long voyages. On embarking, one knew that for a certain period there would be a separation from the rest of the world. One was prepared for this, and one endures the privation without excessive suffering, sometimes one even enjoys it. There is a feeling of freedom from the cares and worries of daily life, and of being assured against the receipt of bad news. This sort of recluse life, which knows nothing of letters or newspapers, is not without its charms. But the moment the traveller sets foot on *terra firma* he is seized with a feverish impatience, mixed with gloomy misgivings. Scarcely was I settled in the

Palace Hotel, when large packets of letters were brought to me, many of them with black-edged envelopes. This was the only sad day of my travels.

Let us see what the city of 'Frisco' has been doing with herself during the thirteen years which have passed since I last saw her. She has changed a great deal and gained a great deal, gained in size, wealth, and population. I will add that the population also has changed, and changed for the better. The city was founded by Yankees, by men from the Atlantic States. They gave it their own peculiar features, which they stamped also on the first generation of the inhabitants born here. But since then, through the admixture of so many foreign elements, especially Irish and German, the type has been modified; in other words, a Californian nation has been formed. The face of the American of the East is generally long and oval, while the young Californian has a round face, with a comparatively large mouth, but thin lips. Most of the women are pretty. You meet them in the streets, in the tramcars, on the lifts of your hotel; in short, everywhere. Their delicate features, the daintily rounded chin, and the graceful and upright figure, give them a peculiar charm, and an indescribable something that distinguishes them

from the Anglo-Saxon race. The men are well made, and of a less aerial nature; but both men and women have a Southern appearance. This cannot be the result of an infusion of Mexican blood. The Mexicans, who, moreover, are far from numerous in San Francisco, marry among themselves. The Irish, on the contrary, have taken root here, and yet this new Californian people has little in common with the children of the Emerald Isle. Is it the result of the climate? Is it the mysterious influence said to be exercised by the soil on those whom it supports? But, however that may be, I find here a nation which did not exist in 1871, and is distinct from any other nations represented there. The old pioneers, the survivors of the past, say to me of this young nation, 'The Californians are light-hearted, gay, and extravagant; they love amusement. The Yankee is busy, he thinks only of making money, which he reckons on enjoying later on, when perhaps he will have lost the capacity for enjoying it.'

The streets are more animated than formerly, and the business quarter, radiating in all directions, has expanded itself from the heart of the city. But the western suburbs show the greatest changes; or, to speak more precisely, the detached blocks of houses have become streets with magnificent squares. The architecture is per-

haps rather pretentious, and the style too hybrid; too much effort to make every house a palace, but the whole effect is wonderful. And all these buildings follow the rise and fall of the cliffs, which are more or less steep, sometimes almost perpendicular, and always covered with sand. Tramcars, attached to a cable moving in an underground trench, manage to surmount these obstacles, in defiance of the laws of gravitation and as if they were of no consequence. No doubt if during the descent you should happen to find yourself leaning on your neighbour's shoulders, he takes his revenge when the next ascent begins. These tramcars run from daybreak to well into the night, and are put up at night in little houses, several storeys high; when each car comes in after the day's work is over, it is hoisted up by means of hydraulic power. This is a mode of economising space.

Mechanism, altogether, plays a great part in the life of the American, and especially in that of the Californian. At the Californian Bank I was shown a safe, the lock of which was connected with clock-work, and could only be opened at a certain hour. My ignorance of these matters only increases my wonder. The more scarce servants become in this democratic world, the more constantly are the forces of nature made subservient to the will of the individual. The telephone has

become a part of their daily life: the movable cable, assisted by steam, is superseding the horse and the locomotive. A single individual now suffices to do what formerly, without mechanical assistance, required a considerable number of men. Mechanism finds its way even into the churches. In the Roman Catholic cathedral the priest descends from the altar, stops on the steps of the choir, and waits for the pulpit which is pushed along on rails by the sacristan. At the end of the sermon it is removed in the same manner. I doubt not that the sacristan's days are numbered, and that ere long he will find himself replaced by a pulley or a cable.

This subjection of the forces of nature to the habits of daily life has great advantages. But it has also its drawbacks. You can encourage a servant or a workman by a smile, you can check him by a stern look. Steam and machinery are insensible to approval or blame. What services you require of them they give with mathematical precision. But beware if you make a mistake with the piston or the wheel. If you do, Nature will take vengeance for her subjection, she will seize, upset, crush, and kill you.

Architecture has made great progress, and seems to be entering on a phase of transformation that deserves notice. In California earthquakes

are of frequent occurrence, and constitute a sort of local calamity. San Francisco is not exempt. In order to avoid the dangers which result from them, the inhabitants are beginning to resort to iron construction. Palace Hotel, where I am putting up, occupies an entire 'block,' that is to say, a square piece of ground bounded by four streets crossing one another at right angles. In order to give this immense caravanserai the solidity necessary to resist subterranean shocks, and to secure it at the same time against fires, it is constructed entirely of iron. It is a huge cage, the upright bars of which, deeply rooted in the earth, are connected together by girders also of iron, thus forming a kind of lattice filled in with brick-work. Wood is nowhere used. This building, which is enormously high, contains 700 bed-rooms, and almost as many bath-rooms. The style is adapted to the materials employed. It is the largest iron structure in the world; and perhaps it will serve as a model for the architects of the twentieth century. There are several 'elevators,' which are in motion for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and perform in that space of time 500 trips. Whenever you meet a lady in one of these 'lifts,' you are obliged to take your hat off. This act of politeness to the fair sex is *de rigueur*, I am told, throughout North America, and appears to

account for the frequency of colds in the head among the citizens of the United States.

These elevators are found also in some private houses, and in the large commercial establishments. I ring the bell at a photographer's studio; the door is opened, and I tumble all at once into the lift which takes me up immediately to the top story.

The famous Cliffhouse, which thirteen years ago was separated from the city by a regular desert composed of sand-hills, gave me then the impression of being one of the most desolate corners of the globe. Save for the 'pavilion' itself, which served as a mark of union with the civilised world, there was nothing but cliffs, three rocky islets inhabited by seals and sea-fowl; and beyond it the infinite ocean and the rocks stretching northward along the shore. Now a railway, which connects Cliffhouse with San Francisco, and a grand hotel-restaurant deprive the site of its romantic charms. Nursery-maids with children throng the beach during the morning hours before the trade wind begins to blow. No doubt the ocean is roaring as it always did, but the roaring is that of a lion shut up in a menagerie. And yet how can we bear a grudge against civilisation which has covered this

desert with gardens and plantations, which has lined the road, to the length of seven miles, with handsome country houses, and created an enormous park, that, in a few years, when the trees have grown up, will be one of the wonders of America? These curious beasts, the seals, or sea-calves, tawny on shore and black in the water, have not changed. They fight among themselves, clamber up the cliffs, glide about in the sea, and bark just as they always did. But they seem to be doing all this for the gallery. These good seals, and the birds which still keep guard on the tops of the rocks, no longer impress me as deeply as they did thirteen years ago.

Farther north, at the very entrance of the bay, stands the 'reserve' of the Presidio. This piece of land, occupied of yore by an encampment of Spaniards, still serves its original purpose. It is the property of the United States, who have had a fort and barracks built there. All around it are little creeks and nooks, which would tempt bathers, if there were any. But the water is ice-cold along all this coast of the Pacific, though it is about the thirty-seventh degree of latitude, that of Lisbon. But there is no Gulf Stream of Mexico to warm this sea. The great current of warm water which Japan sends to the American continent, touches it farther north, at a considerable distance from San Francisco.

On Sundays the inhabitants of Frisco are fond of taking their glass of beer or wine at the public restaurants in the suburbs. I suppose it is from the Germans that they have acquired this taste, which nature has denied to the Anglo-Saxon. On one of the cliffs which run sheer down into the Golden Horn, a castle has been built in the Elizabethan style, which attracts the attention of the passengers arriving from the sea. They take it for a fort, but it is a beer-garden, where a beverage is served purporting to come from Vienna or Pilsen. You are hoisted up thither in a cable tramway on an almost perpendicular ascent. I did not step inside, but through some doors and windows I was able to see a large hall filled with men, women, children, and babies, and with clouds of tobacco smoke.

The view from this height is one of the most fantastic that can be imagined. The eye plunges down into the Golden Horn, and, southward, into the bay of Santa Clara. On the other side stretches the city, a shapeless mass, a sort of tempest-tost but petrified ocean; buildings running up hill and down dale, here in full sunshine, there plunged in deep shadow by big patches of fog coming and going at the will of a furious gale which appears to me a hurricane, whereas it is only the usual wind of the afternoon.

To my great surprise, I met Chinamen at every street-corner. It seems that the law, which, for ten years, has shut California against the children of the Middle Empire, has not succeeded in effecting any marked diminution of their numbers. The truth, I am told, is that the Californians cannot do without people who do the same work as others at half the price.

The fortnight spent at San Francisco was particularly pleasant to me. I saw numbers of people and many old acquaintances. I heard the same symphonies of Beethoven played in the same German house where I was made so welcome thirteen years ago; only the players, then mere children, were now young ladies; and I was also able to glean much interesting information.

A great change has come over American opinion in regard to European immigrants. The Americans no longer desire them. I will not re-echo the complaints made against the Irish and the Germans; very likely there is jealousy at the bottom of this change of opinion. I will only say that the mass of immigrants are accused of being restless and Socialists. People tell me that this growing aversion to Europeans is gaining ground more or less in all the States, and that before long

emigrants will find it more profitable to turn to other quarters of the globe.

Here the popular element forms the majority, which is accounted for by the numerical preponderance of the Irish. San Francisco, though one of the largest commercial cities of America, is little by little ceasing to be the residence of the wealthy and well-to-do. People come hither to make money, but, that object once attained, they hasten back to the Eastern States or to Europe.

Until recent years this city enjoyed the monopoly of the transit of goods and provisions intended for the trans-Pacific countries and the western coast of the American continent. This advantage it will henceforth have to share with Los Angeles and Portland, in proportion as traffic increases on the two trans-continental railways, those of the North and the South. The Canadian Railway also will become a formidable rival. Nothing in the world is unchanging; only in the New World the changes come more rapidly than elsewhere. They live at a great pace there.

CHAPTER III.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

JULY 28 TO AUGUST 20.

The voyage—The Columbia river—Astoria—A female telegraph clerk—Interviews—Portland—The Rocky Mountains—The sources of the Missouri—The Mississippi—Niagara—Canada—The towns—The St. Lawrence—The trans-continental railway—Boston—New York—Newport—A narrow escape.

THE communication between the capitals of California and Oregon is maintained by a service of large and well-appointed ships. The distance between San Francisco and Portland is 680 miles, and the passage, said to be dangerous on account of the fogs which are prevalent along the coast, is generally made in three days.

The arrangements on board the 'Oregon' are excellent. Captain Polemann, a German, is one of the seven survivors of the wreck of the 'Schiller.' Among the passengers are many Germans (you meet them everywhere) and a detachment of troops from the United States. The officers, several of

whom are accompanied by their wives, are remarkable for their thoroughly gentlemanlike manners.

The sea is rough, the sky grey and clear. After having crossed the bar of the Golden Horn and coasted for some hours along the cliffs, the steamer stands out to sea for better safety. The farther north we go, the cooler becomes the temperature and the more bracing the air. This morning I paced the deck for four hours without interruption and without the slightest fatigue. In Ceylon, a quarter of an hour's exercise under the cocoanut palms quite exhausted me.

The third day at dawn the 'Oregon' crossed without difficulty the formidable bar of the Columbia. By six o'clock in the morning she came alongside the wharf at Astoria. This is a town of woodcutters, but, small as it is, it is not without its charms. Everything—houses, pavements, little bridges, footpaths—is made of pine wood. The pleasant fragrance of the forest pervades this snug little place; and, indeed, the forest is everywhere. You see nothing else. Before us lies the majestic river, the river of the future, which will be one of the great arteries of the world's commerce. Beyond are black lines formed by American pines, with their tall, slender stems and stunted branches, somewhat resembling broomsticks. In itself, this tree is not beautiful: it is like the shock head of the schoolboy

on which the comb makes no impression. In this country, everything is redolent of youth.

Oregon, though so northerly in its position—Portland is situated on the forty-sixth degree of latitude—enjoys a comparatively mild climate. It owes this advantage, not shared by San Francisco, to the great current of Japan, which is, however, of a lower temperature than the Gulf Stream of Mexico. These warm currents, coming from the other side of the Pacific and flowing always in a northerly direction, follow the coasts of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, and their beneficent influence is felt even in Alaska.

Rains are frequent in these parts—hence the nickname of 'wet feet' given to the inhabitants. Cold is almost unknown here, while the states of the interior of the American continent, like Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin, have winters as severe as Siberia.

Oregon at the present time is nothing but an immense forest, consisting chiefly of redwood, a pine which is well adapted to building purposes, and the cedar of Lebanon. There are a few planters and farmers, but the chief industry of the country is lumbering, the woodcutter's trade. These forests seem to be inexhaustible. It is the same in Washington and British Columbia as in Oregon. Anyone desiring land in these states and territories can

obtain 160 acres gratis, on condition that he immediately sets to work upon them and also builds a house or hut. If he continues to fulfil these conditions for five consecutive years, the land becomes his own property, and he acquires the right to another grant on the same terms. A sober and industrious man is sure to make his fortune. The number of Indians is considerable. They inhabit several fine 'reserves,' and are beginning to clear the land and cultivate the soil. Many Redskins, however, prefer the nomadic life of their ancestors. These are marauders who prowl round the dwellings of the whites, and are adepts in the art of cattle-lifting.

During the voyage I made friends with a lumberer. He showed me over Astoria and talked freely about the state of things in this remote corner of the globe. 'The good Indian,' he told me, 'is the dead one. You can neither make servants nor workmen of these people. Happily they are disappearing, dying out.' Several fellow-workmen of my new friend, who joined our company, confirmed these words and expressed an earnest desire for the prompt extinction of the red race. There is no immediate likelihood of this, however, in the opinion of an officer of the United States army, who spends his life in the 'reserves.' 'Putting aside the Apaches,' he said to me, 'and

some other Southern tribes in Arizona and New Mexico, the Indian question may be looked upon as solved. There may still be small risings, but the Indians will never go in large numbers on the war-path. They recognise now our superiority. As long as the Government will give them enough to eat,' or, as he said irreverently, 'will fill their bellies, they will not stir. They will die of consumption, but they have plenty of children, and the time when they will have disappeared altogether is perhaps farther off than we think.'

I tell my woodcutter friends that if they go on clearing the country as they are doing, there will soon be no trees to cut down, and that consequently the woodcutters will disappear like the Indians. But they assure me that is impossible. 'While we and our children and grandchildren are cutting down the trees first in Oregon, then in Washington territory, and finally in British Columbia, a new forest will have sprung up behind us, and we shall begin the work again.'

Enclosed by low wooded hills, the Columbia river, though very broad near its mouth, appears broader than it really is. There is a calm and grand monotony about the scenery: a dark-green curtain of pines in the background, and along the yellowish and turbid stream overhead, as we are steaming up the river, a pale blue sky. Lights and shades

equally pale, coming whence I cannot say, spread alternate brightness and gloom over this vast sheet of water, unenlivened by a single sail or boat. Not a trace of village or houses, only at distant intervals some landing-stages where the wood-cutters ship their timber. The higher you ascend, the lower become the banks, but the forest still continues. Above the tree tops point up the cones of some volcanoes, covered with snow, and just now bathed in sunshine. These are the giants of the north, Mount St. Helen's, Mount Adams, and, the loftiest of the three, Mount Hood.[1]

After six hours' steaming, our boat enters the Williamette, a tributary of the Columbia, and in a short time gains the harbour of Portland, the capital of Oregon.

The more you talk with Americans, the more you learn to appreciate their turn of mind, which is totally different from our own. The difference is accounted for by the peculiar way in which their minds are formed. They begin with practical life and end with theory. We do just the reverse. School prepares us for life; whereas here life itself is the great school. I am far from

[1] These mountains are respectively 9,000, 11,000, and 13,000 feet above the level of the sea.

saying that the children are not well taught. The contrary I hear confirmed on all sides. But the real, the high school of young Americans, is practice and experience.

At San Francisco I step into the telegraph office. A very well got-up young woman receives my message, reads it and says to me: 'Vienna? Vienna? where is that place?' Though deeply humiliated and mortified as a Viennese, I conceal my vexation, and answer that it is the capital of Austria. 'Austria?' she says, 'where is Austria?' However, this young woman, whose geographical knowledge I flatter myself I have extended, appears to get on very well, and, judging by my own, the telegrams passing through her hands reach their destinations. In Europe, the clerks in this branch of the public service begin by learning geography and then enter the telegraph office. Here it is the reverse, and America is quite content to have it so.

Here is another example. In a large town, a very young man, without being announced, makes his way into my room. He introduces himself as one of the editors of a leading newspaper, and requests me to grant him an interview, that he may ask me a few questions. Here are some of them—I quote them literally. 'What are the laws of succession in the Duchy of Brunswick? How long

has Brunswick formed part of the German *Kingdom*? What are the relations of the German princes to one another? What were they before the formation of the new Empire? Will you also give me some precise information about the Pope, his merits and defects, and about all the cardinals and other members of the *Council*? What do you think of the Emperor Napoleon III.? How, in your opinion, ought he to have governed France? and what were the errors committed by his generals in the war with the Germans? Tell me also some stories of his private life; and some anecdotes; in fact, the secret history of the Tuileries. Our subscribers are extremely partial to this kind of reading.' I stood aghast, amazed, dumbfounded. At last, recovering my speech, I answered him: 'You astonish me less by your extreme want of discretion, which I can understand, than by your ignorance upon matters which you treat of every day in your newspaper. You have, I suppose, never read and never studied anything?' 'No, sir,' replied my interviewer without betraying the smallest annoyance at the brusque frankness of my reply; 'no, at least not much. How could I read, since I spend my time in writing? It is not from books that we journalists gather our information, but from conversation with people who know what we do not.'

This is nearly the same answer that was given me two years ago by a young and talented journalist in one of the large capitals of South America.

'Have you studied at the university?' I asked this caballero. 'No, sir. The university is the resort only of those who look to being lawyers. It is not worth while for the rest of us to go there. We belong to a new country. We have to get men ready made. We begin public life very young. The editor of our paper is only twenty-eight years old; he is the oldest; I am only twenty-four; and our colleagues are still younger. In our capacity as journalists we have to learn something about all sorts of subjects, for we are called upon every day to form an opinion upon everything and everybody, *todo y todos*. You will understand that we have no time to study at a university.'

Portland with its 35,000 inhabitants, the metropolis of the North West-Pacific, is a very pretty little town and the centre of great commercial activity. A Polish Jew from Königsberg in Prussia, who has kept a shop here for a quarter of a century, in other words since the first existence of the town, took me into his confidence. 'The great merchants,' he said, 'do not allow the smaller ones to rise. And then the Chinese, those terrible Chinese!

It is no use making them pay dear for their footing; they always drive an excellent business. They can beat us.'

The Celestials, less persecuted here than in California, form an important element of the population. They build their own houses, generally of brick; and though 'Second Avenue' is considered the quarter reserved for the Chinese, their houses are also found, next to those of the whites, in other parts of the town. Their shops are very fine, and they pride themselves, not without reason, on their pagoda, which I am told is most magnificent. In one of the shops is seen every kind of industrial product and commodity imported from China. The Chinese chemist dispenses only such drugs as are vouched for by the prescription of a Chinese doctor.

The streets are straight and full of life, and some of them extend to the very verge of the forest. From the balcony of my excellent hotel, Esmond House, I am able to admire the snow-capped peak of Mount Hood.

The next day at noon I left Portland by the new North Pacific line, which was opened less than a year ago. The owner, one of the great railway kings, has become bankrupt, but his work remains. The two termini are Portland (Oregon) and St.

Paul (Minnesota); the length of the railway is 1,911 miles.

I have treated myself to a state room, and I congratulate myself on having done so. It is like a beautiful roomy cabin on board a big steamer; with this difference, that there is neither rolling nor pitching, and little if any jolting. Except at certain critical moments, the carriages glide along the rails like a sledge on the snow. If the solitude of my compartment becomes irksome, I take a walk about the train, going from one carriage to another, and studying the faces of my travelling companions, although they look rather commonplace. There is not a rowdy in the train; no people armed to the teeth; nothing to cause the slightest misgiving. This was not the case thirteen years ago, when I crossed the continent upon the Central Railway. But even the New World is becoming old and prosaic, and we must resign ourselves to the fact.

The dining cars, in which excellent meals are served, are attached to the train in the morning, and taken off at night, an economical and practical arrangement, except in case of an accident, when famine would take the place of plenty. But considering that one has to travel through countries in great part waste and uncivilised, devoid of white men and inhabited only by redskins, it must be allowed that these arrangements are marvellous.

We have left the smiling banks of the Williamette, and are once again on those of the Columbia. The praises of this river have been sung by the Company's newspapers in every key. But without any exaggeration the scenery stretching far away on either side of the train is very fine. There are pretty little waterfalls, which you would consider charming if the 'penny-a-line' descriptions of them had not led you to expect Niagaras. But the river is magnificent, and cannot be too highly extolled. Small basaltic columns shaped like needles, crowned with isolated pines and rising perpendicularly out of the water, break the monotony of the two banks, which are simply low hills covered with forests. Moreover, the peculiar construction of the line allows you no time for becoming bored. The motion of the cars, as I have mentioned, is very soft except on crossing bridges that span the tributaries of the river, and viaducts—all made of a wooden scaffolding called trestlework—when one is tossed about as in a boat on a rough sea. Accustomed as I am to the boldness of engineers in the New Worlds, more than once both yesterday and to-day I felt my hair stand on end. I imagine that the piercing shrieks that reached my ears expressed the feelings of the ladies in the saloon car next to my compartment.

Gradually the country changes its character.

When bathed in the magic tints of the setting sun, it reminds you of the backgrounds of pre-Raphaelite pictures. The Holy Family alone is wanting.

For the following days we have nothing but prairie and forest, forest and prairie, in turns. The train runs on through silent and solitary regions without ever hurrying, but also without stopping more than is necessary. We see magnificent rivers rushing towards us, now hollowing out their bed in the sand and rock, now forcing a passage through the virgin forest, and at long intervals some lumberers' huts, an isolated sawmill, or some groups of wigwams full of ragged Indian women. And then again no trace of human beings.

We crossed on the railway the large lake of Pend Oreille, climbed the first slopes of the ascent, and during a bitterly cold night reached the high table-land of the Rocky Mountains. The sunrise greets us on emerging from Mullan tunnel near the watershed between the two oceans.

The train stops at Helena, Helen of Troy, for such is the name given by the miners to this town, which is the great centre of the gold district, and the capital of Montana. Every creed has its church there, and the Germans are sufficiently numerous to have been able to form *Gesang-* and *Turn-Vereine.*

Few trees, and on the west of the plain some

small snow-covered hills, are to be seen, but these small hills are in reality the highest peaks of this part of the Rocky Mountains. The fact is that we have crossed the backbone of the continent without being aware of it. Nothing reminds us here of Alpine scenery except the bracing but icy air we breathe.

At nine o'clock we reach the banks of the Missouri, which is still quite in its infancy. At Gallatin station the line passes near the cradle of this river. A jumbled mass of low hills and isolated hillocks almost destitute of vegetation indicate its sources, or rather the spot where the Gallatin, Madison, and Jefferson form by their union one of the largest arteries of North America.

Soon afterwards the railway enters the valley of the Yellowstone river. We follow its course all night. Even a splendid moonlight fails to break the monotony of the landscape.

The morning finds us in a flat country entirely devoid of foliage except a few cotton trees. The Yellowstone river has disappeared.

The train enters the prairies of Dacota, crosses the 'Little' Missouri, passes several towns consisting of wooden and canvas huts, all dating from 1882, and stops at the station of Mandan, the

principal town on the North Pacific Railway. We are now in the country of the Sioux, and at a shop here travellers are offered articles of native manufacture.

We have rejoined the Missouri. Only a few hours ago we left it a child, now we see it again a young man, and, to drop metaphors, actually navigable for ships of several hundred tons.

At sunrise we are in Minnesota, in the centre of one of the large granaries of the world. Soon afterwards the train reaches the banks of the Mississippi. Right and left, and all around us as far as the eye can see, are cultivated fields, villages, and small market towns. To return to civilised life, after a thousand miles of solitude, is a very pleasant feeling.

At midday on the 30th, four days and four nights after leaving Portland, the train enters the railway station of St. Paul, the terminus of the North Pacific Railway.

This journey is made in the most comfortable manner possible, but in point of picturesque scenery I prefer the Central Pacific Railway.

We have turned our backs on new and little-known lands. I see again with rapture the Mississippi, that enormous river, or rather lake, stretching

between two green lines from one horizon to the other. I pass through the German town of Milwaukee, and stop at Chicago, which has risen from its ashes greater and richer than before its destruction by fire, but still essentially a business city. Again I see with delight Niagara, though looking somewhat older, for the bed of the river is lower and the sight of the American Falls is less thrilling than before. But there is still the same abundance of water and the same music of the waves, which is not the least of the charms of that favoured spot.

Then follows a short trip through a country which is the most peaceful, at least in appearance, and the most charming, though, save for the rapids of the St. Lawrence, the least sensational I have ever seen. I am now in Canada. First comes Lake Ontario, whose flat shores scarcely rise above the horizon. Then the St. Lawrence with its 'Thousand islands.' They transport you in fancy to the lakes of Sweden; you see here the same little rocks, the backgrounds of fir-trees, and the villas and pleasure cottages of painted wood. And then all these towns: Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec —Toronto, with its thoroughly English aspect; Montreal, with its upper town rich in churches and trees, and its lower town, still French, where

above the shop-fronts you read names that were common in the time of Louis XIV. but have now become rare; and, lastly, Quebec, the city of glorious memories, the military city *par excellence*, whose castle commands the river, which is here truly magnificent.

The remarkable feature of all these towns, besides the French appearance of many of their inhabitants, is the general air of prosperity, security, and repose. There is business and animation, but not too much of it. There is no racing against time to make one's fortune. In this respect the contrast with the American cities is striking. What a blessing not to be obliged to 'go ahead'! How the Yankees would beat us, if we were to become American! So let us remain as we are. That is what everyone says to me, French as well as English Canadians. Their loyalty is based on interest, and is consequently firm and genuine.

During my short stays at Toronto, Prescott, Montreal, and Quebec, I made some most agreeable acquaintances. At Quebec I had the good fortune to meet the Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, with his family, then on a tour. What a pleasant life is that of the representative of an adored Queen, living in a rarely ruffled atmosphere of attachment and loyalty, in a country where sledging parties by torchlight shorten the long winter evenings,

and hunting and fishing in unequalled abundance break the monotony of the dull season![2]

The Canadians are exceedingly attached to their soil. A high official of French descent said to me: 'The Bay of Naples is lovely, but you cannot compare it with our St. Lawrence, as seen from Dufferin Terrace!' I stood aghast. And yet I have heard the same said of Auckland in New Zealand and of Sydney in New South Wales. It is always this poor Bay of Naples that has to serve as the object of comparison, and it invariably has the worst of it.

From what I have seen of Canada, externally at least, I should be inclined to believe that no revolutions, either great or small, have ever ravaged this country. However, people who ought to know tell me that modern ideas are rapidly spreading among the young generation of French origin, and that the France of Louis XIV. is fast disappearing. In the upper classes social intercourse between the English and French is not closely maintained; but that does not prevent them from being mutually on good terms. And at all events there is not the shadow of animosity or incompatibility of character between them. They differ in manners and in religion, but they live amicably side by side.

[2] Since my visit, the rebellion of the half-breed Riel has temporarily interrupted this idyllic life of the official world.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is to be opened in May 1886. Its object, I was told by a member of the Cabinet, is political, namely to impress on the white population of the Pacific slope and on the few whites who are scattered over the immense territory of the North-West, that they belong to us, and that we form a great united body; and in the second place to open for commerce the shortest and most direct route between England and China and Japan, since vessels, especially sailing ships from San Francisco and Portland, are obliged to go north in search of favourable winds and currents. And, finally, the railway will facilitate immigration.

But time is passing, and I must hasten to embark at New York.

Boston is an enchanting place. I know no more congenial town between the Rio de la Plata and the St. Lawrence.

Boston, and especially its fashionable quarter, with the public garden in the centre, and the little red brick houses half covered with ivy, relieved by the white stone facings, and with balconies and little balustraded steps leading up to the porch, puts you in mind of certain English towns. The pavement of red brick reflects the blue of the sky.

Little belfries of pretty design rise above the houses. There is not much variety in the architecture, but the harmony of colouring lends a charm to it. The lake in the public garden is crowded with boats filled with women and children; some of them, in the form of enormous swans, are set in motion by concealed machinery. Nothing can be more quaint and less American.

On the other side of the park is the business quarter. A crowd of well-dressed women throng Washington Street, where the best shops are. It is four o'clock, the fashionable hour. Nothing but the fair sex is to be seen, on foot, in omnibuses, and in the tramcars. All these ladies have a remarkably independent air. Independent, but not emancipated. They simply feel and know themselves to be the masterpieces of creation.

There are a number of libraries. Altogether, this Athens of America bears the stamp of refinement of manners and culture of mind.

New York has grown since my visits there in 1870 and 1871. The number of inhabitants, then a million, has increased at the rate of twenty per cent. But this is the dull season, and although there is animation enough in the business quarters, the drawn blinds of the windows in the fashionable

streets show that the masters are away. The *monde élégans* is at Newport, the *nouveaux riches* at Saratoga or at other watering-places. But only a few have ventured on the voyage to Europe. No 'Europe-going' this year. The cholera is frightening the tourists and emptying the steamers, generally loaded with passengers at this season.

The suspension bridge connecting Brooklyn with New York is a marvel. When crossing it by the railway, you can, if you wish, look through the rails and see the tops of the masts of ships passing below. The cost of this colossal structure, the two supporting piers of which are loftier than the loftiest church spire, was 34,000,000 dollars.

Is it the effect of the excessively dry air, or the over-excitement of the nerves, consequent on this business life—a regular race with time—that gives to the inhabitants this appearance of feverish activity, so striking to the stranger? You would think they have a horror of repose. An American said to me: 'Every one of us wishes to come in first. You walk, and we run, along the road of life. That is why we reach the end of the journey sooner.'

The Austrian Consul, M. Fritsch, takes me to Newport. We embark towards evening on one of the large vessels which ply in summer between

New York and this fashionable watering-place. It is a ship of 5,000 tons, with three decks. In the centre is a grand saloon surrounded by three tiers of galleries, giving access to the most comfortable cabins imaginable. Although the ship is crowded, there is no noise. Americans always speak in a low voice. You hear no commands given, and you see neither officers nor sailors; indeed, there are but few of them: the 'Leviathan' appears to move of its own accord. The evening is splendid, and the vast expanse of the Hudson is covered with vessels similar to our own, and laden with excursionists. It is Sunday, and they have taken advantage of the day to breathe on the water a somewhat less burning air than that of the city. They are now returning to the furnace of New York. We pass under Brooklyn bridge. Seen from below, it looks like the fragment of an enormous spider's web, from which the bridge is suspended. The little black flies which seem to be running along it overhead are the railway trains. It is frightful to look up.

At four o'clock in the morning we arrived at Newport.

I am most comfortably settled in a pretty villa, built in the Queen Anne style, tastefully furnished, and with charming inmates. The ladies of the

house are wonderfully well acquainted with Europe and European men and things. They speak French very well, and are fond of London, Paris, and Vienna; they have travelled in Italy, and would like to go there again, but this fondness in no way interferes with their intense feelings of patriotism.

Newport is comparatively an old town, situated at the southern extremity of an island in the State of Rhode Island. The houses, for the most part of Queen Anne style, belonging to the wealthy men of New York, extend along the beach. You see pretty gardens, not large but well kept, and fine carriages with coats-of-arms and stylish liveries.

The great man of the day is Mr. Bennett, the proprietor and editor of the 'New York Herald,' which, they tell me, brings in from seven to eight hundred thousand dollars a year. This morning Mr. Bennett has collected the *crème de la crème* of Newport, or rather of New York, on board his yacht, which is a regular frigate. I met here a considerable number of very pretty women with dresses straight from the hands of Worth, and talked with some fashionable young men, remarkable for their unaffected manners and the purity of their English.

This is not to be wondered at. They belong to the best society of their country, and have become polished by contact with the Old World. But even

the people one meets in public places and conveyances, and who make no pretension to fashion, have greatly changed in manners during the last fifteen years. They do not spit, they no longer take delight in impossible attitudes, and they speak less through the nose than formerly. This is especially remarkable in the younger generation.

Besides the breakfast on board, I have been present to-day at a 'polo' match, at a concert, at a dinner, and at an evening party, and it is my own fault that I have not spent the night at a ball.

To-morrow I return to New York.

This is the last time that I am to see the sun rise in America, a brilliant sun such as has smiled upon me uninterruptedly ever since my landing at San Francisco. My trunks are ready, and Checco is about to take them on board the Cunard steamer 'Bothnia,' which will start in two hours' time. On leaving the hotel I find that my note-book, in which I write down my social engagements, visits to be paid, invitations, &c., has disappeared in an unaccountable manner. But I soon forget this little incident. I feel in high spirits, and my heart is full of gratitude to Providence. I have come to the end of my long wanderings safe and sound, and have now only the Atlantic to cross—*yr à la otra banda*

—'to go to the other bank,' as the Spaniards said before the loss of their colonies. To them, as now to me, the Atlantic was a mere brook. In this frame of mind, after changing my greenbacks at the hotel for English banknotes, I went for a stroll in Fifth Avenue. I was stepping out of a shop, when a fashionably dressed gentleman alighted from a carriage and came hastily up to me. 'I see, Baron,' he said in the purest English, 'that you do not recognise me. I had the honour of being introduced to you at Sydney at a large dinner given by the Governor, Lord Augustus Loftus. I am one of the admirers of your "Promenade autour du Monde," and I venture to ask you to do me the favour of writing your name in my copy of that book. In return, pray accept a volume of Longfellow's poems with the author's autograph. Here followed some excuses on my part, the plea being my departure and the short time now remaining at my disposal; but on his part fresh entreaties and renewed expressions of kindness. I was pleased with the young man. He talked and looked like an English gentleman, so I ended by yielding, and he made me get into his carriage to be taken back to my hotel, where he also was staying. On the way he suddenly remembered that the two books were at a friend's house, who lived 'two steps' from the hotel. In spite of my

objections, he gave some orders to the coachman, who changed his direction, and, as I was pressed for time, drove furiously along the streets. I was much annoyed, for I was afraid of missing my boat; but—will it be believed?—no other suspicion crossed my mind. Had I not dined, then, with this gentleman at the house of Lord Augustus? It is true that I could not recall his face, but I had forgotten other faces before. I know so many people and had made so many new acquaintances during those last fourteen months. The 'two steps' were multiplied, and it was only after a headlong drive of ten minutes that the carriage stopped before a small house of ordinary appearance. Still no shadow of suspicion crossed my mind. After exchanging a few words in an undertone with the coachman, my companion, shutting the door behind us, ushered me into a dark passage, and then into a small and dirty room on the ground floor. Here I found a tall man seated before a little table, with his back to a mirror hung between the two windows. Approaching him, I saw in the mirror that my friend from Sydney turned the key in the lock, drew it gently out and put it into his pocket. Then I understood.

The tall gentleman, who looked like what he was, rose to greet me with a smile which extended his shark-like mouth from one flat ear to the other.

He was a regular specimen of a convict: with low but broad forehead and almost bald, while his enormous jet-black moustaches brought into stronger contrast the cadaverous complexion of the face of a gallows-bird; his hands were large and bony, his fingers covered with rings, and his dress that of a snob.

He spoke to me immediately about the volume of Longfellow. He had not got it at hand, but it would be brought to him in a few minutes. Meanwhile, throwing a piece of oilcloth and cards upon the table, he proposed a game of *Monté*. I politely but firmly declined, and refused to take my seat at the table. 'Very well; you and I must play alone,' said he, addressing his confederate. 'By the way, you have forgotten to take your yesterday's winnings,' and he handed him a packet of greenbacks with the amount of two hundred dollars printed on the band round them. 'Oh, I didn't think it was as much as that!' And the two men began their game. I then had time to reflect. My first feeling had been that of anger with myself. How, thought I, after having traversed so many seas without meeting with the smallest accident, after having crossed the most unhealthy countries without even catching a cold, could I allow myself to run ashore at the very entrance of the harbour, and to be drawn into the snare like a child? But this was

not the moment to indulge in barren recriminations.

Danger when imminent, be it real or imaginary, either paralyses or excites the faculties. A few moments were sufficient for me to see my way. I was at the mercy of two sharpers, possibly murderers. I had been told only the evening before, that it constantly happens in New York that immigrants, who bring with them a little money, are enticed away and plundered in disreputable places, and that cases of murder are not rare. It was evidently this young man who stole my note-book and made use of it to deceive me. I am not an unknown person here like the poor immigrants, who can be plundered and then without much risk turned adrift, and even then sometimes for greater safety are killed. There is no doubt I have awkward customers to deal with. These two swindlers are clever men. They have chosen the moment for entrapping me remarkably well, as it is the very time for the departure of the steamer which is to take me away. If I disappear from New York, people will merely think that I have left by the 'Bothnia.' Nobody will search for me. Regarded in this light, my situation could hardly be more critical.

But I have two circumstances in my favour. First, these men do not know whether I have

enough money about me to make it worth while to risk a crime; in the second place, they know me, they are aware that I am not an unknown person in New York, and most likely have some acquaintances here. They must also reflect that if, as is almost certain, my absence is discovered on board before the steamer actually leaves, my servant will raise a hue and cry, the captain will set the telegraph at work, and the police will begin a search for me.

It comes to this: if I agree to play I am certain to lose what money I have about me and to miss the boat, for I have only just time left to reach the wharf; but I am not sure that these men, after having robbed me, will not murder me.

On the other hand, if I refuse to comply with their request, they have but to choose between two expedients: either to let me go unmolested, or to do away with me after having robbed me.

My mind is made up. I will decline to play, and try to intimidate them. If I succeed, I am saved. If not, I shall have done what I could. On this card then, since I am forced to play in this den, I am decided to stake my all.

The croupier again invited me to take a hand, this time in a somewhat imperious tone. I again refused. After a short pause, he said: 'Very well, Baron, since you absolutely refuse, I shall take

your place, and my winnings shall be yours.' He and his confederate again began to play. Fortune naturally favoured me. After a few minutes I had won a thousand dollars. The man with the moustaches opened his drawer, took from it five packets each of two hundred dollars, and handed them to me across the table. I threw them back to him again.

But it was necessary to put an end to this. Speaking very slowly, without betraying any emotion, and accentuating each word, I said to him: 'Come now, I have told you that I never play; that ought to satisfy you. Moreover, if I would I could not, having no money with me. You would get nothing for your trouble. You know that my servant is gone on board the "Bothnia" with my luggage. You possibly do not know that some of my friends have also gone there to bid me good-bye, and that among those friends are the Minister at Washington, who is staying at New York, and the Consul of my own nation. If they don't see me arrive before the steamer leaves, and if they don't find me at the hotel, they will give the alarm and set on foot a search that you may perhaps deem it prudent to avoid.' Then, turning to my friend from Sydney, I said to him: 'Open the door.'

During all this time I had stood upright near the latter, who was still seated opposite to the

croupier. There was a pause. The two men exchanged looks: it was a consultation. At the same time it was the crisis, and for me, I confess, it was a disagreeable moment. The young man kept his head bent over the table, and I noticed that his habitual smile had given place to a very evil expression. The croupier maintained his cold and scowling manner. No more shark's smiles. At the end of a minute or two, he slowly rose, and, bending towards the other sharper, said to him in a low voice: 'Show him out.' The latter rose and opened the door for me, saying: 'I locked it as a measure of precaution against intruders.' I could have replied that that was no reason for putting the key into his pocket, but I had no desire to prolong the interview. In a few seconds I was in the outer air. The carriage had disappeared. I was in too great a hurry to get on board the steamer to be able to take down the name of the street and the quarter. Moreover, what would be gained by it? There was nothing to found an accusation upon. These gentlemen offered me a present, then invited me to play at cards, and when they saw that I was not disposed to play, they accompanied me to the door. No one could be more polite. However, when I stepped upon the deck of the 'Bothnia,' a few minutes before departure, I felt that I had had a narrow escape.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN.

AUGUST 20 TO 29.

From New York to Queenstown—Lord Ampthill—End of the voyage.

THIS fine large steamer is almost empty. She has the honour, however, of carrying a high official, the Resident Minister and Consul of the United States in Liberia. Liberia, as we know, is a small republic on the coast of Africa, near Sierra Leone, founded before the War of Secession by some emancipated slaves, whom the Southern States were anxious to get rid of. This diplomatist, whom Nature has created black, is the type of an English 'swell.' He speaks without the least American accent, and dresses with the most scrupulous care and in excellent taste. Stretched on his arm-chair with a novel in his hand, he is the image of a statesman on a holiday, who divides his time between light reading and deep meditation. He has spent six years in Liberia, finds the climate

healthy, and considers the young Republic, whose constitution is copied from that of the United States, more and more flourishing.

The two or three other passengers are Americans. One of them, who seems to be a pessimist by nature, observes to me: 'In the States we are nothing but a mass of atoms, or, if you like, of individuals who are all running in the same direction, but without any bond of union between them, unless it be an unbridled desire to make money. We don't clash with one another, because we have still space enough left; it was formerly unlimited, but is already beginning to grow narrower. That explains why we don't wish for more immigrants. When space fails, there will be a war of all against all—*bellum omnium contra omnes.*' This, as I have said, is the language of a pessimist; but what strikes me as a novelty since my last visit, is the dislike of new immigrants from Europe. The golden age of immigration appears to be over.

The weather is splendid, and the 'Bothnia,' like all the vessels of this famous company, follows the southern course. Northward, we see black strips of fog, but except some thick vapours which we pass through with the fog-horn blowing, our steamer avoids the region of ice and darkness.

At length, on August 29, 1884, at noon, Fastnet Rock appears in sight. At six o'clock in the evening, the steamer lies to at the entrance of Cork Harbour, and a tender conveys us to Queenstown.

It is with lively pleasure that I again set foot on European soil. At the hotel I am given the London papers, just arrived by the mail. An announcement in large type catches my eye at once: 'Funeral of Lord Ampthill.' I feel completely stunned. I try to persuade myself that it is a dream; but, alas! it is too true. Death has stricken down the English Ambassador at Berlin, in the midst of his labours, in the prime of age, in the fullness of his strength.

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,

he has been snatched away from his country, his family, and his friends.

I knew Odo Russell almost from boyhood. From his youth to the very last we were linked together by that sweet and constant friendship which mutual sympathies occasionally create between men of different ages. For several years our official duties brought us together at Rome. But far or near, I followed with the unremitting interest of a friend his more and more brilliant career. Like all elevated natures, he became greater as he rose.

Refined and cultivated in mind, upright and firm in character, guided in times of difficulty by exquisite tact, maintaining in great crises a calmness and serenity which nothing could ever ruffle, conciliatory without being weak, inured by long practice to business, skilful in managing men, and knowing the Continent as few other Englishmen do, Lord Ampthill combined in a rare degree with the prestige of an historical name all the qualities which insure success in the diplomatic career. In his private life cheerful, intellectual, lively, always to be depended on, and of an equable temper, happy in his home, an amateur and a patron of art, he understood how to disarm envy and surround himself with a rampart of ever more and more devoted friends. I have never seen a more amiable man.

It is said that of all officials, diplomatists are the most in evidence. They have been compared to actors to whom large or small parts have been assigned on the stage of life, and there are simpletons who envy the halo that surrounds them. But the glare is too fierce; the footlights that separate the stage from the spectators are too brilliant, and as the light, we know, is opaque, the work of these gentlemen in their gold-laced uniforms takes place in semi-obscurity. No doubt the blue, yellow, or red books say a good deal, sometimes too much,

never enough. It is because they cannot. Certain parts of the transactions remain hidden. But truth is only true when shown unveiled. The result is that the public, thinking themselves informed although they are not always so, frequently pronounce judgment without knowing the facts of the case. The diplomatist who is unjustly censured is disarmed; honour and duty alike impose silence upon him. But let him not be disheartened. Light will be thrown on his conduct, probably long after his death, when the archives of his time, passing into the domain of history, shall be opened to the researches of science. But in this respect, as indeed in many others, Odo Russell had nothing to complain of. Fortune, unable to resist the charms of his character, had only smiles for him. However, I doubt whether the English nation are yet able to measure the greatness of the loss they have sustained. British statesmen, those who have seen the dear departed at his work, and European diplomacy know the services he rendered to his country. Future generations will appreciate them.

August 30.—I left the railway at Ennis, and am now driving to the cliffs of Miltown Harbour. It is almost dark. The sky is grey; and the evening breeze sighs through the foliage of the

last trees along the road leading to the sea. My coachman pulls up short. A gentleman and two young ladies alight from a carriage which has come to meet me. . . . A sweet and happy moment! the last of my travels 'Through the British Empire.'

CONCLUSION.

Paris, January 1886.

It is now sixteen months since my return to Europe, and during that short interval important events have been either prepared or accomplished in nearly every quarter of the British Empire: in India, or rather in Afghanistan, incidents which for the moment seriously threatened peace between Great Britain and Russia; east of the Gangetic peninsula the conquest of a kingdom, which extends the English rule in Asia to the borders of China; considerable annexations in Africa and Oceania; in Australia the new idea of Imperial Confederation disseminated and taking root among the masses; in Canada a formidable rebellion of French half-breeds put down by the troops of the Dominion alone. I pass over in silence the campaign in Egypt, because it was caused only in part by considerations relating to India.

All these events have happened since my travels, and therefore do not come within the compass of my journal. But as some of them are in-

timately connected with matters I have dealt with in these pages, I beg the reader's permission to add in conclusion some brief reflections.

A few words only as to South Africa. On the east England has taken under her protectorate the coast of Pondoland, the best part of Kaffraria proper. On the north, by taking possession of Bechuanaland, she has advanced another stage towards the centre of the black continent. Both of these acts, far from owing their origin to the initiative of Mr. Gladstone's Government, have been forced upon it: the one, namely the annexations in Kaffraria, by the fear of seeing Germany take possession of those territories; and the other, the expedition to Bechuanaland, by the urgent need of re-establishing material order upon the north-west frontiers and of keeping open the only line of communication with the interior remaining to the English colonies, since the Orange Free State and the Transvaal have become independent republics. So both acts were rendered necessary by matters affecting the interests of Great Britain as a colonial Power.

These facts speak for themselves. Indeed, it is not necessary to be a prophet to foresee that England, sooner or later, will find herself com-

pelled to assume direct or indirect authority over the whole of Kaffraria, Basutoland, Zululand, and the territory lying between the Transvaal and the Portuguese factory of Delagoa Bay,[1] thus realising what was foreseen by the late Sir Bartle Frere, one of England's most clear-sighted, energetic, and devoted servants. It is easy to understand the repugnance of ministers, shared by the enlightened opinion of England, to a policy of adventure and aggrandisement which might probably involve great sacrifices and cause serious complications. The position is like that of a provident man who hesitates to build new additions to his house, which he considers already too spacious for his requirements. He also asks himself whether his means are sufficient to keep it in good repair, and to live respectably in it. But in the life of nations, as in that of individuals, cases occur and situations arise when it is impossible either to stop or to go back. Forward, therefore, is the word.

But when and how? The Colonial Minister has a most difficult and complicated task. He receives his information from the two Governors, from the Agent-General of the Cape Colony in London; and,

[1] Urgent petitions to this effect were voted last summer by the Parliament of Natal. The anarchy reigning in Zululand, that inconvenient and dangerous neighbour, accounts for, if it does not justify, these cries of alarm.

when a crisis occurs, from politicians sent to him *ad hoc* by the Ministers at the Cape or in Natal, from deputations of colonists, and lastly from large firms engaged in commercial dealings with that part of the world. It is by the aid of such, often contradictory, intelligence that he has to form a judgment and to decide upon a policy either of abstention or of interference; and, if he decides on taking action, to calculate beforehand the necessary forces and choose the proper moment for intervention, which must be neither too early nor too late. Bearing in mind the enormous distance that divides the Colonial Office from the scene of intended action, and considering that the information he receives comes from persons who are influenced by different if not conflicting interests, it is easy to imagine the enormous difficulty of his task. This is one of the reasons why a Colonial Minister inclines on principle to non-intervention. But non-intervention sometimes entails more risk and more expense than action. Let us see what has just taken place in Bechuanaland.

In those vast solitudes stretching west of the Transvaal and north of Cape Colony, wars between tribal chiefs, having in their service white freebooters whom they paid by grants of land, were threatening to disturb public order on English territory. Two years ago, Sir Hercules Robinson

proposed to the Imperial Government to station at regular posts along the frontiers small bodies of military police, which were then considered sufficient to nip the mischief in the bud. The Ministry, declining to intervene at all in the matter, replied by a categorical refusal. In consequence of that non-intervention, the anarchy spread, all trade between the colonies and the interior of the continent was completely interrupted, and the English Ministry obliged to undertake a military campaign, which was admirably conducted by General Sir Charles Warren, but cost a million and a half sterling.

This question of Bechuanaland deserves examination also from another point of view. The General's mission was not purely military. He was armed also with certain ill-defined powers as Special Commissioner. In this capacity, regarding himself as an independent agent, and not as the subordinate of the High Commissioner, he signalised his conduct of affairs by acts which were wholly at variance with the High Commissioner's views and instructions. A conflict arose between these two officials. How could it be otherwise? The one represented exclusively the Empire; the other, as High Commissioner, was in the same position; but, by an anomaly which it is difficult to account for, the High Commissioner for South

Africa is also governor of Cape Colony. As such Sir Hercules Robinson was bound to protect the interests of the colony, or, to put it more correctly, to humour the aspirations of the 'colonial' party in power. The dream of that party is an autonomous colonial empire, to extend from sea to sea and from the Cape of Good Hope to the banks of the Zambesi—a sort of second Australia, where the white colonists shall have all the land for themselves. The dream of the 'Imperialists' is an African India, and the protection of the black is the leading point of their programme. The antagonism between these two parties, which was hardly perceptible when I was there, appears to have become singularly marked of late. I should add that Sir Charles Warren, at the scene of action, had a mere handful of soldiers with him, and was many hundred miles from the capital of the colony, and that Sir Hercules Robinson was breathing the atmosphere of Cape Town. Moreover, agents of inferior rank were then staying in Bechuanaland, or had been sent thither. Each of these brought his own views, or acted according to the instructions of his chief or the chiefs of his party. Mr. Upington, Prime Minister of Cape Colony and one of the leaders of the colonial party, had gone thither in person before Sir Charles Warren arrived. Under the pressure of these circum-

stances, the relations between the High Commissioner and the Special Commissioner became more and more embittered. Sir Hercules Robinson, after an exchange of letters and despatches marked by an extreme and much-to-be-regretted animosity, annulled all the measures taken by Sir Charles Warren, and the new Home Government, while recognising the merits of the general as a peace-maker in those distant countries, recalled him to England. The despatches of these two high officials have been published for the use of the English Parliament. They furnish curious reading, but they cannot fail to produce an unfavourable effect upon the colonial public, and a discouraging one upon officials, whether colonial or imperial. They contain also an eloquent commentary on the grievances I heard expressed during my travels, and serve to justify the description I have given of South Africa.

The reader already knows what Australians think of their new country.[2] He has heard the pessimists who see everything from the dark side, and the optimists who are in raptures about their work. At first sight the pictures which both draw of themselves give the idea of caricatures, but when placed together and stripped of all exag-

[2] See vol. i. p. 333.

geration, they form, in my opinion, a very faithful portrait.

The nature of the relations existing between the different parts of that great continent is a topic I heard frequently discussed, and I confess those discussions always left the same impression on me; namely, that much more is thought of the interests which separate the colonies than of those which they share in common, and which ought to unite them. The Imperial Government recommends to Australia a system of confederation, as it had done with success in Canada, and unsuccessfully in South Africa. With a view to examine this important question a Congress, composed of the prime ministers of the colonies of Australia and New Zealand, met two years ago at Sydney. Everyone foresaw the issue: they separated without coming to any practical conclusion. However, another idea has sprung up; that of a confederation of each of the colonies with the mother-country, which would imply union among themselves. Notwithstanding difficulties attending its execution which still appear insurmountable, this scheme has met with a warm welcome from England. Lord Rosebery brought it before the House of Lords, and several of the most respectable organs of the London press gave it their support. But the general opinion is that things are not yet ripe for its adoption—in other words,

people do not yet see their way to achieve it. The solution demanded by the Australian Radicals[3] involves simply a total transformation of Old England, and also a physical transformation of the globe. Such aspirations vanish before the reality of things.

To understand Australasia, it is necessary to cast a glance at the British Empire as a whole.

Not so very long ago, the greater part of the colonies were merely settlements scattered over archipelagoes and along the shores of more or less inaccessible continents. The English Parliament troubled itself very little about them, and thus left great latitude of action to the government. The statesmen succeeding each other at the Colonial Office followed very nearly the same lines, and were regulated, up to a certain point, by the same principles which constituted then, by a tacit but universal consent, the policy of England with regard to her possessions beyond the seas. The machine was well put together and did its work to perfection. Above all, it had the inappreciable merit of giving stability to the conduct of colonial affairs.

Such was the situation about thirty years ago. But since then it has entirely changed. The settlements have become rich and flourishing communities: the narrow districts around them,

[3] See vol. i. p. 339.

immense territories; the colonies, states; the settlers, nations. This new world, endowed with complete autonomy and with institutions entirely democratic and almost republican, conducts its own government and administration itself. I do not include here the Crown colonies, as they are called, which are comparatively of less importance. On the other hand, cases of interference, indirect it is true, on the part of the English Parliament have become more frequent than they used to be. Many a time, in India as in the colonies, I have heard it said, 'It is not the Queen's ministers but Parliament that governs us. The ministers are subject to the pressure of sections composing the majority, and our interests suffer.' I know not whether these complaints are well founded, but unquestionably there is less stability in the management of colonial affairs.

While the transformation I have just been speaking of was being accomplished in Canada and at the antipodes, old England went through a phase without precedent and analogy in the world's history. Without any palpable reason, without any pressure from without, but at her own instance and of deliberate purpose, she appeared to seek to abdicate her legitimate influence as a great European power. Non-intervention in foreign policy became a sort of article of faith and fundamental

principle. So far as regards the colonies, the old machinery was recognised to be inadequate; for the weights to be lifted and handled had increased a hundredfold. The crane was beginning to creak, and if force were used, it would certainly break. What was to be done? In the temper which then prevailed, the simplest thing was to emancipate the colonies altogether. If they wish to go, let them: such was the catchword of the day. Anyone can remember it, anyone at least whose recollections go more than ten years back.

But, at length, stirred by the powerful voice of the remarkable man to whom England had entrusted the supreme conduct of affairs, and by the noise of arms of a great war in the east of Europe, England awoke. From that day nothing more has been heard of abandoning the colonies (and India!). On the contrary, you find mooted for the first time in Australia and elsewhere the idea, not of separation, but of closer connection, the idea of a confederation with England.

And yet these two movements—that of separation, which is a thing of the past, as well as the opposite tendency, which is daily gaining ground in England, but more especially in the colonies—though opposite in kind, have a common origin; namely, the ever-growing conviction of the impossibility, in respect of the colonies, of continuing in the old

groove. The old machinery is worn out, and must therefore be replaced by new. That is the real and the pressing question, and its settlement, I think, cannot long be postponed. In endeavouring to solve it, it will be well, in my opinion, to keep in view three objects: to secure for the conduct of imperial affairs (in the colonies) the utmost possible stability; to reserve to the Imperial Government the exclusive control of the interests of the coloured populations where they exist; and, lastly, with the above restrictions, to leave free scope for the development of the local autonomy already enjoyed by the colonies with responsible government.

I now come to the much-discussed question of the *loyalty* of the colonies.

I am one of those who believe in what is called Australian loyalty, and I can see only one contingency in which that loyalty might suddenly and completely vanish; namely, in the event of the British Government returning a flat negative to some cherished aspiration of public opinion. In Australia, public opinion is the opinion of the masses, and the masses, who, though very fair judges of their own local and special interests, are far from enlightened on matters of general policy, are subject to the constant and effectual influence of a press, and mob-orators of an ultra-radical type, who are themselves under the orders of the

trades-unions of England and America. If in any question whatsoever the public, rightly or wrongly, were to see in the final decision of the Imperial Government a denial of justice, or if anyone could persuade them that England was sacrificing, for the sake of her own benefit, colonial interests deemed vital by the colonists themselves, in that case, and I think in that case only, would the ties which unite the mother and her children be strained to breaking-point.

Can the Australian colonies do without the assistance of the mother-country? I cannot say, but Australia herself is convinced that she can. In this respect her position in relation to the mother-country differs from that of the South African colonies, who, reduced to their own resources, are wanting in the necessary vitality, and know or feel that they are wanting in it.

Again, the possibility of separation is contemplated in the case of a prolonged and disastrous war between England and other maritime powers. On this subject opinions are divided; and I will restrict myself to the remark that the Australian colonies are fortifying their harbours, and will soon be in a position to defend their large cities against attack. The enemy, on the other hand, even if they possessed the means of transport and the coaling-stations, which would be indispensable for attempting enter-

prises of such a kind, would not care to risk a descent on a deserted seaboard, where their troops would die of thirst. But the question, it seems to me, does not lie there. Australia and New Zealand will shortly, it is true, be in a condition to disregard the fear of foreign invasion. But they will not for a long time to come be able to acquire the means for providing for the safety of their mercantile marine, which is steadily increasing. Until they can do this, the fleet of the mother-country will have to supply the deficiency.

If such be the case, England will keep her colonies as long as Parliament grants the necessary funds for maintaining a fleet strong enough to insure her naval predominance. If once the colonies and the coaling-stations are lost, it is at least doubtful whether such funds will be voted in time of peace. England will then lose, gradually and imperceptibly, what she calls her dominion of the seas. In other words, if England loses her maritime preponderance, she loses her colonies. If she loses her colonies, she loses her preponderance on the seas, and with that the high position she now occupies in the councils of Europe. It is within this circle that the grandeur of the British Empire is comprised.

The Germans are met with in all parts of the globe. Together with the Anglo-Saxons and the Irish, they are the great colonists of our time. In the United States, although forming more and more a separate element, they are becoming American citizens, as they become Australians at the antipodes. Amid these large communities they renounce their nationality politically, but morally and intellectually they still retain it. In the other parts of the transoceanic world the German colonist was, so to speak, suspended in mid air. He lacked the necessary protection, and looked to his country to provide it. This is the real explanation of the colonial policy which the German Government has just inaugurated on so large a scale.

The first impression which this policy produced in England, especially in official quarters, was that of surprise mixed with some annoyance. But, if my information is correct, such was not the case in the colonies. In Australia, it is true, redoubled outcries were heard demanding annexations in the Pacific ; but, apart from some individual jealousies and rivalries which existed already, and which often occur among emigrants of the same origin, the harmony between the British and German colonists was not for a moment disturbed. The reason is that those who are on the spot, and see with their own eyes the vast task remaining to be achieved,

understand better than do their brethren in Europe that there is still room enough for both. That is the bright side of the colonisation of the future. But there are also shadows to the picture. I mean the Chinese element.

The last war of England and France with China was, in my opinion, an event of incalculable importance in its bearings, not indeed on account of the cheap laurels gathered by the allied armies, but because it destroyed the real, great 'Chinese Wall,' which from time immemorial had separated four hundred millions of souls from the rest of mankind. And that was precisely the object in view. The object was to open China to Europeans; but the result has been that the world has been opened to the Chinese. Has the number of white travellers in the Middle Empire much increased since 1860? I fancy not. Apart from the residents at the free ports, no one goes thither now, as formerly, except missionaries, sisters of charity, and a few rare explorers. But the Chinese have poured out headlong through the opened gates of their prison. Avoiding hitherto thickly peopled countries, and seeking those in preference which are less inhabited, they have, for twenty years, been flooding three-quarters of the globe. They, too, are colonists; but after their own fashion. With wonderful natural gifts, but, as far as intellectual pursuits are con-

cerned, inferior to the Caucasian, active and extremely sober, a born merchant, and, as such, of proverbial honesty, an excellent cultivator, a first-rate gardener, a first-class cook, unsurpassed as a handicraftsman, the Chinese competes with the white man wherever he meets him, and is checking, conquering, and ousting him, not indeed by force, but with the weapons of labour and thrift. The secret of his success is easy to detect. Thanks to his qualities, his physical constitution, and his habits, he is able to do everything, within the limits I have mentioned, at half-price.

Let us glance at his conquests, all of very recent date; and here I will quote only such facts as I was able to ascertain in person on the spot. In 1871 the whole of the English trade with China was in the hands of three large English and one American house, established at Hong-Kong and Shanghai, and of several English and German merchants of minor importance in the 'treaty ports,' which are open to foreigners. English, German, and American merchants acted as agents between these houses and the native merchants, whose business was restricted to selling again in the interior the goods imported from abroad. The American firm possessed twenty steamers, which kept up the communications between the free ports of the Yangtse and the coast. Now the number of foreign firms is much reduced,

and the whole of the agency trade has passed into Chinese hands. The American steamers have been bought by native companies. The imports and exports between China and England have remained the same. The total is still estimated at 42,000,000*l.*, but the greater part of the profits is reaped by the Chinese merchants.

At Macao, which has been occupied for nearly four hundred years by Portuguese, the principal quarter of the town is remarkable for the number and comparative magnificence of its palaces, several of which belong to the sixteenth century. The Chinese were always forbidden to build houses in that quarter; and this prohibition has remained in force to the present day, but many of the palaces have been bought and are inhabited by them.

I have alluded in my journal to the enormous increase of Chinese immigrants at Singapore and in the mainland south of Burmah.

In the Sandwich Islands, as has been seen, the Chinese have become an element which has to be taken into account.

I did not visit the Gilbert Islands, an important group in the South Pacific, nor the seaports on the west coast of South America, but I learn from German official documents that a Chinese firm enjoys the monopoly of trade in the archipelago just mentioned, and I have seen official correspondence

computing the Chinese immigrants to Chili and Peru during the last twenty years at 200,000: an enormous total when compared with the small number of the white populations of those countries.

But it is in the United States and Australia, and above all in the Pacific States of the American Union, that the Chinese element has increased in the largest proportions, and nowhere larger than in California. It is well known that the Legislature of that State a few years ago passed a law prohibiting Chinese immigration for a period of ten years. The white workmen do what they can to protect themselves, not by consenting to a reduction in the wages of manual labour—a concession which they are neither able nor willing to make, but which would nevertheless be the only effectual remedy—but by employing force against the intruder. Disputes and bloodshed are the order of the day. Quite recently, in one of the Western States, Chinese labourers were massacred wholesale before the troops sent to their assistance could reach the scene of carnage. And what is the result of these deeds of popular violence, and of these unjust and arbitrary laws? Simply this, that the Chinese are everywhere gaining ground. Let us see what is taking place at San Francisco, the great and flourishing metropolis of the Pacific

slope, and in respect to its commercial importance the third city, if I am not mistaken, of the United States. The manufacture of cigars forms one of the principal branches of Californian industry, and in the manufactories whites and Chinese work side by side. Last autumn the Chinese struck, demanding the dismissal of their white fellow-workmen, and the owners, pleading as their excuse in the eyes of the public the impossibility of finding workmen of our colour at the same wages as the Chinese, settled the matter by dismissing the whites. 'The Chinese dictate their own terms to them, and they submit!

A newspaper of that city [4] says that the Chinese are not content to share with the whites one of their branches of industry; they demand the whole of it for themselves. After having got the manufacture of cigars into their own hands, they will try and do the same with tailoring and dressmaking, and the manufacturers will find themselves compelled to send away their white workpeople, men and women alike. In this article, which is very curious in more than one respect, menaces alternate with cries of alarm, or rather with real cries of lamentation. 'They' (the Chinese), the author continues, 'are meek and conciliatory while in weakness, but arrogant and unyielding in power. The strike of

[4] *The Morning Call*, October 30, 1885.

the Chinese shows the race in their true light. It has opened up a clearer view of the Chinese question as it exists on the Pacific Coast than we have had before. It is, in short, a notice to the white residents to go. The Chinese think they hold the key to the situation. The people that do the work of a community are the basis of its being. If whites cannot work on the Pacific Coast, they will seek other places, where they are not ruled out on account of colour.' Language like this, held at San Francisco, requires no comment.

In Europe the Chinese is only known by hear-say. People here are quite disposed to find him inconvenient and disagreeable, but beyond that they do not trouble themselves about him, and no one asks what will happen in a more or less near future. But anyone who consults statistics must be astonished—and for my part I am frightened—at the continual advance of that race. Under these circumstances, it seems that the Germans, combined with the English, Irish, Scandinavians, Italians, in short, with the colonists of all European nations, will scarcely suffice to arrest with the weapons of industry and the cultivation of the soil the vast hordes which this enormous body called the Middle Empire never ceases to 'pour from its populous loins.' Will this displacement of population ever stop of its own accord? Will

this constant drain, due to an ever-increasing tide of emigration, end by drying up the sources of life in the heart even of a nation that counts 100,000,000 more souls than all the populations of Europe combined? We cannot say. No one can penetrate the mysteries of Providence. But what we cannot help seeing are two enormous overflowing reservoirs. Two rivers are issuing from them; the white river and the yellow river, the one fertilising the lands through which it runs with the seeds of Christian civilisation, and the other threatening to destroy them. Already at several points these rivers are meeting, dashing against each other, and contending for the mastery. What will be the final issue? The twentieth century will inscribe it in its annals.[5]

During my tour in India, I met everywhere with the presentiment of a near-approaching—at any rate inevitable—war with Russia. 'At this moment,' I was told, 'Russian troops are advancing across the eastern part of the Khanate of Bokhara, situated to the north of that Afghan territory which is nothing more than a narrow strip of land separating the Khanate from India.

[5] I gave expression to these thoughts at a conference held at Vienna in the Oriental Museum, in February, 1885.

Russia has made enormous strides in Central Asia. Her amazing progress strikes the imagination of the Mahometan world, and, among the populations of India, the Mahometan element is precisely the most powerful and the most important, the one that occasions the greatest anxiety to the Indian Government. In approaching our frontiers, Russia threatens us in a military sense, as well as politically and morally.'

Apprehensions of this kind, expressed more or less openly, or with more or less reserve, I found universally prevailing. Anyone who examines the official documents, memoirs, and newspapers of the beginning of this century, will find that the Anglo-Indians of those days fancied they saw already the armies of Napoleon invading their peninsula. The analogy is striking.

Without constituting oneself an advocate for Russia, one might give an answer—which has been given, though, it is true, without producing the least effect—that the Russians, in enlarging their possessions in Central Asia, are acting generally under the sway of imperious necessity; that, after all, they are only doing what the English have done and are still doing in India and Africa; that no doubt there are ambitious people in Russia who dream of conquest and a universal monarchy in Asia, but that along with those dreamers there

is also a peaceful opinion, and, in the highest spheres of power, enlightened men who labour sincerely and energetically for the maintenance of peace.

But the answer was always the same. They urged that they were deceived and menaced, and this time, not by one man only, but by an entire nation. And consequently these arguments fell flat.

Two axioms appeared to be firmly established, 'The ambitious designs of Russia,' and 'Herat is the key of India.' In politics, and especially in foreign politics, I understand an axiom to mean self-evident truth, or one which passes for such, and which is incapable of proof, just because it is evident, or appears to be so. An axiom is not a principle. Principles are general and abstract rules, the application of which may be modified according to the exigencies of the time, but which subsist always, and can never be departed from without risk, and rarely without injury. An axiom is a belief which is firm, and, in the opinion of those who hold it, immutable; a fixed star in the moving sphere of politics. It may originate in the brain of a man who enjoys great authority, it may be simply the formula of a series of experiences, or else some happy catchword flung among the masses. As circumstances vary it may be useful or damaging

to men in power. It may become extremely inconvenient when those who govern deem it necessary to turn their backs on the idol which the governed continue to worship. There are moments even when an axiom may become a danger and a public calamity.

I have already spoken of the axiom of the 'Ambitious designs of Russia.' Let me say a word about 'Herat, the key of India.' The saying is ascribed, I know not on what authority, to the Duke of Wellington. But when that great man was alive, an immense space separated the Afghan fortress from the frontiers of Russia. Now the Afghan and the Russian frontiers touch. If Herat is really the key of India, it is most unfortunate for England, for the key is hanging at the enemy's gate. Sitting at his window he has only to stretch out his hand to seize it, so long at least as it is not defended by one as strong as himself. But the English cannot defend it. Enormous distances separate them from it. The custody of the key is therefore entrusted to a friend, and that friend is the Ameer of Afghanistan.

We know what Afghanistan is; the battle-field of pretenders to the tottering throne of the Ameer; the frequent scene of war between Afghans and English; deserts dotted with oases, which are inhabited by a people whose feelings toward the

new allies of their sovereign are so hostile that the present Ameer, the friend and pensioner of England, in the interests of his own preservation, did not or would not have dared on a recent occasion to allow the British troops to pass through his territory. And yet the English, after having conquered his country, gave back to him Candahar, the outlying fortress of the unbroken barrier which Nature has erected for the defence of India. The fortification of the passes and the construction of railways, which were to form a circular road behind those natural ramparts, were discontinued. There remained therefore Herat, the key of India, entrusted to the custody of the Ameer. Truly, if British India possessed no other means of defence, she would be nothing but a splendid palace built on quicksand. But there *are* other means; there is the sword of England. If Afghan hordes attack the Russian outposts, if some officer commanding a Russian detachment casually oversteps the frontiers of the Ameer's territory, there is a *casus belli*. In other words, the axiom of the 'key of Herat' involves the contingency of war between two of the most powerful nations of the world, and, indirectly, a European war.

Happily, during the course of the year just passed, thanks perhaps to the instructive incident of Penjdeh, a great reaction of opinion has taken

place. Herat is gradually ceasing to disquiet the minds of the Anglo-Indian public, and the new Government are concentrating their cares on the natural frontiers of India, by fortifying the passes and resuming the construction of the railway. It is no longer at Herat that the English, putting four hundred miles of desert between themselves and their base of operations, are going to seek their opponent, but they will wait for their enemy, if there is one, on the Helmund. The situation of each party will be reversed.

The Indian Government will not cease on that account to cultivate the friendship of the ruler of Afghanistan. The value of this alliance is recognised by the best authorities on the subject, but the stronger England becomes on her frontiers, the less will she depend on the alliance of the Ameer, and the easier will it be for her to insure it.

But it is not the contingency of Russian aggression that would disturb me, if I were an Englishman. The internal policy to be pursued in India is the subject that would absorb my attention. I confess that certain ideas which enjoy great favour in certain quarters would give me food for reflection, and none more than the scheme of welding into a single nation the diverse races which inhabit the peninsula, of creating a new

nation, and of creating her in the image of the English.

Here I stop. Had I to sum up the impressions derived from my travels, I should say: British rule is firmly seated in India; England has only one enemy to fear—herself.

THE END.

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